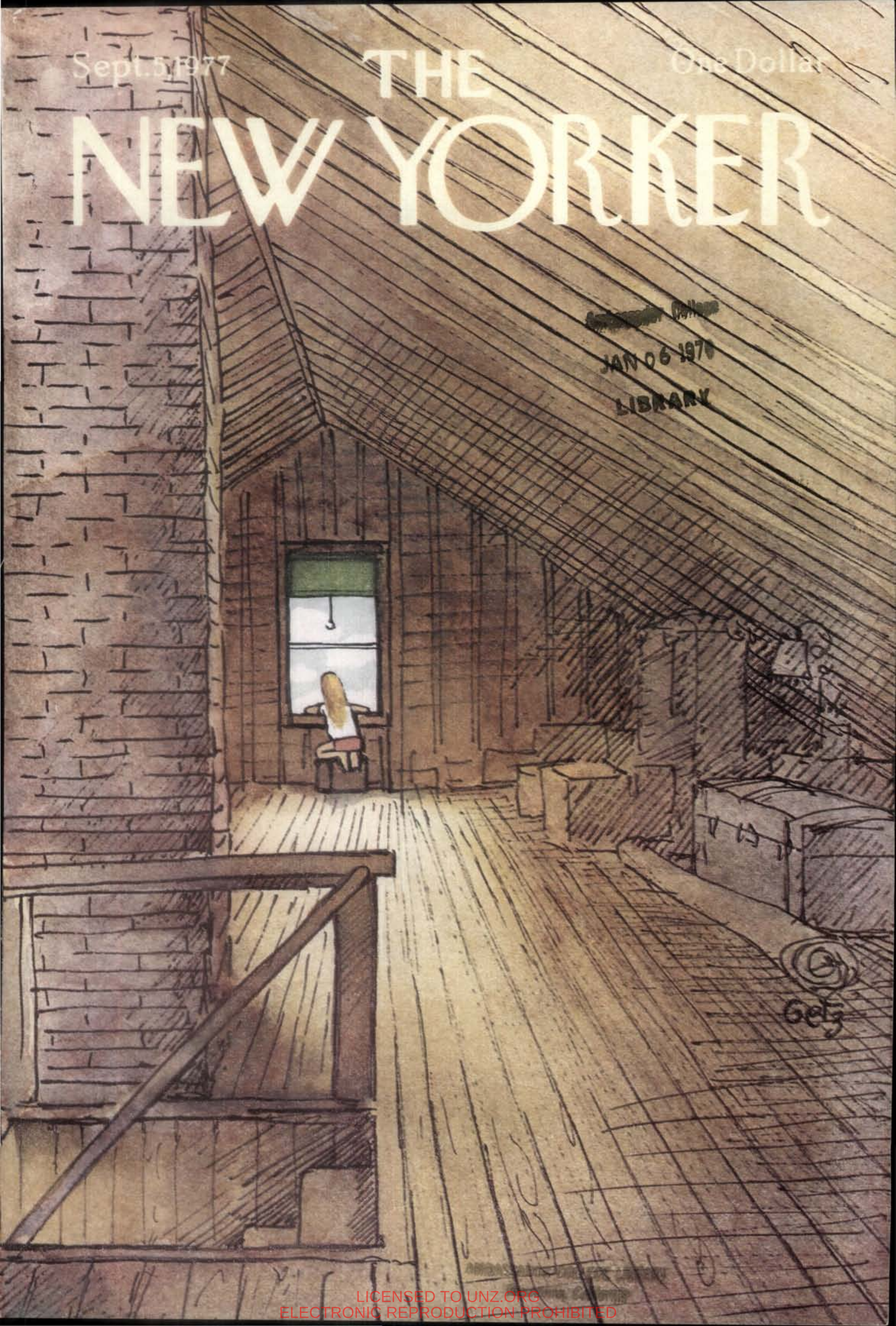
Sept. 5, 1977

One Dollar

THE NEW YORKER



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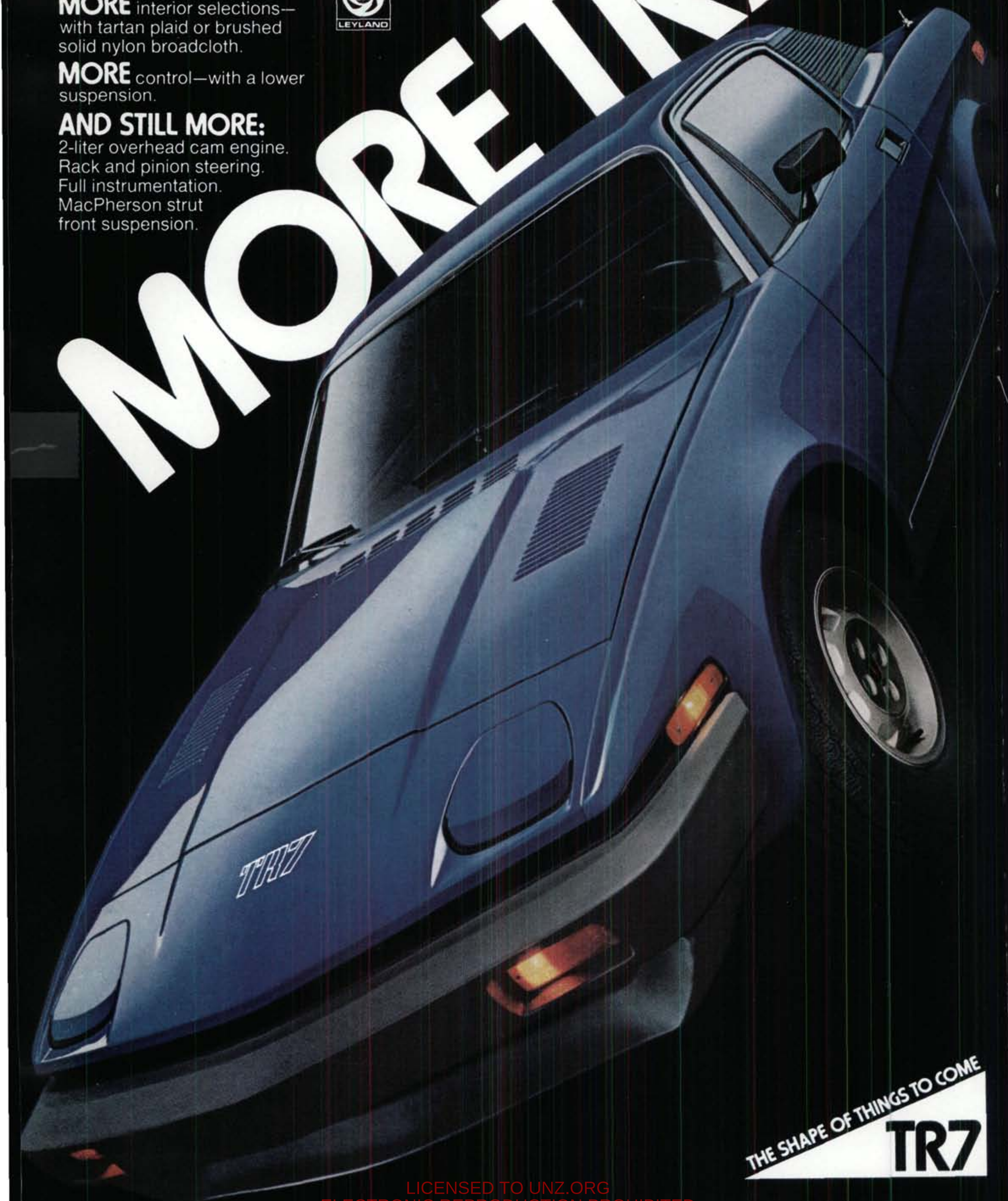

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			31	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Labor Day, Sept. 5. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Annie—An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—A faultless revival of David Rabe's play about a miserable young soldier in Vietnam. Al Pacino gives a model performance in the role of Hummel. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly at 8. Closes Saturday, Sept. 3.)

Gemini—In Albert Innaurato's very funny comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Anne DeSalvo, Jonathan Hadary, and Robert Picardo, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Grand Kabuki—A company of more than sixty male actors, dancers, and musicians from Tokyo in the opening performances of an eleven-day engagement of **YOSHITSUNE SENBON ZAKURA** and **KUROZUKA** that will end on Sunday, Sept. 18. Simultaneous-translation sets are available. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Wednesday through Friday, Aug. 31-Sept. 2, at 7:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 3-4, at 2 and 7:30.)

I Love My Wife—A rather simpleminded little study of attempted wife-swapping in Trenton, New Jersey. Some lively songs by Cy Coleman, and some lively performances, especially by Lenny Baker. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Labor Day at 3.)

The King and I—A joyous revival of the Rodgers and Hammerstein success of twenty-six years ago. Yul Brynner is better than ever as the King—and what songs! (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Miss Margarida's Way—Estelle Parsons is very funny as a mad, despotic schoolteacher in what is virtually a one-woman show, by the Brazilian dramatist Roberto Athayde. Miss Margarida, who embodies every conceivable aspect of tyranny over her helpless pupils (and every conceivable aspect of lunacy as well), is more entertaining than most benign rulers, as presented with relish and skill by Miss Parsons. But the play, clever as it is, is far too long. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. After Sunday, Sept. 4, no performances until Friday, Sept. 16, when the show will reopen on Broadway, at the Ambassador.)

Mummenschanz—A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players—Andrés Bossard and Bernie Schürch, from Switzerland, and Floriana Frassetto, from Italy. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Otherwise Engaged—Dick Cavett (Steven Sutherland takes over for him on Wednesday afternoons) and a first-rate company in a comedy by the English playwright Simon Gray. The hero is a publisher who prefers to have as few feelings as possible; this proves harder than he has had reason to hope. Directed by Harold Pinter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Labor Day at 3.)

The Shadow Box—A play by Michael Cristofer about how people face the imminence of death. With Sloane Shelton, Gwyda Don-Howe, and Josef Sommer. The director is Gordon Davidson. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Labor Day at 3.)

Side by Side by Sondheim—An excellent display of Sondheim songs, splendidly performed by a company of six (including two pianists). (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sly Fox—Robert Preston, Jack Gilford, James Gallery, Hector Elizondo, and John Heffernan, all in rip-roaring farcical high spirits. The author is Larry Gelbart, standing on the shoulders of rare Ben Jonson. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Unsung Cole—And quite a lot of sung Porter, too, as presented by a young quintet (2 m., 3 f.), with results that are in-and-out good but always agreeable. Among the unsungs is a beautiful number, "If Ever Married I'm," excised from "Kiss Me, Kate," and it is very well done here by Maureen Moore. The other singers, all of them promising and attractive, are Gene Lindsey, Mary Louise, Margery Cohen, and John Sloman. The program was conceived and directed by Norman L. Berman. Costumes by Carol Oditz. Lighting by Arden Fingerhut. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave., S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Wednesday and Thursday at 7:30; Friday and Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sunday at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 4.)

Your Arms Too Short to Box with God—Rousing song and dance, inspired by the New Testament and turned into frisky show biz by Vinnette Carroll. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 5:30.)

Long Runs—**BUBBLING BROWN SUGAR:** Harlem in the twenties, when it was part of the nightclub merry-go-round. A scrapbook of great songs and lively dancing by a cast both old and young. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A

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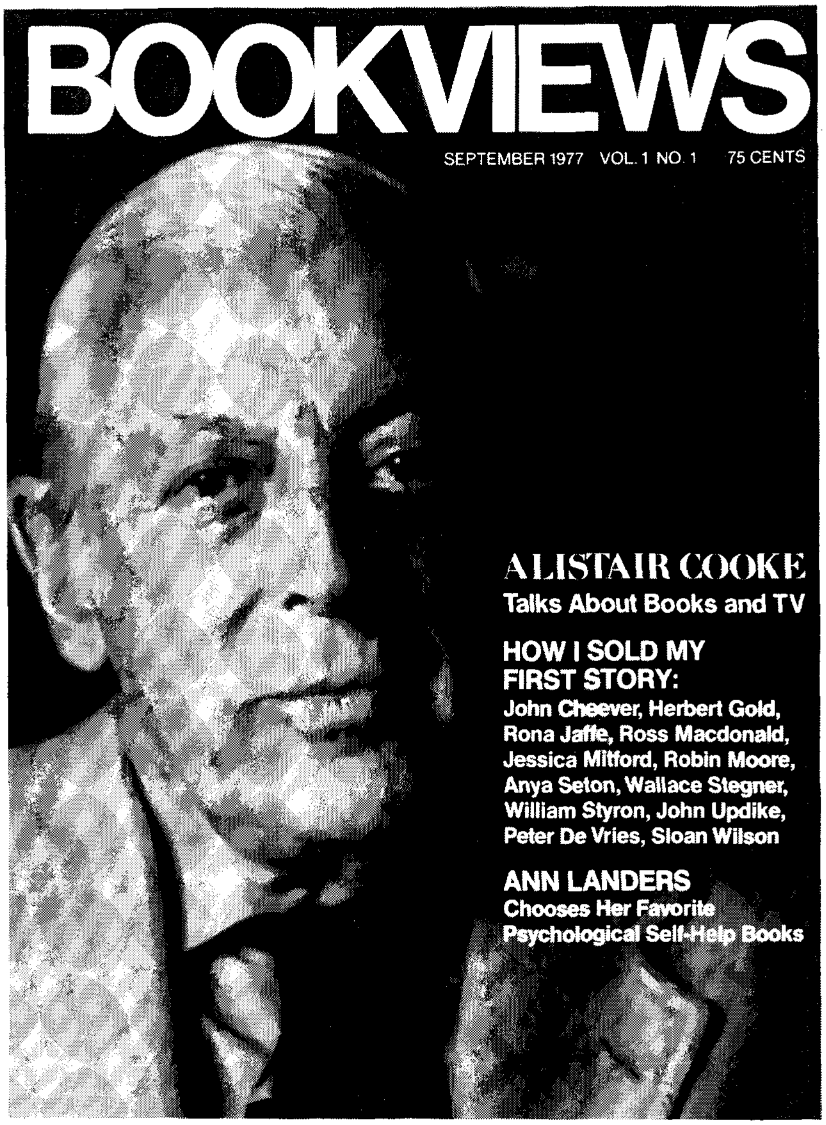

BOOKVIEWS

SEPTEMBER 1977 VOL. 1 NO. 1 75 CENTS

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Talks About Books and TV

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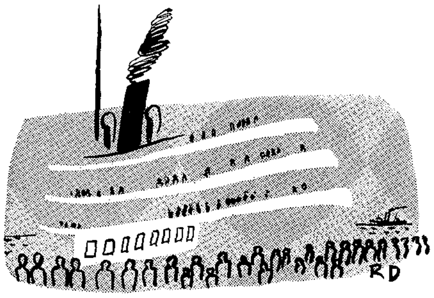
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE CLUB:** Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction, is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays, except Sept. 6, through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Labor Day.) ... **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting melodrama about a boy who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Leonard Nimoy and Ralph Seymour, directed by John Dexter. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Labor Day at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,225 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)...**GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 4.)... **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, Aug. 31, at 2.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)... **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Hope Lange and Don Murray are the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, Thursdays, and Labor Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Labor Day at 3.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ:** A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

BEATLEMANIA—A multimedia and live-music production about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



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BIG APPLE CIRCUS—A one-ring tent circus, sponsored by the New York School for Circus Arts. Comedy jugglers, acrobats, clowns, trapeze artists, and gymnasts. (Battery Park Landfill City. Wednesdays at 10:15 and 1:15; Thursdays through Saturdays at 1 and 7:30; and Sundays at 4. For information about tickets, call 586-3581.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club performers live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Many of the best contemporary post-hard-bop and new-jazz musicians are booked into these sympathetic quarters. Tenor saxophonist Roland Alexander leads a quintet here through Saturday, Sept. 3. On Tuesday, Sept. 6, tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN** will bring in his quintet. Mondays are given over to singer Art Jenkins and trumpeter Sam Brown's seventeen-piece band. Music from about ten. Closed Sundays.

AXIS IN SOHO, in the M. Elson Gallery, 463 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (228-0882)—A weekend coffee-house-gallery-loft. On Friday and Saturday, Sept. 2-3, saxophonist and composer **JIMMY GIUFFRE** will work with guitarist Bill Conners; on Sunday, Sept. 4, alto saxophonist **OLIVER LAKE,** who before he moved to New York was a member of the Chicago musicians' coöperative called the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians, will play in tandem with electric guitarist Michael Gregory Jackson; on Thursday, Sept. 8, the Jankry Ensemble—headed by bassist Glen Moore and pianist Larry Karush—will come in; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 9-10, pianist **CEDAR WALTON** will perform with his quartet. Music at nine and eleven-thirty.

BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (473-9367)—A cabaret that, with its white walls, white slatted-back chairs, white Formica tables, and pale-blue ceiling, is as light and airy as a breakfast room. **AL CARMINES,** who sings in a pleasing, modest baritone and competently and animatedly accompanies himself on piano, will concentrate on the blues, of his own and traditional composition, through Saturday, Sept. 3. On Tuesday, Sept. 6, singer Liz Corrigan will begin a three-week stand. Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

BAR NONE, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Fridays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Situated amid the high-rise dorms of New York University, the pleasantly relaxed cocktail lounge of this restaurant lures in good players and a healthy number of customers—many of them students. Singer, pianist, and composer **ANDY BEY** and a few musical colleagues perform through Saturday, Sept. 3; on Wednesday, Sept. 7, pianist Paul Amrod, bassist Rick Kilburn, and percussionist Ken Hitchcock will move in for four nights. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's a partial lineup: Guitarist John Tropea and his band play opposite comedian Richard Belzer on Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 31-Sept. 1. Conga whiz **MONGO SANTAMARIA** and his combo will be here Friday through Sunday, Sept. 2-4. On Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 6-7, guitarist George Jones will do country music. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner. Closed Labor Day.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—An attractive little bar where business *always* seems to be booming. Pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** works with bassist **FRANK LUTHER** through Saturday, Sept. 3; on Monday, Sept. 5, **JIMMY ROWLES,** one of the house favorites, will return with his bassist. On Sundays, pianist **BARRY HARRIS** takes a turn. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Memories stir, and so do quite a lot of estimable songs-with-piano, when Hazel Scott performs. Her hours are nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dinner and supper. Closed Saturday through Monday, Sept. 3-5.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Local, primitive rock bands on the bandstand; local, primitive rock-band entourages in the audience—an interesting jumble of torn T-shirts, dirty sneakers, rear-guard platform shoes, jeans, feathered boas, slicked-down hair, leather, and a wholesome plaid Madras shirt or two. The music usually begins after nine-thirty.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**HELEN HUMES,** forthright, cute, and cuddly, sings delicate ballads and authoritative blues. She's supported by pianist Gerry Wiggins. Blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE** performs on Sundays. Music from eight to one. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band, which begins after nine-thirty, is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by bassist-proprietor Red Balaban. Trumpeter **PEE WEE ERWIN** will sit in with them on Tuesday, Sept. 6. On Sunday, Sept. 4, tenor saxophonist **AL COHN** will work with a quintet, beginning at eight-thirty. Dinner.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** is here Wednesdays through Sundays with vocalist Alicia Sherman and a bassist (guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** will join them Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 31-Sept. 4). Mondays and Tuesdays, pianist Ben Aronov works with Chuck Wayne and bassist Jamil Nasser. Music from ten to three Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven to three on Sundays. Weeknights, Gene Roland, Jim Watkins, and Morris Edwards hold sessions from five to ten.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Billy Daniels will be singing "That Old Black Magic" and other tunes through Saturday, Sept. 3. On Monday, Sept. 5, guitarist **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** and bassist **SLAM STEWART** will take over the stage. Mondays through Thursdays, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is back and has rejoined the resident blowers—pianist Johnny Morris, drummer Eddie Locke, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another

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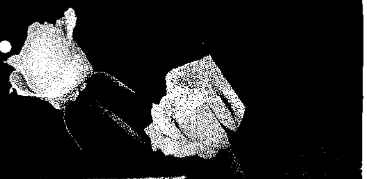

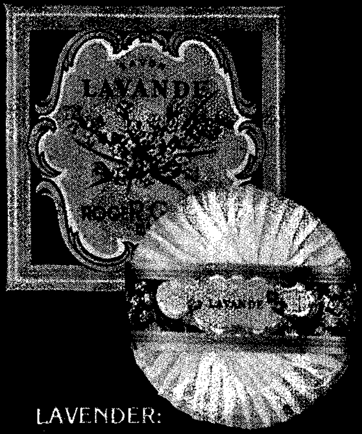
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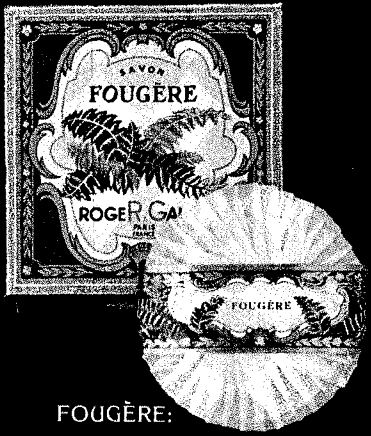
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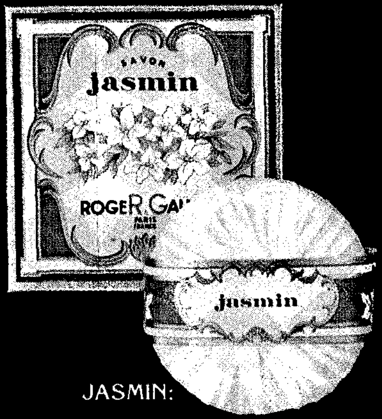
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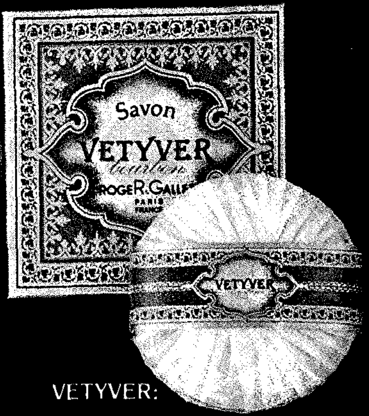
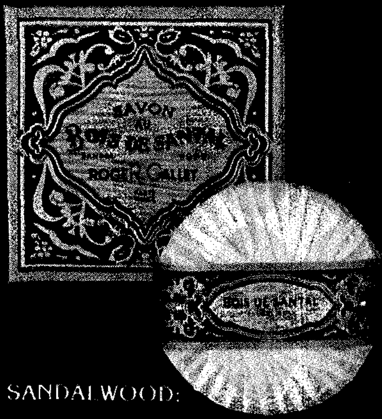

Savon
VETYVER
ROGER GALLE
PARIS
VETYVER

VETYVER:

Woodsy. Musky.
Tangy green and fresh, not sweet.
Rounded not heavy.


SAVON
AU
BOIS DE SANTAL
ROGER GALLET
BOIS DE SANTAL

SANDALWOOD:

Woodsy, soft. Mossy but dry.
Moderately heavy.

SAVON
ORCHIDÉE
ROGER GAL
PARIS
ORCHIDÉE

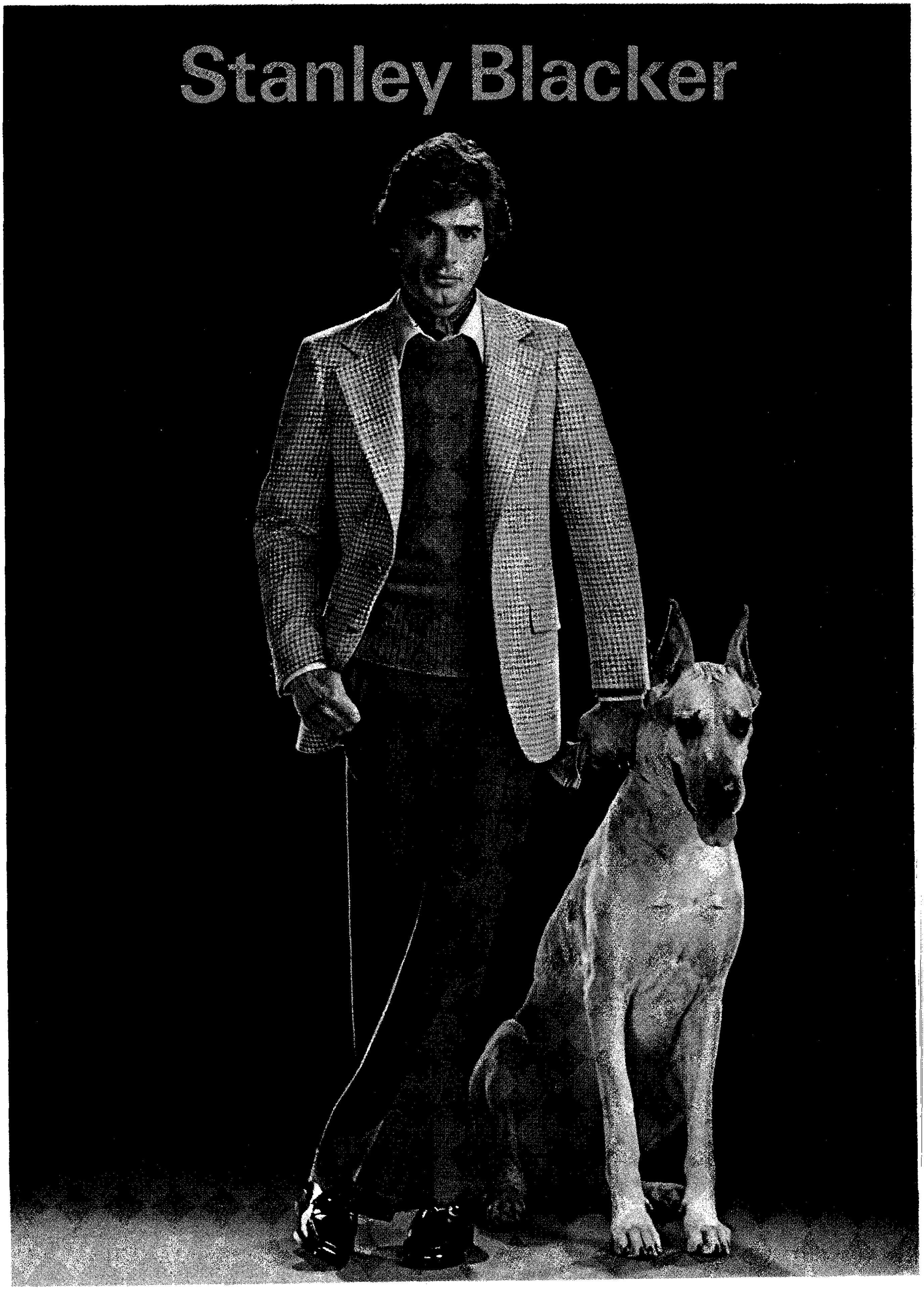
ORCHIDÉE:

Classic Floral. A flowery bouquet.
Sophisticated, soft, mellow.

ROGER & GALLET fragrance soaps. So luxurious, so natural. So gentle and good to your skin. Choose one of these ROGER & GALLET fragrance soaps to complement and harmonize with your personal perfume. Make an elegant splash in your bath tonight.

ROGER & GALLET
PARIS

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH II THE MANUFACTURERS OF SOAP



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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group of musical archivists from eight until two.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Gil Wiest, the proprietor, has instituted a jam session here through Saturday, Sept. 10. The performers are pianist **JUNIOR MANCE,** bassist **GENE TAYLOR,** drummer **OLIVER JACKSON,** and tenor saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY,** plus various drop-in guest artists. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side contemporary-music hangout that mostly features rhythm and blues. Pianist Kenny Brawner and his group, Raw Sugar, will be present through Monday, Sept. 5. Music from ten to three. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A reformed coffeehouse: tables and chairs instead of benches; Perrier and even headier stuff instead of ice cream and tea; and, occasionally, jazz and rock instead of folk music. Buzzy Linhart sings and accompanies himself on guitar through Sunday, Sept. 4, in alternation with rock singer Jay Boy Adams. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Lee Castle presides over the Jimmy Dorsey Orchestra here through Sunday, Sept. 4. On Tuesday, Sept. 6, **SY OLIVER'S** orchestra will reclaim the bandstand. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Three singers and a comedian fill the bill through Saturday, Sept. 3: Craig Vandenburgh on Wednesday, Aug. 31; Joseph Costick on Thursday, Sept. 1; and Barbara Soehner and Tim Cahill (he's the comedian) on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 2-3. Beginning Tuesday, Sept. 6, Raun MacKinnon, a longtime local folkie, and a talented one, will take the stage with her band opposite country-and-Western singer Michael Federal. Tuesdays through Thursdays at ten, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner. Closed Sunday and Monday, Sept. 4-5.

STORYVILLE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A dark but somehow cheerful big, square, sprawling room that, with its heavy, distressed-wood furniture and ceiling beams and youthful audiences, resembles a college dining commons. **MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS,** who is the founder of the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians, and is a satisfying pianist to boot, leads a quintet through Saturday, Sept. 3. On Monday, Sept. 5, David Chesky will guide his fourteen-piece jazz-rock band. Strenuous, long-distance pianist **CECIL TAYLOR** and his band will be on the stand beginning Tuesday, Sept. 6. Music from ten to two-thirty. Closed Sundays.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—This attractive little upper West Side club reopens on Wednesday, Sept. 7, with trumpeter **CHET BAKER** heading a foursome. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A knotty-pine-and-brick-walled jazz room with the kind of informal coziness you'd expect to find in Aspen. Pianist Dom Salvadore and his foursome finish up on Wednesday, Aug. 31; Thursday through Monday, Sept. 1-5, trumpeter **WOODY SHAW** will head a quartet; and on Tuesday, Sept. 6, bassist **RON CARTER** will arrive with his quartet. Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

THIRD PHASE, 2864 Broadway, at 111th St. (749-0200)—A Spartanly simple and appealing downstairs music haunt that brings the Columbia University community swing jazz. Friday through Sunday, Sept. 2-4, tenor saxophonist **EARLE WARREN** (who is a real charmer near a microphone) and trombonist **DICKY WELLS,** both Basie exes, will work with a quintet that includes **DILL JONES** on piano and a sturdy, reliable **JO JONES, JR.,** on drums; trumpeter Franc Williams' quartet will play Monday through Thursday, Sept. 5-8; on Friday, Sept. 9, tenor saxophonist George Kelly's Jazz Sultans will be on the bandstand; and boogie-woogie pianist **SAMMY PRICE** and tenor saxophonist **PAUL QUINICHETTE** will direct a quartet on Saturday, Sept. 10. Sundays through Thursdays from eight to two; Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and midnight. No music Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 31-Sept. 1. Snacks and setups.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Daphne **HELLMAN'S ANGELS** (harp, guitar, bass), powered by their nonpareil guitarist, **EDDIE BERG,** play in the bar Tuesdays from nine-thirty to midnight. Trumpeter **DIZZY GILLESPIE** and his combo are the current residents of the Top of the Gate. Music from ten, except Mondays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The air quality in this world-famous jazz institution is unacceptable, but go anyway. **THAD JONES, MEL LEWIS,** and the fifteen other musicians in their robust big band show up for work every night through Monday, Sept. 5. On Tuesday, Sept. 6, **RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK,** who is a reed section all by himself, will bring in his quintet. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A soul-food *boîte* with a friendly staff, hundreds of gold Christmas ornaments hanging (year round) from the ceiling, a near-impenetrable layer of sawdust on the floor, and some glowing piano-bass duos. Mondays through Wednesdays are assigned to pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can sound like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. Harris Simon has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music begins at eight.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Four-string guitarist **TINY GRIMES** leads a trio on Tuesdays through Thursdays. The rest of the week is allotted to fledgling and more experienced musicians. Music from nine-thirty to one-thirty, except Mondays. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

NINA SHELDON QUARTET—With George Coleman. (New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150. Saturday, Sept. 3, from 2 to 5.)

PARLIAMENT / FUNKADELIC—With Bootsy's Rubber Band. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Sept. 10, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Labor Day.)

GALLERIES

GEORGE RICKEY—Eight stainless-steel kinetic sculptures, the largest thirty-five feet high. Through Sept. 24. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACQUAVELLA,** 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Frankenthaler, Caro, Kline, and others. Through Sept. 15. . . . **DROLL-KOLBERT,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Susan Crile, Charles Fahlen, and Pat Steir are three of the artists participating in a show of paintings, sculptures, and drawings. Through Friday, Sept. 2. . . . **UNITED STATES COURT HOUSE,** 40 Centre St., on Foley Square: Forty-three members of the Organization of Independent Artists are displaying their works in the lobby of the Federal Courthouse and in the lunchroom on the fifth floor. Nearly all the works are wholly abstract. Through Sept. 16. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5:30.) . . . **WAUTERS,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Eighty-two drawings from the nineteenth and twentieth centuries which afford some interesting contrasts—Delacroix nudes with one of Tom Wesselmann's, for instance. Through Oct. 1. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

U.S. CUSTOM HOUSE, Bowling Green at the foot of Broadway—An ongoing free exhibition of performing and visual arts. Among the works on view are ten upright prisms, nine feet tall, by Charles Ross, which cast rainbows of light into odd corners of the fine old structure; a series of plaster figures by Carol Parker; and drawings by Mimi Gross Grooms. . . . ¶ Musical and/or dancing groups perform Wednesdays at 12:30 and Sundays at 3. Through Sept. 11. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

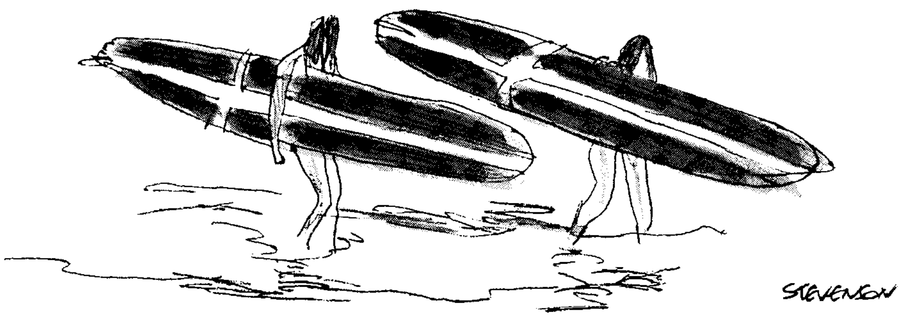
CHAUNCEY HARE—A show of interiors of homes and other spaces has been mounted by the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

CLARENCE H. WHITE (1871-1925)—Close to a hundred works by a founding member of the Photo-Secession. Through Sept. 11. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays; closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Paintings, drawings, and prints by the French Neo-Impressionist Paul Signac, all taken from the museum's collections. Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ "Thracian Treasures from Bulgaria" is an exhibition of exactly that, often wrought out of silver and gold. Through Sunday, Sept. 4. . . . ¶ An exhibit covering nearly every aspect of the career of Edgar Degas, from early portraits to pastels of dancers and bathers. Also works by other artists (Ingres, Delacroix, Renoir, Hokusai) which are said to have influenced Degas. Through Sunday, Sept. 4. . . . ¶ Paintings and graphics by Childe Hassam. Through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ A sumptuous exhibit of clothing and accessories from Russia that focusses on the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and ranges from regional peasant costumes to the wedding dress of Catherine the Great. Through Sunday, Sept. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Prints and books published by the Paris art merchant Ambroise Vollard (1867-1939), who printed editions of, among others, Braque, Toulouse-Lautrec, Cézanne, and Picasso. Through Tuesday, Sept. 6. . . . ¶ Book jackets, posters, magazine covers, and such, juxtaposed with architectural models, furniture, decorations—all produced in Holland, Germany, and the Soviet Union between 1920 and 1940—in a show that underscores the relationship between graphics and other art forms. Through Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Recently acquired drawings by women artists, among them Mary Petty, Alex-



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

andra Exter, and Lee Krasner. Through Sept. 20. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Chauncey Hare. Through Oct. 23. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.). . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. A program of music composed by Leonard Bernstein, including his one-act opera, "Trouble in Tahiti," and eight songs, will be given on Fridays and Saturdays at 8 through Sept. 17.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, *1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th* St.—A show of sixty-seven Paul Klee works executed between 1895 and 1940. Through Monday, Sept. 5. . . . ¶ The paintings and sculptures of forty modern European artists in a show that observes the museum's fortieth year. Through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ Paintings dating from the fifties to the present by Americans Jim Dine, Jo Baer, Raymond Parker, and others. Through Monday, Sept. 5. (Open daily. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, and Labor Day, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The years 1890 to 1910 are covered in an exhibit of nearly three hundred paintings, graphics, and photographs by Thomas Eakins, Mary Cassatt, Charles Dana Gibson, Gertrude Käsebier, and others. Through Oct. 2. . . . ¶ An exhibit of works of twentieth-century artists—Burchfield, Calder, Christo, Johns among them—from collections owned by Friends of the Whitney. Through Sept. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Through Friday, Sept. 2, from 2 to 9; thereafter, the museum resumes its fall schedule—Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Two Centuries of Black American Art" includes paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, crafts, and decorative objects, dating from 1750 to 1950, by such artists as Joshua Johnston, Horace Pippin, Palmer Hayden, Alma Thomas, and Romare Bearden. Through Monday, Sept. 5. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays and Labor Day. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Ocean Life is a double-decker of dioramas of life in the seas and exhibits on the biology of fish. At its peak is a *ninety-four-foot* model of a breaching blue whale. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays and Labor Day, 11 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit of sixteen large wooden models, built to scale, of villas, palaces, and churches designed in the sixteenth century by Andrea Palladio. In addition, photographs of the buildings as they appear today. Through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of the prominent American sculptor Chaim Gross includes as well drawings watercolors, prints, and tapestries. Through Oct. 24. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A comprehensive exhibit of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century folk-art objects (frakturs, rugs, furniture, paintings, weathervanes, pottery) assembled from the collections of the museum's members. Through Saturday, Sept. 3. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures, works on paper, and poetry are displayed jointly in a big show murkily entitled "The Object as Poet." It is intended to celebrate the interaction between a poet's work and a craftsman's work; in some cases the interaction is direct collaboration (Howard Moss and Cletus Johnson), and in others it is more tenuous, or even a one-man operation (Saul Steinberg, Margaret Israel, Betye Saar). Through Sept. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

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NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Diaries kept by writers (Virginia Woolf, Sean O'Casey, Herman Melville, and William Inge among them) from the seventeenth century on make up the latest show from the Berg Collection. Through Sept. 16. (Open daily, except Thursdays, Sundays, and Labor Day, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is TR 4-2424.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, Nov. 13—Wednesday, Aug. 31, at 8: "Mefistofele," with Johanna Meier, Samuel Ramey, and Ermanno Mauro; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 1, at 8: "Turandot," with Nancy Tatum, Catherine Malfitano, Kenneth Collins, and Richard T. Gill; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 2, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Johanna Meier, Henry Price, Charles Roe, David Holloway, David Rae Smith, Richard McKee, and Coley Worth; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 3, at 2: "La Traviata," with Mariana Niculescu, Jack Trussel, and Richard Fredricks; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 3, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Maralin Niska, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and William Justus; and "Pagliacci," with Diana Soviero, Herman Malamood, Pablo Elvira, and Charles Roe. Cal Stewart Kellogg conducting both. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 4, at 1: "Madame Butterfly," with Patricia Craig, Sandra Walker, Michele Molese, and Dominic Cossa; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 4, at 7, and Wednesday, Sept. 7, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Johanna Meier, Henry Price, Charles Roe, David Holloway, David Rae Smith, Richard McKee, and Coley Worth; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 8, at 8: "Carmen," with Ann Howard, Faye Robinson, Jack Trussel, and David Holloway; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 9, at 8: "La Bohème," with Diana Soviero, Sherry Zannoth, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Pablo Elvira, Robert Hale, and Thomas Jamerson; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 10, at 2: "La Traviata," with Mariana Niculescu, Jack Trussel, and Richard Fredricks; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 10, at 8: "Turandot," with Nancy Tatum, Catherine Malfitano, Kenneth Collins, and Richard T. Gill; Julius Rudel. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall—**CELEBRATION OF BLACK COMPOSERS.** The last two in a series of concerts devoted to music of two centuries. Thursday, Sept. 1, at 8:30: Paul Freeman conducting, with Sanford Allen, violin, and Natalie Hinderas, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 2, at 8:30: Leon Thompson conducting, with Irene Oliver, soprano, and Eugene Moye, cello. . . . **AVERY FISHER WINNERS.** A series of four performances, each composed of concertos, conducted by Erich Leinsdorf, and solo recitals. Wednesday, Sept. 7, at 8:30: With Ursula Oppens, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 8, at 8:30: With Ani Kavafian, violin, and Samuel Sanders, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 9, at 8:30: With Heidi Lehwalder, harp. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 10, at 8:30: With Paul Schenly, piano.

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Final performances of the season—Friday, Sept. 2, at 7: Jackson Browne. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 4, at 2: Emmylou Harris, Randy Newman, Jesse Winchester, and the Pousette-Dart Band. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, Aug. 31: The Beach Boys. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 1: Jackson Browne. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 2: The Marshall Tucker Band with Sea Level. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 3: Emmylou Harris and Willie Nelson. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 7. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—The season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing will close with a program by the Hartford Ballet Company. (Lee, Mass. Friday, Sept. 2, at 8:40, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 3-4, at 3 and 8:40. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Seattle, Wednesday, Aug. 31, at 8. . . . ¶ Toronto, Friday, Sept. 9, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 10, at 2. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Atlanta, Friday, Sept. 2, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 3-4, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Montreal, Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 5-6, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Philadelphia, Wednesday, Sept. 7, at 8:05, and Thursday, Sept. 8, at 2:05.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—FRIDAY, SEPT. 2: Penn State vs. Rutgers, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, East Rutherford, N.J., at 8:30. . . . **SATURDAY, SEPT. 10** (all games at 1:30): Army vs. Massachusetts, at West Point. . . . ¶ Colgate vs. Rutgers, at Hamilton. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Davidson, at Fordham.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Jets, in an exhibition game. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, East Rutherford, N.J. Sunday, Sept. 4, at 1.)

RACING—At **BELMONT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 15. The Gazelle Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 3; the Jerome Handicap and the Astarita, Monday, Sept. 5; and the Futurity, Saturday, Sept. 10. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Monday, Sept. 5. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track Saturday and Labor Day at 12:05.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights at 7:45; through Monday, Sept. 5. The World's Playground, Saturday, Sept. 3, and the United Nations Handicap, Monday, Sept. 5. . . . **MEADOWLANDS,** East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights at 8, from Tuesday, Sept. 6, through Saturday, Dec. 31. The Paterson, Tuesday, Sept. 6.

SOCCER—At Downing Stadium, Randall's Island—Sunday, Sept. 4, at 2:30: A United States National team vs. Universitaria of Ecuador. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 4, at 4:15: Alianza of Peru vs. Millonarios of Colombia. (For information about tickets, call 695-8786.)

TENNIS—United States Open Tennis Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Wednesday, Aug. 31, through Thursday, Sept. 8, at 11 and 7:30, and Friday through Sunday, Sept. 9-11, at 11. For information about tickets, call 651-5200.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 5. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15, except Labor Day, when post time will be 2:15; through Saturday, Nov. 19.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 755-4100, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

NEW YORK DANCE FESTIVAL—The first nine in a series of twelve free performances—Friday and Saturday, Sept. 2-3, at 8: The Joyce Trisler Danscompany, Joan Lombardi and Dancers, the San Francisco Ballet, Saeko Ichinohe and Company, and Tina Ramirez's Ballet Hispanico of New York. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 4, at 3 (a one-hour program): Bowyer and Bruggeman, Tina Ramirez's Ballet Hispanico of New York, and Saeko Ichinohe and Company. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 4, and Tuesday, Sept. 6, at 8: The Michael Sullivan Dance Company, Sandra Balestracci and Mikhail Korogodsky, Lois Bewley, the Katherine Litz Dance Company, the May O'Donnell Concert Dance Company, and Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 7-8, at 8: The Radio City Music Hall Rockettes, Matthew Diamond, Morocco, Bowyer and Bruggeman, and the Contemporary Dancers. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Sept. 9-10, at 8: The Joan Miller Chamber

Arts/Dance Players, Cohan/Suzeau, the Charles Moore Dances and Drums of Africa, Bill T. Jones, the Joffrey Ballet, and the Murray Louis Dance Company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Rain date, Monday, Sept. 5. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Central Park Mall—William Mount-Burke directing the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra and the Light Opera of Manhattan in Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Pirates of Penzance" in concert form. (Sunday, Sept. 4, at 5.)

Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors—Final performances of a three-week festival of dance, chamber music, cabaret, country music, jazz, and street theatre. LINCOLN CENTER PLAZA: Thursday, Sept. 1, Fairmount Theatre for the Deaf at 11 (for children) and 2:30 and the Bond Street Theatre Coalition at 5.... ¶ Friday, Sept. 2, South African Survival Group at 2:30 and Honolulu Theatre for Youth at 5. ... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 3, Philip Gaudio with the Louie D'Agostino Combo, as well as Edward Gordon, autoharp, and Richard Cooper, flute, at noon; Media Age, Incorporated, at 2:30; and the Centro Cultural Ballet Quisqueya at 5.... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 4, Philip Gaudio with the Louie D'Agostino Combo, as well as the Messrs. Gordon and Cooper, at noon; Workshops for Careers in the Arts at 2:30; and a Community/Street Theatre Symposium at 4.... DAMROSCH PARK: Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 31-Sept. 3, at 8, Bahamian singer Exuma in a musical entitled "Junkanoo Drums."... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 4, at 6:30, the Jazzmobile Workshop Ensemble, and, at 8, the Duke Ellington Orchestra conducted by Mercer Ellington.... ¶ Monday, Sept. 5, at 8, "A Kurt Weill Cabaret," with Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein (Stephen Blier at the piano).

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of FINIAN'S RAINBOW with Beth Fowler and Christopher Hewett. (Nightly at 8:30; through Sunday, Sept. 4. For tickets, call 516 221-1000.)

Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit—The semiannual show will be on view daily, from noon until sundown starting Friday, Sept. 2, and continuing through Sunday, Sept. 18.

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Tuesdays through Fridays, and from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays, Sundays, and Labor Day.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Automobile Racing—United States Grand Prix. (Watkins Glen, Oct. 2.)

Baseball—YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Toronto, Sept. 11 (day doubleheader). Boston, Sept. 13-15 (night). Cleveland, Sept. 26-29 (n). Detroit, Sept. 30 (n) and Oct. 1-2 (day).... METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Chicago, Sept. 16 (at 7:05 to finish the game suspended by the July 13th blackout, plus the regularly scheduled game). Sept. 17 (day), and Sept. 18 (day doubleheader). Pittsburgh, Sept. 20-21 (night). St. Louis, Sept. 23 (n) and Sept. 24-25 (d).... NATIONAL LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP PLAYOFFS: Start Oct. 4.... AMERICAN LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP PLAYOFFS: Start Oct. 5.... WORLD SERIES: Starts Oct. 11 in the home park of the American League champion.

Professional Basketball—Exhibition games—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Cleveland vs. Chicago and Knicks vs. Nets, Sept. 28.... ¶ Boston vs. Washington and Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Oct. 6.... ¶ Philadelphia vs. Washington and Knicks vs. Boston, Oct. 8.... RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER, Piscataway, N.J.: Nets vs. Washington, Oct. 2.... ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, Oct. 6.... ¶ Nets vs. Knicks, Oct. 9.

Boxing—Muhammad Ali vs. Earnie Shavers, 15 rounds, for the World Heavyweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden, Sept. 29.)

College Football—SATURDAY, SEPT. 17: Army vs. V.M.I., at West Point; Columbia vs. Harvard, at Baker Field; Dartmouth vs. Princeton, at Hanover; Fordham vs. Kean State, at Fordham; Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia; and Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven. ... SATURDAY, SEPT. 24: Boston College vs. Army, at Chestnut Hill; Columbia vs. Lafayette, at Baker Field; Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca; Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, at Hanover; Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton; and Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven. ... SATURDAY, OCT. 1: Army vs. Colorado, at West Point; Boston College vs. Pittsburgh, at Chestnut Hill; Brown vs. Princeton, at Providence; Columbia vs. Pennsylvania, at Baker Field; Cornell vs. Rutgers, at Ithaca; Fordham vs. Hofstra, at Fordham; and Harvard vs. Colgate, at Cambridge.... SATURDAY, OCT. 8: Army vs. Villanova, at West Point; Cornell vs. Harvard, at Ithaca; Fordham vs. Seton Hall, at Fordham; Holy Cross vs. Colgate, at Worcester; Pennsylvania vs. Brown, at Philadelphia; Princeton vs. Columbia, at Princeton; Trinity vs. Williams, at Hartford; and Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven.

Professional Football—SUNDAY, SEPT. 11: Giants vs. Miami Dolphins, at Giants Stadium, Meadowlands, East Rutherford, N.J.... SUNDAY, SEPT. 18: Giants vs. Washington Redskins, at Giants Stadium, and Jets vs. Houston Oilers, at Houston.... SUNDAY, SEPT. 25: Jets vs. Baltimore Colts, at Giants Stadium, and Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, at Dallas. ... SUNDAY, OCT. 2: Jets vs. New England Patriots, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. Atlanta Falcons, at Atlanta.... SUNDAY, OCT. 9: Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at Giants Stadium, and Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, at Buffalo.

Hockey—Exhibition games—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Sept. 27.... ¶ Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Oct. 5.... NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Sept. 24.... ¶ Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Oct. 1.... ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Oct. 4.... ¶ Islanders vs. Atlanta Flames, Oct. 8.

Soccer—A United States National team vs. Alianza of Peru and Millonarios of Colombia vs. Universitaria of Ecuador. (Downing Stadium, Randall's Island, Sept. 11.)... ¶ Cosmos vs. Santos of Brazil. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, East Rutherford, N.J. Oct. 1.)

Tennis—World Championship Tennis Tournament of Champions Final: Ken Rosewall vs. Harold Solomon. (Madison Square Garden, Sept. 16.)

Yachting—America's Cup Races. (Newport. Starting Sept. 13.)

Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA (580-9830): The season will open on Oct. 10, with Moussorgsky's "Boris Godunov," and will run through April 15.... AVERY FISHER HALL (TR 4-2424): Opening performances of the New York Philharmonic, Erich Leinsdorf conducting, Sept. 14 (non-subscription benefit concert) and Sept. 15 (first concert of the regular season). ... CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): American Symphony Orchestra, Sept. 14 and Oct. 9.... ¶ Robert Goldsand, piano, Sept. 30.... ¶ Opening performance here of the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Oct. 4.... MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (564-4400): The Regimental Band of the Grenadier Guards and the Massed Pipers, Drummers, and Dancers of the Scots Guards, Sept. 24-25.

Dance—American Ballet Theatre, at the Metropolitan Opera House, Sept. 30-Oct. 2.... ¶ Joffrey Ballet, at the City Center, Oct. 12-Nov. 13.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A limited revival of the Dale Wasserman-Mitch Leigh-Joe Darion musical "Man of La Mancha," starring Richard Kiley.... ¶ "Estrada," a variety show from the Soviet Union—rock and pop music, mime, dance, and acts from the Moscow Circus.... ¶ Molière's "Tartuffe," translated into English verse by Richard Wilbur, with a cast headed by John Wood, Tammy Grimes, Mildred Dunnock, and Patricia Elliott.... ¶ A revival of "Hair" (book and lyrics by Gerome Ragni and James Rado, music by Galt MacDermot).... ¶ Victor Borge in a four-week engagement of his one-man show, "Comedy with Music."... ¶ A two-character play, "The Gin Game," by D. L. Coburn, in which Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn will appear.... ¶ A drama by Per Olov Enquist, "The Night of the Tribades," adapted by Ross Shideler, with Max von Sydow, Bibi Andersson, Eileen Atkins, and Werner Klemperer.

Other Dates—Third-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Thursday, Sept. 15.... ¶ The first day of fall is Sept. 22.... ¶ The New York Film Festival opens on Sept. 23 at Avery Fisher Hall. Moves next day to Alice Tully Hall: Sept. 24-Oct. 8. Winds up at Avery Fisher Hall on Oct. 9.... ¶ National Arts and Antiques Festival, at the 7th Regiment Armory, Oct. 8-16.

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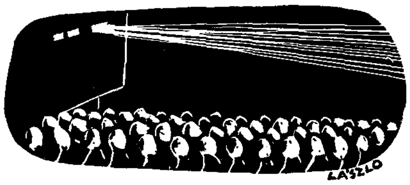
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Sept. 6: "Cousin, Cousine" and "We All Loved Each Other So Much."
From Sept. 7: "Cria!"

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Sept. 6: "The Deep" and "The Eagle Has Landed."
From Sept. 7: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 6: "New York, New York."
From Sept. 7: "3 Women."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Star Wars."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"One on One."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Kentucky Fried Movie."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Last Remake of Beau Geste."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Suspiria."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Sandakan 8."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"In the Realm of the Senses."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Pardon Mon Affaire."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Other Side of Midnight."

59TH ST. EAST, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Fantastic Animation Festival."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"I Never Promised You a Rose Garden."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Outrageous."

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Spy Who Loved Me."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Spy Who Loved Me."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"La Grande Bourgeoise."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The First Nudie Musical."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
To be announced.

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 6: "New York, New York."
From Sept. 7: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"New York, New York."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
To be announced.

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Star Wars."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Spy Who Loved Me."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Bad News Bears in Breaking Training."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Sept. 6: "The Rescuers" and "Herbie Goes to Monte Carlo."
From Sept. 7: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Walking Tall, Final Chapter."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"You Light Up My Life."

RENOIR CINEMA, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. (873-8702; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Sept. 7: "Death in the Garden."
From Sept. 8: "The River and Death."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Fantastic Animation Festival."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Sept. 6: "A Bridge Too Far."
From Sept. 7 (tentative): "The Spy Who Loved Me."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "One on One."
Theatre 2: "Stroszek."
Theatre 3: "The Kentucky Fried Movie."
Theatre 4: Aug. 31: "A Night at the Opera" and "A Day at the Races." Sept. 1: "A Day at the Races" and "Go West." Sept. 2: "Go West" and "The Big Store." Sept. 3: "The Big Store" and "At the Circus." Sept. 4: "At the Circus" and "A Night at the Opera." Sept. 5: "A Night at the Opera" and "Go West." Sept. 6: "A Day at the Races" and "The Big Store." From Sept. 7: "Dynasty" (3-D).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"You Light Up My Life."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"MacArthur."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Sept. 6: "The Deep."
From Sept. 7: "New York, New York."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Sensual Man."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Black and White in Color."

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Sept. 6: "Cria!"
From Sept. 7: "Woman's Decision."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Fantastic Animation Festival."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Sept. 6: "Aguirre, the Wrath of God."
From Sept. 7: "Children of Paradise."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Sept. 6: "New York, New York."
From Sept. 7: "Cria!"

LOEWS 83RD TRIPLEX, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "A Bridge Too Far."
Theatre 2: "One on One."
Theatre 3: "The Bad News Bears in Breaking Training."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Chac."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Sept. 6: "The Rescuers" and "Herbie Goes to Monte Carlo."
From Sept. 7: "New York, New York" and "Norman . . . Is That You?"

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Through Sept. 1: "Notorious" (1946), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern; and "Rebecca" (1940), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates.
Sept. 2-3: "The Last Picture Show" (†) and "Claire's Knee." (†)
Sept. 4-5: "The Maltese Falcon" (1941), directed by John Huston, with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre; and "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" (1948), directed by John Huston, with Walter Huston, Humphrey Bogart, Tim Holt, Alfonso Bedoya, and Robert Blake.
Sept. 6: "Grandma's Boy" (1922), directed by Fred Newmeyer, with Harold Lloyd; and "Battling Butler" (1926), directed by, and with, Buster Keaton.
Sept. 7-8: "The Wild Child" (1970), in French, directed by, and with, François Truffaut; and "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" (1975; "Every Man for Himself and God Against All"), in German, directed by Werner Herzog, with Bruno S.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Aug. 31: "Woman in the Dunes" (1964), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Teshigahara, with Eiji Okada; and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada.
Sept. 1: "Seven Chances" (1925), directed by, and with, Buster Keaton; and "Long Pants" (1927), directed by Frank Capra, with Harry Langdon.
Sept. 2: "Rebecca" (1940), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; and "Spellbound." (†)
Sept. 3: "On the Waterfront" (1954), directed by Elia Kazan, with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "The Wild One" (1954), directed by Laslo Benedek, with Marlon Brando, Lee Marvin, and Mary Murphy.
Sept. 4: "Hamlet" (†) and "Romeo and Juliet." (†)
Sept. 5: "The Bicycle Thief" (†) and "The Miracle." (†)
Sept. 6: "The Fortune Cookie" (†); and "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes" (1970), directed by Billy Wilder, with Robert Stephens, Colin Blakely, and Geneviève Page.
Sept. 7: "Touch and Go" (†) and "Give Her the Moon." (†)
Sept. 8: "The Freshman" (1925), directed by Sam Taylor, with Harold Lloyd; and "College" (1927), directed by James W. Horne, with Buster Keaton.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Sept. 1: "Gilda" (1946), directed by Charles Vidor, with Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford, and George Macready; and "Cover Girl" (1944), directed by Charles Vidor, with Rita Hayworth, Gene Kelly, and Phil Silvers.
Sept. 2-3: "King Kong" (1976), directed by John Guillermin, with Jeff Bridges, Charles Grodin, and Jessica Lange; and "Mighty Joe Young." (†)
Sept. 4-5: "The Great Dictator" (1940) and "Modern Times" (1936), both films directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.
Sept. 6: "Small Change" (1976), in French, directed by François Truffaut; and "The Story of Adèle H." (1975), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Isabelle Adjani.
Sept. 7-8: "One-Eyed Jacks" (†); and "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951), directed by Elia Kazan, with Marlon Brando and Vivien Leigh.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Sept. 3: "Ninotchka" (1939), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Greta Garbo and Melvyn Douglas; and "The Philadelphia Story" (1940), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, and Cary Grant.
Sept. 4-5: "Million Dollar Mermaid" (†) and "Bells Are Ringing." (†)
Sept. 6-7: "Forbidden Planet" (†) and "The Time Machine." (†)
From Sept. 8: "Royal Wedding" (†) and "The Barkleys of Broadway." (†)

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Sept. 1: "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" (1975; "Every Man for Himself and God Against All"), in German, directed by Werner Herzog, with Bruno S.; and "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976), directed by Nicolas Roeg, with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry.
Sept. 2-3: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider (X-rated); and "A Streetcar

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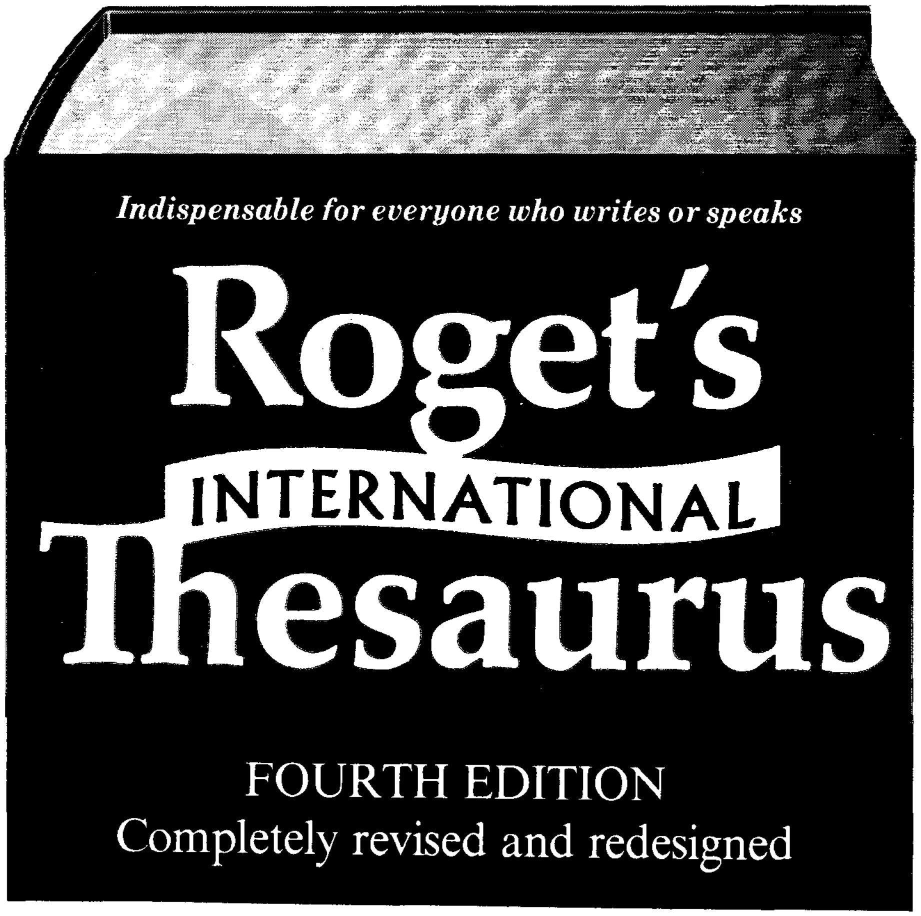
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Named Desire" (1951), directed by Elia Kazan, with Marlon Brando and Vivien Leigh.

Sept. 4-6: "The Gold Rush" (1925), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Mr. Chaplin, Mack Swain, and Georgia Hale; and a program of Chaplin short films.

Sept. 7-8: "Dark Victory" (†) and "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex." (†)

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through Sept. 1: "The Invisible Man" (1933), directed by James Whale, with Claude Rains, Gloria Stuart, William Harrigan, and Henry Travers; and "The Invisible Man Returns" (1940), directed by Joe May, with Cedric Hardwicke, Vincent Price, and Nan Grey.

Sept. 2-3: "True Confession" (†) and "Made for Each Other." (†)

Sept. 4-5: "Lifeboat" (†) and "Tarnished Lady." (†)

Sept. 6: "Counsellor-at-Law" (†) and "World Première." (†)

Sept. 7-8: "Ten Cents a Dance" (†) and "Mexicali Rose." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

ROY AND NIUTA TITUS AUDITORIUM, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Sept. 1 at 2:30: "The Impatient Maiden" (1932), directed by James Whale, with Lew Ayres, Mae Clarke, and Una Merkel. . . . ¶ Sept. 1 at 6: "Remember Last Night?" (1935), directed by James Whale, with Robert Young and Constance Cummings. . . . ¶ Sept. 1 at 8:30: "One More River" (1934), directed by James Whale, with Diana Wynyard and Colin Clive. . . . ¶ Sept. 2 at 2:30: "By Candlelight" (1934), directed by James Whale, with Elissa Landi, Paul Lukas, and Nils Asther. . . . ¶ Sept. 2 at 6: "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley" (1918), directed by Marshall Neilan, with Mary Pickford. . . . ¶ Sept. 3 at noon: "The Boys from Syracuse" (1940), directed by Edward Sutherland, with Martha Raye and Allan Jones. . . . ¶ Sept. 3 at 2:30: "All Quiet on the Western Front" (1930), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Lew Ayres and Louis Wolheim. . . . ¶ Sept. 3 at 5: "The Road Back" (1937), directed by James Whale, with John King, Richard Cromwell, Slim Summerville, and Andy Devine. . . . ¶ Sept. 4 at noon: "East Side of Heaven" (1939), directed by David Butler, with Bing Crosby and Joan Blondell. . . . ¶ Sept. 4 at 2:30: "Love Before Breakfast" (1936), directed by Walter Lang, with Carole Lombard and Cesar Romero. . . . ¶ Sept. 4 at 5: "En Natt" (1931), in Swedish, directed by Gustaf Molander, with Gerda Lundequist; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Sept. 5 at noon: A program of three short films. . . . ¶ Sept. 5 at 2:30: "Waterloo Bridge" (1931), directed by James Whale, with Mae Clarke and Kent Douglass (Douglass Montgomery). . . . ¶ Sept. 5 at 6: "Only Yesterday" (1933), directed by John M. Stahl, with Margaret Sullavan and John Boles. . . . ¶ Sept. 6 at noon: A program of three short films. . . . ¶ Sept. 6 at 2:30: "Cenere" (1916), an Italian silent film, directed by Febo Mari, with Eleonora Duse, English inter-titles, film incomplete; and "The Wind" (1928), directed by Victor Seastrom, with Lillian Gish, Lars Hanson, and Montague Love. . . . ¶ Sept. 6 at 6: "Sinners in Paradise" (1938), directed by James Whale, with Madge Evans, John Boles, and Bruce Cabot. . . . ¶ Sept. 8 at 2:30: "Wives Under Suspicion" (1938), directed by James Whale, with Warren William and Gail Patrick. . . . ¶ Sept. 8 at 6: "The Kiss Before the Mirror" (1933), directed by James Whale, with Nancy Carroll, Frank Morgan, Paul Lukas, Gloria Stuart, and Walter Pidgeon. . . . ¶ Sept. 8 at 8:30: "Waterloo Bridge." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

AGUIRRE, THE WRATH OF GOD (1972)—Werner Herzog's fine film about a sixteenth-century quest for a Peruvian El Dorado. Poisoned arrows from Indians are made invisible by the beautiful heavy trees overhanging the Amazon; a raft is caught in a whirlpool; the conquistadors, in cumbrous armor ill fitted to their trek, start to think themselves living a life of fancy. Their leader is Aguirre, blazing-eyed and severe, with delusions of demagogy. In German. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/11/77.) (Cinema Studio; through Sept. 6.)

AT THE CIRCUS (1939)—The Marx Brothers. They do get to shoot Margaret Dumont out of a cannon, but it's all fairly ponderous. (Quad Cinema; Sept. 3-4.)

THE BAD NEWS BEARS IN BREAKING TRAINING—With William Devane and Clifton James, directed by Michael Pressman. (86th St. East, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

THE BARKLEYS OF BROADWAY (1949)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers together again, with Ginger aspiring to be Bernhardt, and Oscar Levant playing Khatchaturian's "Sabre Dance," as well as some Tchaikovsky. Tunes include George Gershwin's "They Can't Take That Away from Me." Betty Comden and Adolph Green wrote the screenplay at their buoyant usual best. (Regency; starting Sept. 8.)

BELLS ARE RINGING (1960)—The famous Adolph Green/Betty Comden/Jule Styne musical about an answering service that is the hub of New York romance. Lovingly transcribed to the screen by Vincente Minnelli, and including Judy Holliday, who is one of the very few truly funny women comedians, partly because she has such obvious brains. (Regency; Sept. 4-5.)

THE BICYCLE THIEF (1949)—Vittorio De Sica's story of a poor man's search for his stolen bicycle is deceptively simple. At first, there is ironic tenderness: humanity observed with compassion but without illusion. Then the search becomes an odyssey of poverty, and the richnesses and the enigmas sneak up on the audience. What is the meaning of the seeress's words? How is it that the hero who is searching for the bicycle thief becomes the bicycle thief? This Neo-Realist classic is on just about everybody's list of the greatest films. Cesare Zavattini wrote the script. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 5.)

THE BIG STORE (1941)—The Marx Brothers take over a department store. But they never quite take over the movie, which is far from inspired, though it does have Margaret Dumont and that great slimy villain Douglass Dumbrille. (Quad Cinema; Sept. 2-3 and Sept. 6.)

BLACK AND WHITE IN COLOR—Directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud; at first anecdotal, then ironic and sharp and charming. The scene is West Africa in 1915, when the local French and German garrisons learn that they are at war. The hero is a good-looking, decisive French geographer called Hubert (Jacques Spiesser), who turns a tribe into a pukka regiment. In French. (5/23/77) (Paris.)

A BRIDGE TOO FAR—A film too long. Inaccurate, to boot. About Arnhem in the Second World War, with a list of stars of whom only Laurence Olivier is worth your ticket money. (6/20/77) (Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through Sept. 6.)

CHAC—A film about the Mayan Indians today, directed by Rolando Klein. In the Tzeltal and Mayan dialects. (Reviewed in this issue.) (New Yorker.)

CHILDREN OF PARADISE (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Cinema Studio; starting Sept. 7.)

CLAIRE'S KNEE (1970)—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and a captivatingly gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 2-3.)

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW (1933)—John Barrymore seems an unlikely choice for the ghetto-born lawyer of Elmer Rice's play, but this is one of the few screen roles that reveal his measure as an actor. His "presence" is apparent in every scene; so are his restraint, his humor, and his zest. The material is success-story-with-heartbreak—a typical American well-made play of the period: energetic, naïve, melodramatic, good-hearted, and full of gold-diggers, social climbers, and dedicated radicals. The director, William Wyler, sticks close to the play and tells the story in a simple, unadorned way, which has the advantage for us now of preserving the theatrical style of the time. With Bebe Daniels, Melvyn Douglas, Doris Kenyon, Mayo Methot, Thelma Todd, Onslow Stevens, Isabel Jewell, and, as the horrid stepson, Richard Quine, who, when he grew up, directed "Operation Mad Ball." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 6.)

COUSIN, COUSINE (1976)—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (Art; through Sept. 6.)

CRÍA!—A moving Spanish film, set in Madrid, with Ana Torrent as a nine-year-old called Ana. Her mother and her adult self are both played with great beauty by Geraldine Chaplin. Carlos Saura directed, and wrote the screenplay himself. Surrounded by deaths—of her mother, her father (discovered by her in bed with her mother's best friend), her guinea pig—the child has a delicate sense of play; there is a marvellous scene in which she and her sisters dress up and make up and talk as they imagine grownups do when alone together. In Spanish. (6/6/77) (Cinema 3; through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ Art, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Sept. 7.)

DARK VICTORY (1939)—Bette Davis in a kitsch classic, playing a rich doomed-to-die girl who throws herself away on meaningless pleasures and then finds redemption in unselfish love—with her doctor, George Brent. A gooey collection of clichés, but Davis slams her way through them in her nerviest style. The steals from all over include a Lawrentian stable groom, played by Humphrey Bogart. Ronald Reagan is among the heroine's swains, and Geraldine Fitzgerald is her best friend. Edmund Goulding directed. (Thalia; Sept. 7-8.)

A DAY AT THE RACES (1937)—The Marx Brothers in a sort of morning-after to "A Night at the Opera." It has something to do with a sanatorium, a group of bankers, a blond siren, and a steeplechase. Groucho is Hugo Z. Hackenbush, a horse doctor posing as a fashionable neurologist. ("Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped.") He shuffles off with the picture. The cast includes Margaret Dumont, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Allan Jones; the teen-age Dorothy Dandridge may be glimpsed among the kids in the "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm" number. Sam Wood directed. (Quad Cinema; Aug. 31-Sept. 1 and Sept. 6.)

DEATH IN THE GARDEN (1956)—With Simone Signoret and Georges Marchal, directed by Luis Buñuel. In French. (Renoir Cinema; through Sept. 7.)

THE DEEP—Don't plunge. From the Peter Benchley novel, with Robert Shaw, Jacqueline Bisset, and Nick Nolte; directed by Peter Yates. (7/4/77) (St. Marks Cinema, and Playboy; through Sept. 6.)

THE EAGLE HAS LANDED—What if Churchill had been kidnapped by the Nazis? The gang leader is well played by Michael Caine. Donald Pleasence as Himmler has a frighteningly manic breathless laugh. The trouble with most of these what-if thrillers is our contradicting knowledge of history. This film cleverly sidesteps that by a dramatic trick that depends on invoking, of all things, English love for the courage of music-hall troupers. Worth seeing for its adroitness. Directed by John Sturges. (4/4/77) (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 6.)

FANTASTIC ANIMATION FESTIVAL—A film made up of sixteen award-winning animated short subjects. (D.W. Griffith, 8th St. Playhouse, and Paramount.)

THE FIRST NUDIE MUSICAL—A spoof of low-budget porno films and the musical comedies of the thirties and forties, with Stephen Nathan, Cindy Williams, and Bruce Kimmel; directed by Mr. Kimmel and Mark Haggard. R-rated. (68th St. Playhouse.)

FORBIDDEN PLANET (1956)—The best of the science-fiction interstellar productions of the fifties lifts its plot and atmosphere from Shakespeare: the magical island of "The Tempest" becomes the planet Altair-4, where the sky is green and the sand is pink and there are two moons. The magician Prospero becomes the mad scientist Morbius (Walter Pidgeon); Prospero's daughter Miranda, who knows no man except her father, is Altaira (Anne Francis); and (though this is less clear) the sprite Ariel becomes Robby, the friendly robot. Caliban has become a marvellously flamboyant monster out of Freud—pure id. It's a pity the film, directed by Fred Wilcox, *didn't lift some of Shakespeare's* dialogue; the language is flat. (Regency; Sept. 6-7.)

THE FORTUNE COOKIE (1966)—A sour, visually ugly comedy from director Billy Wilder and his co-writer I. A. L. Diamond which gets worse as it goes along; it's both cynical and sanctimonious, and exploitative on both counts. Jack Lemmon plays a TV cameraman who is accidently knocked unconscious in the course of covering a football game; Walter Matthau (the only possible excuse for seeing the picture) is Whiplash Willie, Lemmon's venomous, shyster-lawyer brother-in-law, who hatches a plot to bilk the insurance companies. By the time that Ron Rich, the decent, heartsick black football player who knocked Lemmon down, arrives to take care of him, and they become loving buddies, only Leslie ("Come back to the raft ag'in, Huck honey") Fiedler could care. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 6.)

GIVE HER THE MOON (1970)—Silly little farce about how adorable the French are and how frenzied the Americans are. Philippe de Broca directed and wasted the cast, which includes Philippe Noiret, Fernand Gravey, François Périer, and Valentina Cortese, as well as Marthe Keller and Bert Convy. In English and French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 7.)

GO WEST (1941)—The Marx Brothers in what is, arguably, their worst picture; "Love Happy" is possibly even worse. *This one*—set in the Old West—has a good opening sequence and not much else. The cast includes John Carroll, Walter Woolf King, and Iris Adrian; Edward Buzzell directed; and the script can be blamed on Irving Brecher. (Quad Cinema; Sept. 1-2 and Sept. 5.)

LA GRANDE BOURGEOISE—A noble, beautiful piece of work by Mauro Bolognini, set in the Italy of 1897. The story has the quality of a fable. The Countess (Catherine Deneuve), daughter of the famed and powerful house of Murri, is married to a boorish doctor but in love with her brother (played by Giancarlo Giannini). Luck flickers around the apparently blessed Murris, children of a great scholar (played by Fernando Rey). The Murris are rich Socialists; they excite the rage and envy of poorer fellow-Socialists and traditional monarchists alike. Bolognini has made an intellectually exquisite film. In French and Italian. (8/8/77) (Beekman.)

HAMLET (1948)—Laurence Olivier gives an active and exciting performance in the version he directed—a handsome production with lively *contributions* by Eileen Herlie (the Queen), Basil Sydney (the King), Jean Simmons (Ophelia), Stanley Holloway (Grave Digger). (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 4.)

HERBIE GOES TO MONTE CARLO—From the Disney studios: the further adventures of Herbie, the self-willed VW beetle. With Dean Jones, Don Knotts, and Julie Sommars; directed by Vincent McEveety. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Olympia; through Sept. 6.)

I NEVER PROMISED YOU A ROSE GARDEN—Anthony Page treats the topic of a pretty, schizophrenic girl (Kathleen Quinlan) with charity and distress. Bibi Andersson plays—marvellously—the therapist who works with the girl in the frightened margins of her life, which is hedged with demons. The "cure" is not complete, but we were never promised a rose garden. (8/8/77) (Cinema I.)

IN THE REALM OF THE SENSES—With Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji, directed by Nagisa Oshima. In Japanese. (Plaza.)

THE KENTUCKY FRIED MOVIE—With David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; directed by

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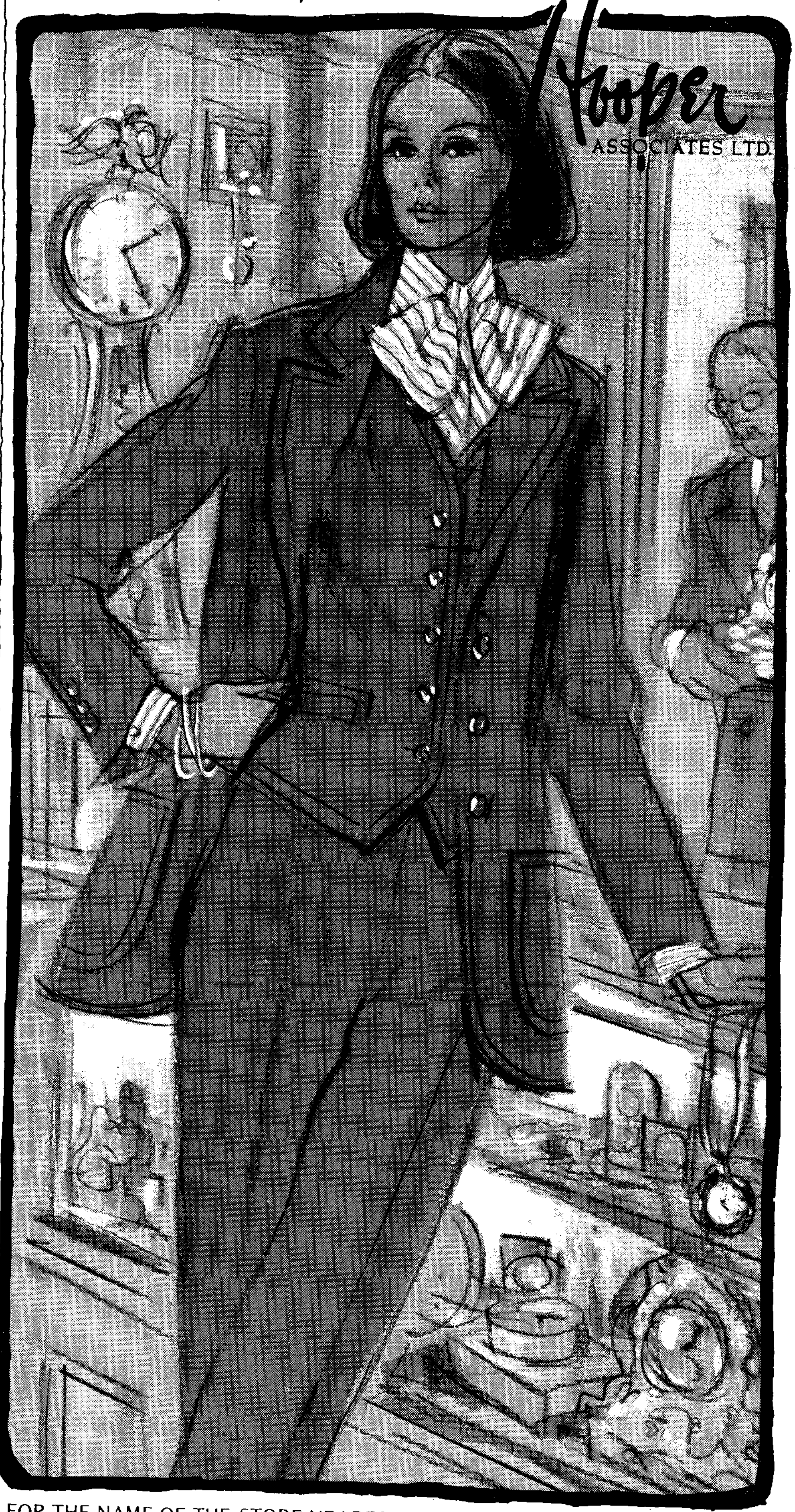

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

John Landis. (Eastside Cinema, and Quad Cinema.)

The Last Picture Show (1971)—Peter Bogdanovich's fine, straightforward narrative picture about boys trying to reach manhood without much in the way of models. The setting is small-town Texas in the early fifties. From Larry McMurtry's novel. With Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 2-3.)

The Last Remake of Beau Geste—Sir Hector Geste, of Geste Manor, gnashes his teeth when his nice wife bears him a beautiful daughter instead of the son he has pined for. At the Wormwood & Gall Boys Orphanage, he picks out the very lad: strong-jawed, blond, destined to grow up into Michael York, a twin wildly held to be identical to the slithery-eyed boy destined to grow up into Marty Feldman (who wrote and directed this recklessly funny film). Side benefits include a Chinese Legionnaire who sings soppy Irish ballads, some bookish-looking camels, and Peter Ustinov as a leader cheerfully called the Kraut, who has a peg leg, a peg-legged horse, and a peg-legged Teddy bear. (7/25/77) (Sutton.)

Lifeboat (1944)—Ham-handed, wartime Hitchcock, highly regarded by many, and a big hit. John Steinbeck and Jo Swerling concocted the symbol-laden script about the ordeal of a group of survivors of a torpedoed ship; the script's chief virtue is that it provides a raucous opportunity for Tallulah Bankhead to strut her comic sexiness. The picture made her, for the first time, a popular movie star. She plays a famous mink-coated journalist who develops a yen for John Hodiak, an oiler from the ship's engine room. Others aboard the small boat include Canada Lee as a pickpocket, Henry Hull as a millionaire manufacturer, Heather Angel as a simpleton mother with a new baby, Mary Anderson as a nurse, Hume Cronyn as the ship's radio operator, and, regrettably, in terms of the didactic uses they are put to, Walter Slezak as the U-boat captain, and William Bendix as a wounded seaman. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 4-5.)

MacArthur—A blockbuster film that is an act of homage to egocentricity and battle hunger. Gregory Peck plays the General perfectly: his skill at reproducing the characteristics of a noisy, obtuse, brave, Red-baiting man makes the actor and subject seem uncannily matched. At West Point, stripped of his command, the General has some moving moments: you feel that without war this authoritarian man is made inert and void. (7/11/77) (Music Hall.)

Made for Each Other (1939)—Carole Lombard and James Stewart as plain, ordinary struggling young married folk in New York, having money troubles. The film, directed by John Cromwell, manages to jack up a little excitement when their baby gets sick and serum must be flown from Utah. The mercy plane goes through a storm, gales, blizzards, thunder, and lightning. You'll be relieved to know that the serum arrives in the very nick of time, and the husband gets a promotion. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 2-3.)

Mexicali Rose (1929)—Barbara Stanwyck called the film "an abortion," and she wasn't being too rough on it. Though she had an impressive stage reputation, she was still a novice in movies (she had appeared in a silent in 1927, and then had made her first talkie earlier in 1929), and this picture, in which she's cast as a hip-wiggling tart, almost finished her career. (Her next, Frank Capra's "Ladies of Leisure," was to make her a star.) With Sam Hardy and William Janney. Directed by Erle Kenton. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 7-8.)

Mighty Joe Young (1949)—King Kong domesticized and turned into a children's pet. Terry Moore plays the orphan girl, raised in Africa, who buys a sweet, docile gorilla, who adores her; Robert Armstrong (who discovered King Kong) finds them and transports them to a Hollywood night club. Joe, a ten-footer, holds Terry and a grand piano up in the air on a platform while she beats out "Beautiful Dreamer." But Joe turns out to be a moralist who disapproves of drinking and carrying on, and eventually he wrecks the night club in an impressive fury. He engages in a pretty funny tug-of-war with a team composed of Man Mountain Dean, Primo Carnera, and some other oversize types. Ernest Schoedsack directed this nonsense; it has some spectacular effects, but a wretched script. With Ben Johnson. (Cinema Village; Sept. 2-3.)

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Million Dollar Mermaid (1952)—Esther Williams was a great advertisement for the one-piece bathing suit; still, centering a story on the invention of the thing leaves a lot of dead space in a movie that goes on for 115 minutes. The director, Mervyn LeRoy, is not known for his sense of pace. In this M-G-M musical splasher, Esther Williams plays Annette Kellerman, the Australian swimming champ who went into show business; Walter Pidgeon plays her father, Maria Tallchief plays Anna Pavlova, and Victor Mature is the American promoter who discovers first Annette and then Rin Tin Tin. The picture's only claim on one's attention is in the two sequences staged by Busby Berkeley, which were excerpted for "That's Entertainment!" Berkeley used smoke pots and sparklers, and put Williams, wearing a chain-mail bathing suit made of thousands of gold flakes, at the top of a geyser. (Regency; Sept. 4-5.)

The Miracle (1948)—This Roberto Rossellini film is itself a miracle: brief, utterly simple in its means, and perhaps the most fully achieved of all his movies. Anna Magnani stars as the peasant woman who is convinced that the child in her belly is a new Christ child, and Federico Fellini (who also wrote the story) plays the man who put the baby there. This is the film that was the subject of a censorship case that was fought all the way up to the Supreme Court. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 5.)

New York, New York—It begins on V-J Day; Liza Minnelli is a struggling singer, Robert De Niro is a struggling saxophonist, both parts written so as to represent the Hollywood chestnut that ruthlessness is necessary for success. The best thing about this movie is De Niro's firm, swift performance. Directed by Martin Scorsese. (7/4/77) (Trans-Lux 85th St. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Embassy 72nd St., and 72nd Street East; through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ Playboy, and Olympia; starting Sept. 7.)

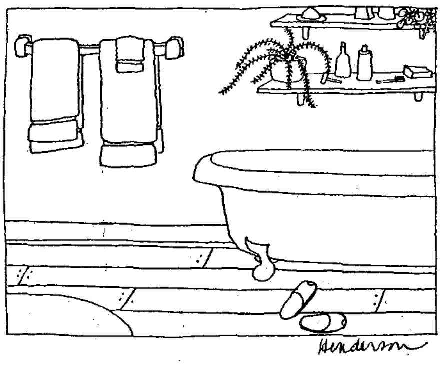
A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." Wonderful. (Quad Cinema; Aug. 31, and Sept. 4-5.)

Norman . . . Is That You?—With Redd Foxx and Pearl Bailey, directed by George Schlatter. (Olympia; starting Sept. 7.)

One-Eyed Jacks (1961)—Marlon Brando, the Great Unpredictable, is both star and director of this Western about a bandit whose only purpose is to kill his former partner. As the prospective victim, Karl Malden makes a tough and worthy antagonist. Katy Jurado and Pina Pellicer, a young Mexican actress, give aid and comfort to the two enemies. (Cinema Village; Sept. 7-8.)

One on One—With Robby Benson and Annette O'Toole, directed by Lamont Johnson. (34th St. East, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

The Other Side of Midnight—A fatuous, money-spinning film from a fatuous, money-spinning book about a girl called Noelle Page (Marie-France Pisier), who rises from lowish life in Marseilles to become the most famous and best-dressed film star in France. The dialogue and the plot are so dull that the film chiefly embeds itself in the memory as a conversation between women's clothes. (7/11/77) (Coronet.)



Outrageous—With Craig Russell and Hollis McLaren, directed by Richard Benner. (Cinema II.)

Pardon Mon Affaire—A soubrette of a movie, about a long-faced and very accident-prone Lothario (Jean Rochefort). Directed by Yves Robert, who made "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe." Sabotaged sometimes by coquetry, but its high spirits save it. In French. (8/8/77) (Baronet.)

The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex (1939)—Bette Davis, well painted and dressed for the role of the shrewd old Queen, looks the part and gives a magnetic, tough performance, but an impossible task was set for her, since as Essex Errol Flynn couldn't come halfway to meet her. His talents were in other directions; the role was totally outside his range, and the poor man seemed to know it. Davis's performance is bound to suffer from comparison with Glenda Jackson's multifaceted Elizabeth on television, but Davis's Elizabeth is a precursor of Jackson's—it might almost be a sketch for the Jackson portrait. Michael Curtiz directed this adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play. With Olivia de Havilland, Henry Daniell, Leo G. Carroll, James Stephenson, Vincent Price, Donald Crisp, and Ralph Forbes. Music is by Erich Wolfgang Korngold. (Thalia; Sept. 7-8.)

The Rescuers—A full-length animated film from the Disney studios. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Olympia; through Sept. 6.)

The River and Death (1954)—Directed by Luis Buñuel, in Mexico. In Spanish. (Renoir Cinema; starting Sept. 8.)

Romeo and Juliet (1954)—The dramatic rhythm of the play is lost, but this Anglo-Italian production, directed by Renato Castellani, is extraordinarily rich and voluptuous, photographed in the golden remnants of the High Renaissance in Verona, Venice, and Siena, and with costumes by Leonor Fini that are derived from Piero della Francesca, Pisanello, Carpaccio, and Fiorenzo di Lorenzo. Laurence Harvey (at twenty-six) gives Romeo a lively reading; Susan Shentall, a nonprofessional, is lovely as Juliet but lacks voice and presence. The Capulets' ball has such sensuality that it conveys a better idea of what the play is *about* than conventional stage productions do. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 4.)

Royal Wedding (1951)—The director, Stanley Donen, tries to make this musical buoyant, and Fred Astaire, Jane Powell, Sarah Churchill (yes, the daughter), Peter Lawford, and Keenan Wynn all work at it, but the magic isn't there. It's jaunty at times but not more than that. The script is weak and the songs by Alan Jay Lerner and Burton Lane are not all they are sometimes said to be. (Regency; starting Sept. 8.)

Sandakan 8—A marvel of a Japanese film, directed by Kei Kumai, about a young, Westernized woman historian who stumbles into a moving friendship with an old woman who was shipped to Borneo at the age of thirteen to become a prostitute. The old woman lives now in a shack, with innumerable cats, and the visit of the young woman gives her as much gaiety in her privation as we often find in Beckett's last-ditch and oddly festive situations. In Japanese. (8/15/77) (Fine Arts.)

The Savage Is Loose (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. Scott directed. (59th St. East.)

The Sensual Man—Written and directed by Marco Vicario, with Giancarlo Giannini as an Italian growing old in the grip of a ravaging sensuality. The most touching character is actually his father, the odd man out in a noisy family; he says on his deathbed to his son, about the relatives waiting outside the bedroom door for the excitement of last rites, "Don't let them shout." The agony of the hero himself is rather limply characterized. Why such misery, forcing himself to chase whores and breaking his heart in his search for a good and simple girl? In Italian. (8/22/77) (Little Carnegie.)

Spellbound (1945)—The idea is intriguing: a murder mystery set among a group of psychoanalysts, with a solution to be arrived at by clues found in a dream. It was carried out in

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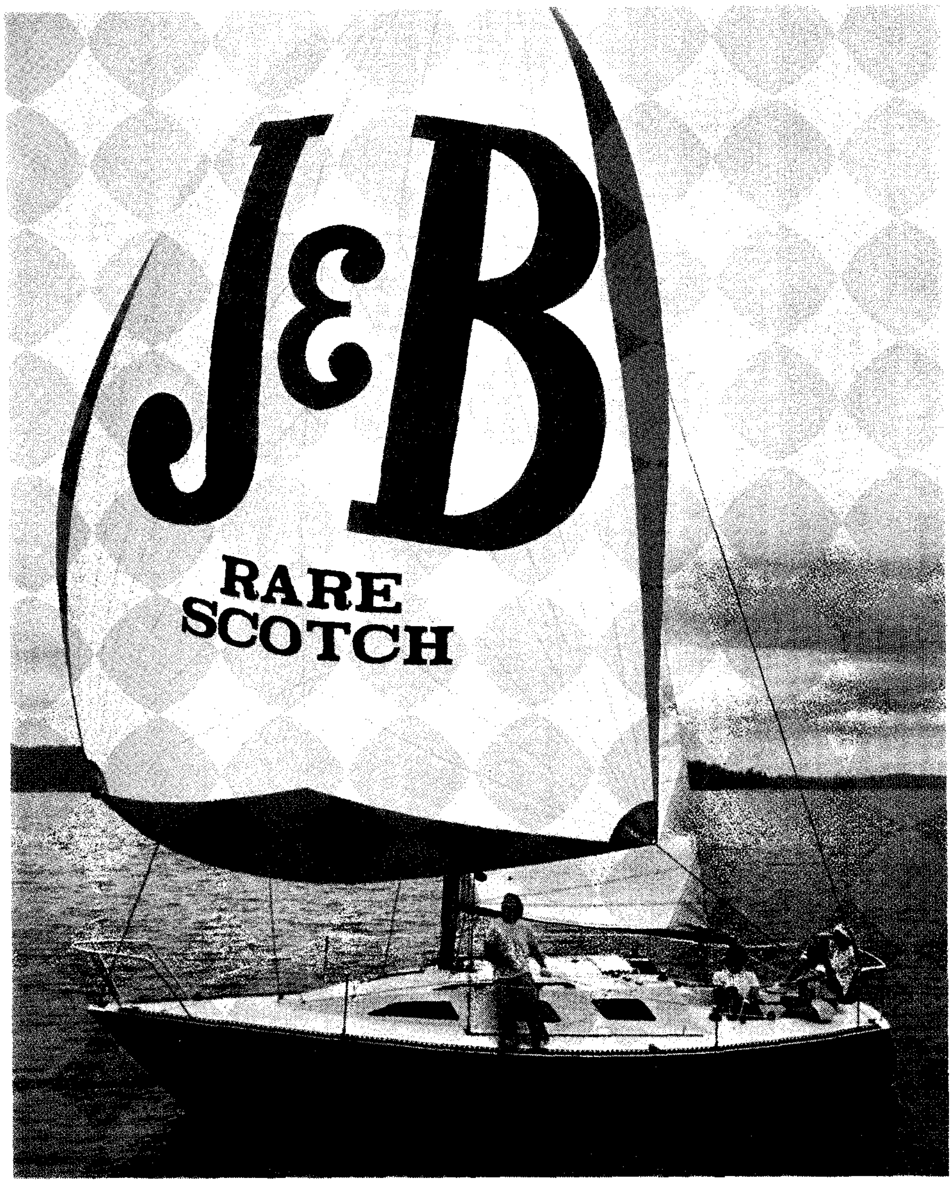

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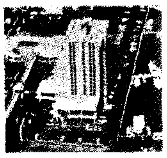

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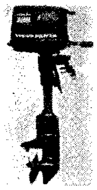

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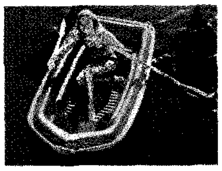

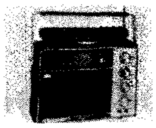

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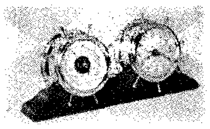

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1945 by one of the most highly publicized collaborations of all time: Alfred Hitchcock and Salvador Dali, with Ben Hecht writing the script. Ingrid Bergman is the analyst, Gregory Peck her amnesiac patient—the murder suspect. Yet, with all the obvious ingredients for success, "Spellbound" is a disaster. It was fitting that the actress who was once described as a "fine, strong, cow-country maiden" should be cast as a good, solid analyst, dispensing cures with the wholesome simplicity of a mother adding wheat germ to the family diet, but Bergman's apple-cheeked sincerity has rarely been so out of place as in this confection whipped up by jaded chefs. With Michael Chekhov, John Emery, Leo G. Carroll. Academy Award for Best Original Score (!), by Miklos Rozsa. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 2.)

The Spy Who Loved Me—This time around in the James Bond cycle, Roger Moore is 007, and his girl-object, a coldly luscious Russian woman spy, is Barbara Bach. Much ingenuity of blood lust. Gone are the days of the early Bond pictures, with their vivacity and circus hucksterism. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (8/8/77) (Columbia I, Columbia II, and Loews Ciné. . . . ¶ Greenwich: starting Sept. 7, tentative.)

Star Wars—A film, written and directed by George Lucas (of "American Graffiti"), about an interstellar war in a galaxy inhabited by tiny, chattering, evil beings, by Tenniel creatures of high individuality (a henna-dyed wolf-man, snakes with the look of mathematicians), by a gold-plated robot, and by a computer that looks like a mixture of hair-dryer and mailbox. Witty and fun, with spectacular optical effects. (6/13/77) (Murray Hill, and Loews Orpheum.)

Stroszek—Werner Herzog, the West German who wrote and directed this wonderful film, describes it as a ballad. Stroszek, played by Bruno S., feels himself like a castaway going round and round forever—merry-go-round or mill wheel, he doesn't know which. Released from jail, he plays his piano with all the focus that was missing in his dealings with the prison authorities—a lack of focus that will make some sophisticates think him simpleminded when he is simply bereft. There is a marvellous performance by a paper-faced old man called Scheitz (Clemens Scheitz), who has a nephew in Wisconsin. In a key scene, early in the film, a befriending doctor tells Stroszek that he doesn't know how to look after himself, and then shows him a premature baby who, like Stroszek, will be all right, given a little help. A masterwork. In German and English. (7/25/77) (Quad Cinema.)

Suspiria—With Jessica Harper, directed by Dario Argento. (Trans-Lux East.)

Tarnished Lady (1931)—Limp. George Cukor's first directorial solo, Tallulah Bankhead's first talkie, and a flop for both. Donald Ogden Stewart shaped the script for Bankhead, and it was conceived on the elegant model of her stage successes; she's a socialite who marries Clive Brook for money and is torn when she falls in love with a Greenwich Village writer. But the Bankhead of tubercular hollows and *soigné* sagging posture who had become a stage idol was never to become popular in movies; only the later boisterous, bellowing Bankhead succeeded with the public. And you can see why. As Cukor has said, "She had beautiful bones, but her eyes were not eyes for movies. They looked somehow hooded and dead. . . . Her smile didn't illuminate." With Osgood Perkins, Alexander Kirkland, and Elizabeth Patterson; about half of the picture was shot in New York City locations. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 4-5.)

Ten Cents a Dance (1931)—The hard-boiled sentimentality of many early talkie melodramas could be crackling, and even daring, when a good craftsman was in charge, but here the director, Lionel Barrymore, fails to shape the scenes, and the film drags heavily. In the role of the no-nonsense taxi dancer, Barbara Stanwyck fends off sailors and rough guys and raps out her lines believably; she's a miraculously natural actress, but without a director she doesn't show anything like the gifts she demonstrated in this same period in "Ladies of Leisure" and "The Miracle Woman." The Jo Swerling script isn't much help: the girl marries a thieving weakling (Monroe Owsley), and then saves him from prison by borrowing money from a rich (and worthy) gentlemen (Ricardo Cortez). When her ungrateful husband turns nasty, she quite sensibly leaves him and goes off to marry the gent. With Sally Blane and Martha Sleeper. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 7-8.)

3 Women—Robert Altman's dream film about three women whose identities merge, one into another, and flow together. Shelley Duvall plays a beautiful know-it-all girl who is an attendant in a health spa for the aged. Sissy Spacek plays the novice she breaks in, and Janice Rule plays a silent artist who paints lunging profile figures on the sides of swimming pools. (4/18/77) (Gramercy; starting Sept. 7.)

The Time Machine (1960)—Entertaining George Pal sci-fi, loosely derived from the H. G. Wells novel and set at about the time the book was written—1895. The plush Victorian furnishings in the home of the time-travelling scientist (Rod Taylor) are contrasted with the catacombs of the cannibalistic future, where Yvette Mimieux is a dainty morsel on the menu. The machine itself is a beauty, with a red velvet seat and gadgets made of ivory and rock crystal, and the time-travel effects help to make this film one of the best of its kind. However, it deteriorates into comic-strip grotesqueries when the fat, ogreish future race of Morlocks torments the effete, platinum-blond, vacant-eyed race of Eloi. With Alan Young, Sebastian Cabot, and Whit Bissell. (Regency; Sept. 6-7.)

Touch and Go (1971)—Philippe de Broca takes on the Second World War and a serious theme about friendship among three people accidentally thrown together in an intimacy that we are asked to believe to be deep-running. But de Broca's gift is for a particular kind of monkey-on-a-stick farcical humor; when he tries to show us characters who really bleed in war and really suffer the wound of a friendship's ending, he can't escape his old habits of *joie de vivre* among farcical stereotypes. His three chief figures—Michel Piccoli as a French gunrunner, Marlène Jobert as a Swiss consul's wife, Michael York as a Bertie Woosterish English officer speaking fractured French—inhabit a sentimental mode that allows no room for the very grown-up and bitter rage that seethes under, say, Richard Lester's films; they are reduced to existing simply as the instruments of whimsey. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 7.)

True Confession (1937)—It rarely turns up, though it's one of the most likably delirious of Carole Lombard's screwball comedies. She plays an extravagant, compulsive liar—a young wife whose confession to a murder fools even her prim lawyer-husband (Fred MacMurray). John Barrymore, who had brought out Lombard's slapstick talent in "Twentieth Century," plays an eccentric, tippling criminologist and swipes the picture; "She'll fry," he chuckles to himself during her trial. The characters of the husband and wife are too simplified and their comic turns too forced, but the general giddiness and Barrymore keep the picture going. The director, Wesley Ruggles, was one of the original Keystone Cops; Claude Binyon adapted the play by Louis Verneuil and Georges Berr. With Una Merkel. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 2-3.)

Walking Tall, Final Chapter—With Bo Svenson again playing Buford Pusser. Directed by Jack Starrett. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

We All Loved Each Other So Much—An Italian film by Ettore Scola that is a comic commemoration of some of the reasons we find Italians congenial: bombast, the gift for abusive lifelong friendship, puff-chestedness, dignity in making gaffes, a talent for chaos, a genius with babies, intense solemnity about professionalism. Vittorio Gassman plays a well-heeled lawyer, Nino Manfredi plays a hospital orderly, Stefano Satta Flores plays a film buff blanched and bespectacled from all the films he has watched. In Italian. (6/6/77) (Art; through Sept. 6.)

World Première (1941)—John Barrymore, in his self-parodying period, doing an entertaining lampoon of a movie producer in an insignificant contraption of a movie, directed by Ted Tetzlaff. With Frances Farmer. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 6.)

You Light Up My Life—With Didi Conn, Joe Silver, and Michael Zaslow; directed by Joseph Brooks. (Waverly, and Guild.)

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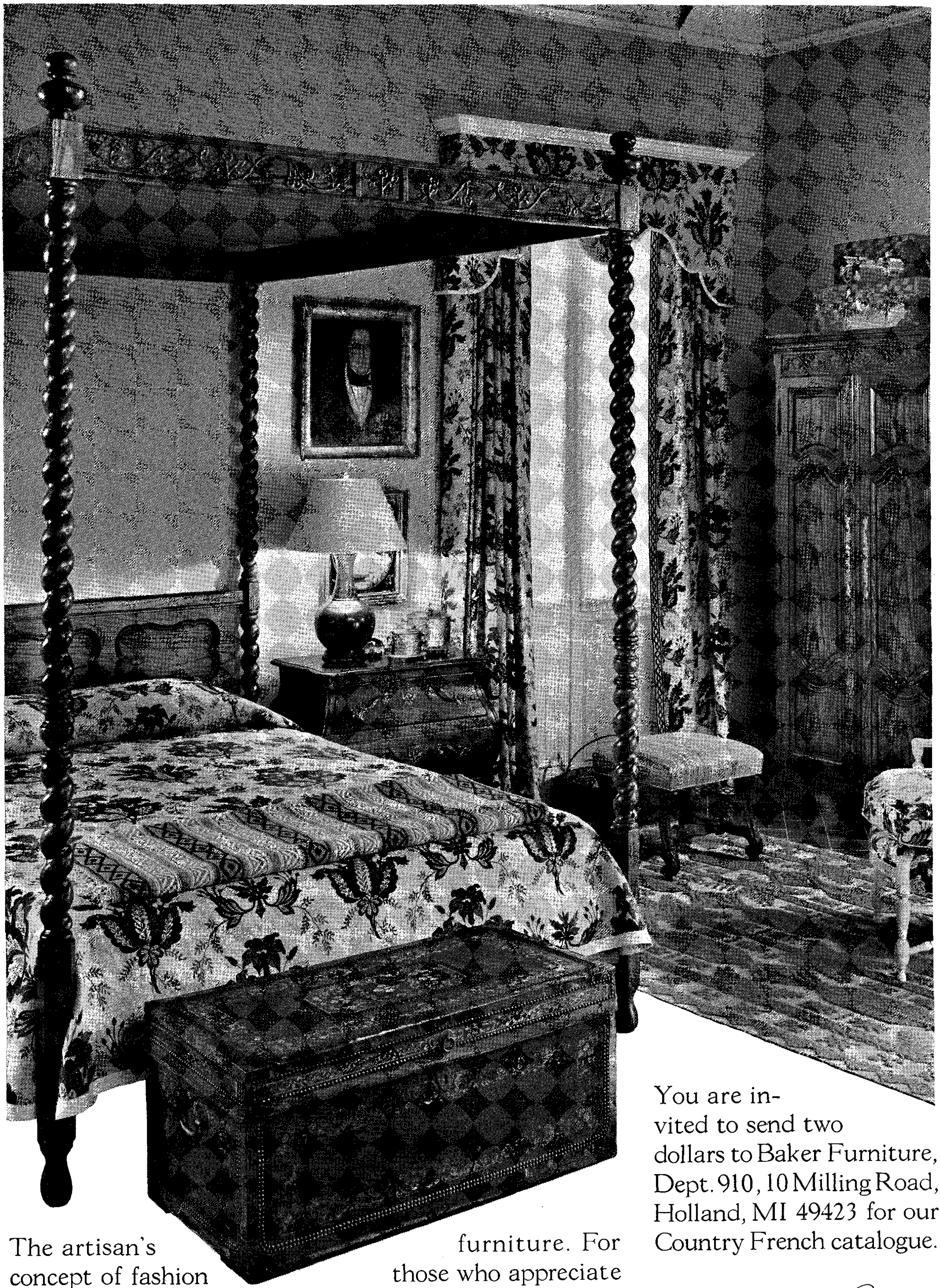

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FEW hours before David Berkowitz was arrested for the crimes committed by the so-called Son of Sam, or .44-calibre killer, *The New Yorker* issue of August 15th appeared on the newsstands here. In that issue, this space was devoted to some observations on local press coverage of the case, especially by the *News* and the *Post*, in the days immediately before and after the murderer's last assault. We criticized the local tabloid press for making "a bad situation worse for the residents of New York," and explained:

> By transforming a killer into a celebrity, the press has not merely encouraged but perhaps driven him to strike again—and may have stirred others brooding madly over their grievances to act. He has a public reputation now, and must live up to it. By transforming what should be a quiet police operation into a political issue, the press has forced the Mayor and the Police Commissioner to reduce the day-to-day protection provided by the police around the city, in order to concentrate on the search for the murderer—a search that, given the lack of clues, is unlikely to be aided by the assignment of more officers. Almost certainly, the killer will be captured (if he is captured) because of a fluke, not because three hundred policemen have been engaged in a blind chase in the dark. And by transforming a person who has killed or wounded thirteen people into a seemingly omnipotent monster stalking the city the press has created the kind of public and official hysteria that may cause the death of innocent suspects and will make a fair trial of an accused killer nearly impossible.

These charges were followed by some specific examples of the frenzied attempts by the tabloid press to create news out of non-news; the "disgraceful, and useless, intrusion on private pain" in its pursuit of relatives of the latest victims; and the general irresponsibility of these newspapers' attempts to capitalize on the killer's crimes, possibly in order to increase circulation.

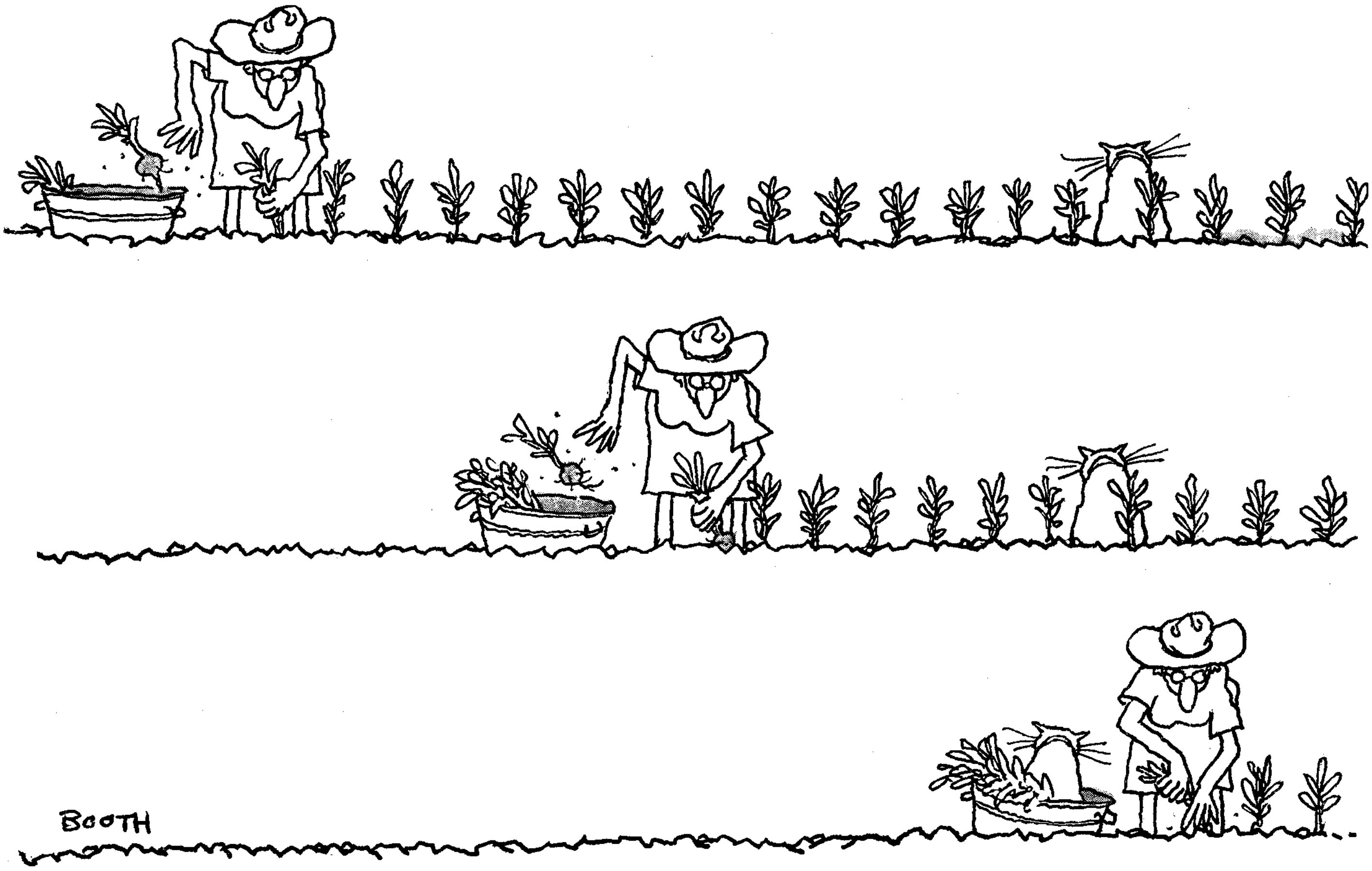
Our remarks set off a small row in the world of the press, which culminated in an extremely long article on the subject in the *Times* of August 22nd. The article raised most of the pertinent questions about the rights of the press and the responsibility of the press, but, being a news story, it didn't answer any of the questions; it simply quoted various editors and reporters involved. The press—again, mostly the tabloid press—seems to have justified its excesses on the ground that its right to publish whatever it considers news transcends all other rights. We disagree with that view and believe that the local press has been more intent upon asserting its rights than upon fulfilling its responsibility. And we think that the news coverage after Berkowitz was arrested demonstrated this anew.

Berkowitz was arrested at ten-thirty on the night of August 10th. The next day's *Post* had a large red headline—"CAUGHT!"—with a picture of the suspect below. A subhead stated, "Son of Sam Was on Way to Kill Again," and then quoted Berkowitz as saying, "I wanted to go out in a blaze of glory." Of course, the blaze he wanted to go out in would have been the one ignited by the press, which can endow sensational crimes with glamour, glory, heroism, and all the temptations that both the sane and the insane respond to. It wasn't until the first sentence of the actual article on the arrest that the *Post* qualified its private trial and conviction of the suspect, with "The man police say is the Son of Sam," and it immediately rendered the qualification meaningless by continuing "was on his way to claim more victims when he walked into the arms of waiting detectives." The *Post* printed ten full pages on the arrest, the relief felt by young women around the city, and the reactions—mostly vengeful—of relatives and friends of the killer's victims. It convicted Berkowitz again in the following day's paper, with another red headline, "INSIDE THE KILLER'S LAIR," and an "exclusive" story in a two-page spread. The exclusive story—a written description of the inside of Berkowitz's apartment, illustrated by five photographs—was preceded by a statement revealing how the exclusive story had been obtained:

> Three newspaper photographers and a reporter were arrested on trespassing charges yesterday after they allegedly broke into David Berkowitz' Yonkers apartment and began taking pictures.
>
> A Yonkers police official said he had "no idea" how the four, including The Post's Robert Kalfus, managed to get into the seventh-floor apartment. "There was a seal on the door and a patrolman stationed outside the door," the official said....
>
> The newsmen were briefly detained in Yonkers County jail and released on their own recognizance. Besides Kalfus, the photographers were Leonard Dietrick of the Daily News and Theodore Cowell of Time magazine. The reporter was David Berliner of the Washington Post.

The editors of the *News* and the New York *Post* declined to comment on this particular case, because it was before the courts.

Elsewhere on the front page of that day's *Post* were the headline "HEAVY GUARD FOR SON OF SAM" and the beginning of a story reporting that a number of people had threatened to kill Berkowitz and that five young men who claimed to be friends of one of the murderer's victims were arrested as they arrived at the entrance of Kings County Hospital, where Berkowitz was being held. The front page also had photographs of Berkowitz at the ages of nine, seventeen, and twenty-four, under still another headline, again in red, saying, "HE WAS ADOPTED AS A BABY AND NEVER GOT OVER IT." On



the next page was a story headed "PSYCHIATRISTS SIFT CLUES: UNRAVELING MENTAL KINKS," and down below was another headline, "BERKOWITZ: I'M NOT A WOMAN HATER." True, the question of the suspect's mental state was news; but the attempts to answer that question—and they proliferated endlessly and purposelessly in the days to come—were up to the medical experts who examined Berkowitz, and not to laymen. The question is not only an exceedingly complex one, even for experts, but an exceedingly important one in any legal disposition of the case. And at such an early stage journalistic attempts to clarify or answer the question must inevitably prejudice the public mind, and may ultimately affect—unfairly—the legal outcome. On page 3 of the *Post* were two stories that revealed all too much about that paper's dubious role in its coverage of the case. The first, in the left-hand column, was headed "POST SELLS A MILLION," with the lead sentence saying, "The Post sold more than a million copies yesterday—the highest sale since June 6, 1968—the day Senator Robert Kennedy was shot." (Actually, Robert Kennedy was shot on June 5th and died on June 6th.) The other article, in the right-hand column, was headed "HE ASKS TO SEE THE POST," and recounted that Berkowitz had asked his lawyer to let him see the paper the day after his arrest, and that when he was shown the front page of the *Post* he had "stared at his picture impassively." It later turned out that Berkowitz had kept a scrapbook of press clippings about the Son of Sam killings, together with a collection of press clippings about an admirer of the Nazis who killed five people in New Rochelle last February. The *Post* finally sank to the nadir of sensationalist journalism on August 15th, with the headline "HOW I BECAME A MASS KILLER BY DAVID BERKOWITZ." The contents of this supposedly autobiographical account were several letters that Berkowitz had written a girlfriend some years earlier. The *Post* devoted most of its front page and three inside pages to the letters, which, it later emerged, the paper had bought from the woman for five hundred dollars. While it is journalistically questionable to buy news, it is illegal to publish letters without the express permission of the person who wrote them.

The *News* was as culpable as the *Post* in convicting the suspect, and was even more culpable in assessing the crucial problem remaining—his mental state. For instance, on the morning after the arrest a Jimmy Breslin column began on the front page, under the headline "A DOG TOLD HIM TO KILL," with quotations from the interrogation of the suspect. After this brief colloquy, Breslin wrote, "His name was David Berkowitz and he told cops he was the .44 killer who used the name Son of Sam." If it seems out of the question to all of us now that Berkowitz is *not* the killer, it seems that way because the press has convinced us that he is. If we are all convinced of this, it will be nearly impossible to try him, for a man is supposed to be presumed innocent. There is always the possibility, however small it may be, that Berkowitz is innocent. (Far stranger things have happened in murder cases that seemed open and shut.) The presumption of innocence underlies our entire system of criminal justice, and to take a chance with it—any chance—is to play with someone's fate at the hands of society. Shortly after Berkowitz was arrested, John Keenan, Chief of Detectives, told reporters, "He made admissions after being advised of his rights." Then Keenan paused, and added, "I shouldn't say that. I have to be careful not to prejudice the case." Some policemen weren't so careful, though, and fed information on the case to selected reporters, who weren't careful at all about prejudicing the suspect's right to a fair trial.

One of those reporters was Breslin. In our comments on the Son of Sam case a few weeks ago, we criticized

Breslin for irresponsible conduct as a journalist in writing as he had about the case, and he responded, in a column the following day, with anger, dismay, and misunderstanding. He seemed to feel that he had been accused of having some share of responsibility for the last assault by the .44-calibre killer. We did not say that or imply it in any way. No one can know what prompts a killer to kill. And precisely because no one can know that, anyone who has a public forum, like a prominent columnist, should be particularly scrupulous about not publishing anything that *might* incite an unknown murderer to strike again. We did not, and would not, question the motives of Breslin, the other reporters who covered the case, or their editors. They, too, enjoy the presumption of innocence which every person is entitled to. We even presume that they acted in what they believed was the public interest. However, we do question their judgment in some of the news coverage of this case—after the arrest even more than before, because once an arrest was made there was no longer the excuse that extensive and gaudy coverage might help to "flush out" the killer or encourage ordinary citizens to be on the alert for suspects. The coverage since the arrest has been plain old sensationalism for its own sake—an appeal to the appetite, or what is thought to be the appetite, of newspaper readers. That kind of appeal could set off some other person who has deep grievances against society—someone who wants the kind of publicity that was showered on the Son of Sam. Criminal imitation has occurred time after time following other killings, airplane hijackings, and terrorist acts.

Editorial judgment that is so misguided is ultimately irresponsible. The most striking demonstration of this misjudgment is to be found in the *Post* and *News* reports on Berkowitz's mental condition. If he is found insane—that is, legally insane to the degree that he cannot understand the charges against him or assist in his own defense—he will not be tried. But if he is found sane enough to stand trial, his plea will certainly be that he is not guilty by reason of insanity. The *Post* and the *News* have gone to irresponsible lengths to make him appear deeply insane. Two days after his arrest, for instance, the *News* appeared with the headline "SAM CHANGED AFTER LSD TRIPS." The lead sentence of the story inside was "Paunchy postal worker David Richard Berkowitz took a series of mind-bending LSD trips while a soldier in Korea and returned to the Bronx an utterly transformed man destined to terrorize the city for more than a year as Son of Sam." The reporter, after going on to say that Berkowitz had "confessed to the brutal string of six murders and seven assaults," asserted that he had undergone a "devastating personality transformation." This is the most pernicious kind of nonsense, for even medical specialists could not draw such a conclusion without having made extensive tests of the man. It is also deeply prejudicial to the suspect's rights. And, in the end, it may be prejudicial to the best interests of society, for if enough people become convinced by the newspapers that the defendant is indeed insane, it may be impossible to find twelve jurors who can judge that issue objectively in a trial; that is, he could be found not guilty by reason of insanity when he was actually sane. In assessing Berkowitz's mental capacity, Breslin once again took the lead, in a column announced on the front page: "SAM'S WORDS TUMBLE OUT." The words tumbled out through the mouth of an unidentified detective:

"So now I say to him, 'Well, why do you kill one day, why do you kill today and not tomorrow?' He said, 'Sam tells me. He commands me.' I'll tell you. Now I could see that this fellow was not capable of making a value judgment. I was taking a statement from him that was going to be a pretty good statement, I thought. Use it as testimony in a trial.

"It was legitimate.The man had been given his Miranda warnings. But as I'm talking to him, I can see the guy is never going to be in court. They're arraigning him today and they'll put him into Kings County for mental observation and that'll do it. They'll find this guy to be completely out of it.

"He lives in a couple of worlds. You can see it when you talk to him. He has the world in the room with you and then he has this world of voices.... He killed people and I asked him about it. But he has no remorse. To him it was the same as eating an ice cream. He doesn't know the difference.... Sit there and talk to him. He kills six people and wounds all these others and when you talk to him, you know there isn't too much you can do about him. The fellow comes up insane....

"What are you going to do with the guy? I said to him, 'Tell me about

"The flounder's not bad, but it's you I'm nuts about."

Sam. Is he a man or a woman?' He said, 'He's a man.' I said to him, 'How old is he?' He said to me, 'In excess of 6,000 years.' Now what does that mean to you? I've been around psychos and disturbed people ever since I've been on this job. This man is completely insane."

Naturally, it is not the job of a policeman to determine the sanity or insanity of a defendant in a murder case, any more than it is the job of a policeman to determine the defendant's guilt or innocence. In fact, it was not this policeman's job to talk at all, since members of the Police Department are supposed to say nothing publicly about any criminal case, to avoid prejudice. Nor is it the job of a responsible journalist to prejudice the public by quoting a non-expert who may seem like an expert to many readers. A report like this one could not conceivably do any good, but it could conceivably do harm. It is up to the press, which is free, to be responsible.

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Touch

A BLIND friend writes:

For the past twelve years, I have lived near the Metropolitan Museum. Over those years, I have come to think of the museum as my uptown Bloomingdale's, the museum catalogues being always on the top of my heap of catalogues. I had little idea of the nature of the museum's treasures, although I knew they were there, because of the velvet ropes and glass cases, and the tall guards, who, as soon as they caught sight of me inadvertently making toward an exhibition, would put a hand on my shoulder and politely steer me out, as if I were the proverbial bull. Anyway, I had often gone into the museum to shop, to have lunch, or to listen to concerts, but had never gone near an exhibition—that is, until the other day, when a friend who lives around the corner from me called and told me that a couple of college kids who were working as summer internes at the museum had set up an exhibition for the blind, by appointment.

I made an appointment for that day and walked around to the museum's side door, where I was met by an extremely friendly, bubbly young woman named Lucy Bowditch. She gave me her hand in the most natural way and led me through doors and halls into the bowels of the museum.

"Judi Freeman and I got the idea—Judi is busy behind the reception desk just now—of mounting the exhibition," Lucy said. "We are both art-history majors, but we came to the idea from different directions. She had done some work with the blind and wanted to do something for them here, while I was interested in exploring different ways of approaching art—seeing, touching. Art has always been on a pedestal, and I want to bring it down and make it part of our lives. When I have gone through an exhibit, I have myself often wanted to feel the forms and materials."

Lucy was wearing clogs, and as she clopped along the museum floor, she told me that she was a city girl, just out of Bowdoin College and eager for a job and a career in any museum or art gallery that would have her, from here to Hawaii. Then she gently disengaged her hand and went off, returning a moment or two later with a catalogue in Braille for me. She led me through a door. "We have here in this room seventy-two artifacts," she said. "The first three are from the twentieth century and were done by Canadian Eskimos. They arrived after the exhibition got under way—on August 2nd—so we don't have Braille labels for them."

She took my hands in hers and ran them over a stone piece. It was a family—a man and a woman with a child standing in front of them, each of his hands touching a parent's chest. The figures were a unit and were beautifully proportioned.

Next, she put my hands on an Eskimo form that had a long neck, a snout, and an open mouth, with the tip of the tongue folded down in one corner. I ran my fingers along some ridges on its snout. "Could these be eyes?" I asked.

She gently folded her hands over mine and moved them along the ridges and up the snout, and they came to slits that were eyes. "We show the Eskimo pieces first because Eskimos and blind people have something in common. When an Eskimo or a blind person models something in stone or clay, the features often don't come out where you expect them to."

"It's a bear!" I exclaimed.

"It certainly is," she said, and she put my hands on the third Eskimo piece. "This is a baby hawk, and it has been one of the biggest hits with blind museumgoers."

The baby hawk felt like a big, dangerous stone toy.

With Lucy, I moved along to other exhibits—a hoopskirt, a big bronze bell, a jade buffalo, bronze likenesses of Henry Ward Beecher and Nathan Hale, a brass-and-pewter candlestick, a section of iron baluster, a pewter whale-oil lamp, a felt cloche hat, parts of a granite sarcophagus, a head of Tutankhamen, a Buddha—all the while reading Braille labels, talking about textures, forms, and materials (some of the objects were facsimiles), and listening to Lucy tell little illustrative stories. It seemed there wasn't a period, a religion, or a continent tha wasn't represented in the exhibition.

Lucy led me up to a seventeenth-century English wooden stool, and I commented on its slightly raised wooden nails. "Did they use mostly wooden nails in those days?" I asked.

"Not exactly," she said. "These top nails *are* wood—as you can tell by how warm they are to the touch. But these bottom nails must be metal."

I reached underneath the stool, and the nails there indeed felt cold and metallic.

"Practically everything here has been a hit with someone or other," Lucy said. "But this slit drum from Mexico has really brought down the house. The blind museumgoers all like to beat on it."

It was a hollowed-out log, and when I beat on it, it made a rather thin sound for a drum.

"Only a few blind museumgoers have liked this dulcimer, because some of its strings are broken. But everybody has liked this trumpet, because you can play it."

She handed me the trumpet—it was from turn-of-the-century Vienna, and felt light and tinny—and asked me to pucker my lips and blow into it. I did, but I couldn't get a sound out of it. I gave it back to her, and she blew into it. I jumped—the sound was earsplitting.

"We had two blind kids here playing a sort of duet on the trumpet and the drum. They really got a kick out of it," Lucy said.

She slipped onto my hand a sixteenth-century German gauntlet, and showed me how to make the fingers move, and then loaded over my arm a fifteenth-century Italian mail shirt. Being something of a historian, I had often read about mail shirts, but I'd never been clear exactly what they were. I was staggered by the weight of this one, and even more by the picture in my head of a knight actually wearing it over his clothes.

Lucy put my hands on a delicate porcelain piece of a mother and two children, and said, "You see how different porcelain feels from stone, brass, or wood?"

"Is it really safe to handle these pieces?" I asked.

THE COLLEGE OF YOUR CHOICE

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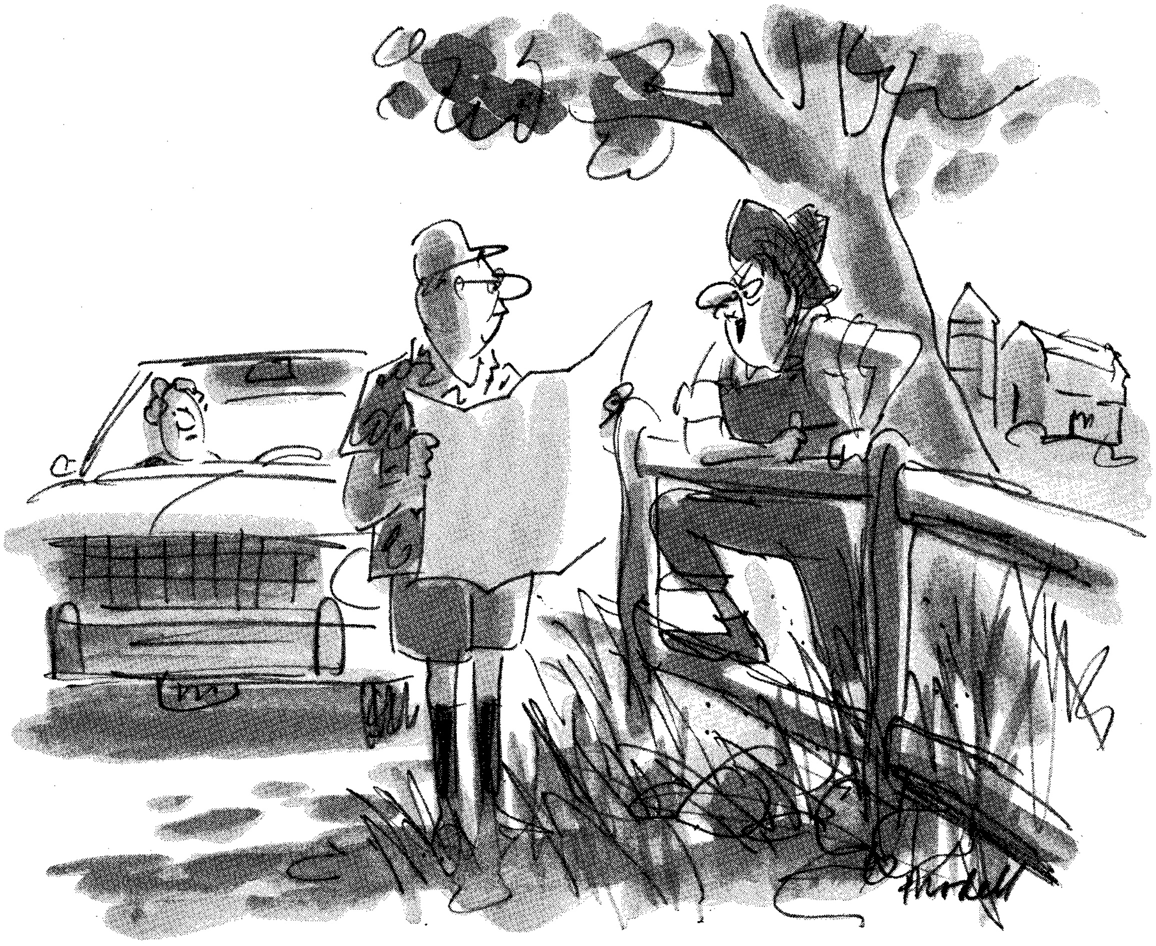
"We had great difficulty in borrowing anything from the curators of the various departments, because of the fear of damage," she said. "But we have taken care to exhibit only objects that can be handled without risk."

The Pond

LIKE other features of Central Park, the little body of water known as The Pond is a man-made object designed to present a scene of casual, rustic harmony. Its inlet, a narrow channel running from the Wollman Memorial Rink to the uptown end of The Pond, is fed by several sources, among them the melted ice of the rink and storm-water runoff through an underground drainage system that takes in much of the lower portion of the Park. This portion has suffered badly from overuse and erosion in recent years, and the torn-up and washed-off soil has been carried into the drainage system, past catch basins that haven't been cleaned (for lack of money), and into the channel running into The Pond. Moreover, subway crews have been at work digging a new tunnel through the Park, and their project has involved a great deal of what engineers call "dewatering"—pumping mud, water, and silt out of the excavation into the drainage system, and over to that same channel. The result is obvious to anyone walking beside The Pond: an impenetrable marsh of phragmites, scrub willows, cattails, purple loosestrife, and other plants clogs the length of the channel, extends under the Gapstow Bridge, spanning its lower end, and reaches about a hundred feet into the domain of ducks and fish. In the offhand prettiness of its surroundings, this aggressive green presence, this inadvertent delta of mud and vegetation, seems an intrusion of raw, untrammelled nature.

The new vegetation has performed like raw nature in at least one respect: it has attracted new kinds of birds. Roger Pasquier, who is a member of the Linnaean Society and was until recently a curatorial assistant in the Department of Ornithology of the American Museum of Natural History, reports that a couple of years ago a lesser yellowlegs, a member of a species that usually bypasses Central Park altogether, spent several weeks on the mud flat near the cattails and phragmites. Two species of sandpiper have fed in the muddy area, and dozens of white-throated sparrows and red-winged blackbirds have appeared among the cattails. "The story is that before long the whole area—The Pond as well as the channel—is to be dredged," Mr. Pasquier told us not long ago. "We hope some of the cattails can be saved, or transplanted along the edge of the Bird Sanctuary, beside The Pond, so that we can have both them and the water. Right now, they block the view of the Gapstow Bridge which Frederick Law Olmsted, the architect of the Park, intended. The Linnaean Society has also devised a plan to make the Bird Sanctuary more attractive to birds. We took a tour of it and found a lot of deadwood. There were trees, such as black cherries, that were shading out the pines and hemlocks, which might attract birds. If we had more of the pines and hemlocks, we might get some of the birds that come through in



"You wanna know where you are? I'll tell you where you are. Nowhere! That's where you are!"

• •

winter to stay, like pine siskins. Saw-whet owls and long-eared owls roost in evergreens in winter. We wanted a hemlock grove on a slope of the Sanctuary and a meadow at its top. The Parks Department agreed, but then someone donated a hundred and fifty azalea bushes, which the Parks Department decided to plant in the Sanctuary. We have said that the azaleas are in an inappropriate place—those on the slopes are in too much shade, and those at the top are invisible to the public. The donor agrees that the azaleas would be better elsewhere. The trouble is, azaleas should be left for at least two years before they're transplanted again, so the improvements in the Bird Sanctuary will have to wait a while."

At one point, there was some doubt as to whether The Pond's channel would be dredged. Officials of the State Department of Environmental Conservation took a look at the marsh and designated that bit of The Pond a Freshwater Wetland. As such, it was subject to permit requirements. Martin Lang, who was then Commissioner of Parks, recalls waking up at four o'clock one morning so that he could drive to Albany and arrive bright and early to argue that the marsh, far from being a natural wetland, was a man-made obstruction. The Department of Environmental Conservation rescinded that designation. While fighting that battle, the Commissioner (who was "very clever at getting federal grants," in the words of Elizabeth Barlow, the executive director of the Central Park Task Force) was also successfully persuading Washington to allot money for the restoration of The Pond under a clean-lakes program, just as if The Pond were as natural as one of the Great Lakes.

"I like the government's decision," Mr. Lang said to us when we took a stroll around The Pond with him recently. "It shows that consciousnesses are being raised. It shows that people are becoming aware of the ecosystem."

"Is The Pond polluted?" we asked him, having noticed a rotten odor.

"People say it's polluted, but it's not. I remember one day when a man was testing it for dissolved oxygen. I predicted there would be eight parts per million—a good ratio—and I was right. How did I know? Because I could see the algae growing in the water, the sunlight shining on the surface. There is some marine life in The Pond. Does it smell? No. What you smell is the tannins, the natural odors of vegetation. Have you ever smelled virgin jungle? The south coast of Papua reeks of hydrogen sulphide. This is the smell of any boggy area."

Walking past the marsh the other day, we thought that the mud flats at the edge of the phragmites extended even farther out than we had remembered. They were dotted with dusty-looking bottles and cans. On a bench behind us, a young woman was saying to a young man, "It would be a city project for the people."

We turned and asked them if they were talking about The Pond.

"Yeah," said the woman. "Why is it drying up like that?"

We said that The Pond wasn't drying up so much as filling up with silt. "Do you like it like this?" we asked.

"*No*," the woman said. "It's yucky."

We sat down beside the couple. He was an unemployed writer, and she was an unemployed artist. They lived in the Bronx and were taking a one-day "vacation" in Manhattan. He had rust-colored skin and rust-colored curly hair, and his features were an arrangement of round curls, round cheeks, and almond-shaped eyes. He wore bluejeans and a black "Trash and Vaudeville" T-shirt. She had short dark hair and fair skin and a fine, straight-nosed profile. She wore bluejeans and a green-and-white striped shirt. They talked about The Pond, about Vladimir Nabokov, and about marriage. His marriage to another woman was in the process of breaking up, and they would soon be moving in together.

"Look!" we said, pointing to a tiny yellow bird with short, thin legs standing in the mud near the opposite shore.

"Oh, yeah," the young man said. "Neat."

When we left the couple, we saw, darting about in cloudy water flowing from a drain into the channel, half a dozen very much alive minnows.

AUTOBIOGRAPHER MANQUÉ

THE psychiatrist began his explorations along the accustomed paths, but I soon put a stop to that.

“Do not vex yourself, Doctor,” I said, “with all this poking and prying into the darker side of infancy. We shall get nowhere with fixations. Your Oedipuses and your ids, your Electras and your Jungs, your Adlers and your Gestalts—let us clear them all, bag and baggage, out of this conversation. It happens, you see, that I know the cause of my present state of acute melancholia.”

“Indeed!” he said, permitting himself the unlovely smile of a psychiatrist who has heard a similar claim before.

“Yes. From the age of six—”

“You propose to tell me the story of your life?”

“Exactly, if by ‘life’ you mean Life. You have, I suppose, in your leisure hours, read some lives, letters, memoirs, and autobiographies?”

“Of course. In one’s endless search for a deeper understanding of the ego—”

“Good. Then you may be able to appreciate to some degree the frustrations I have had to endure. Any man with the desire to write his memoirs—”

“You desire to write your memoirs?”

“Naturally.”

“And at what age did you first experience this desire?” he asked, preparing to make a note.

“At six, as I have been trying to tell you. It was, as I recall, on the morning of my sixth birthday that the revelation came to me. I was patted on the head by a neighbor, whose name I forget—”

“Hard?”

“What do you mean, hard?”

“Was it a hard pat?”

“Soft to medium. I felt no aftereffects, other than distaste. ‘And what,’ this old gentleman asked me, ‘are you going to do when you grow up, my boy?’—to which I replied without hesitation, ‘I am going to write my memoirs,’ and from that resolve I have never faltered.”

“I see. You were born, I take it, into a poor and underprivileged home, and your earliest recollection is, perhaps, of the jet-black beads on your mother’s faded bonnet?”

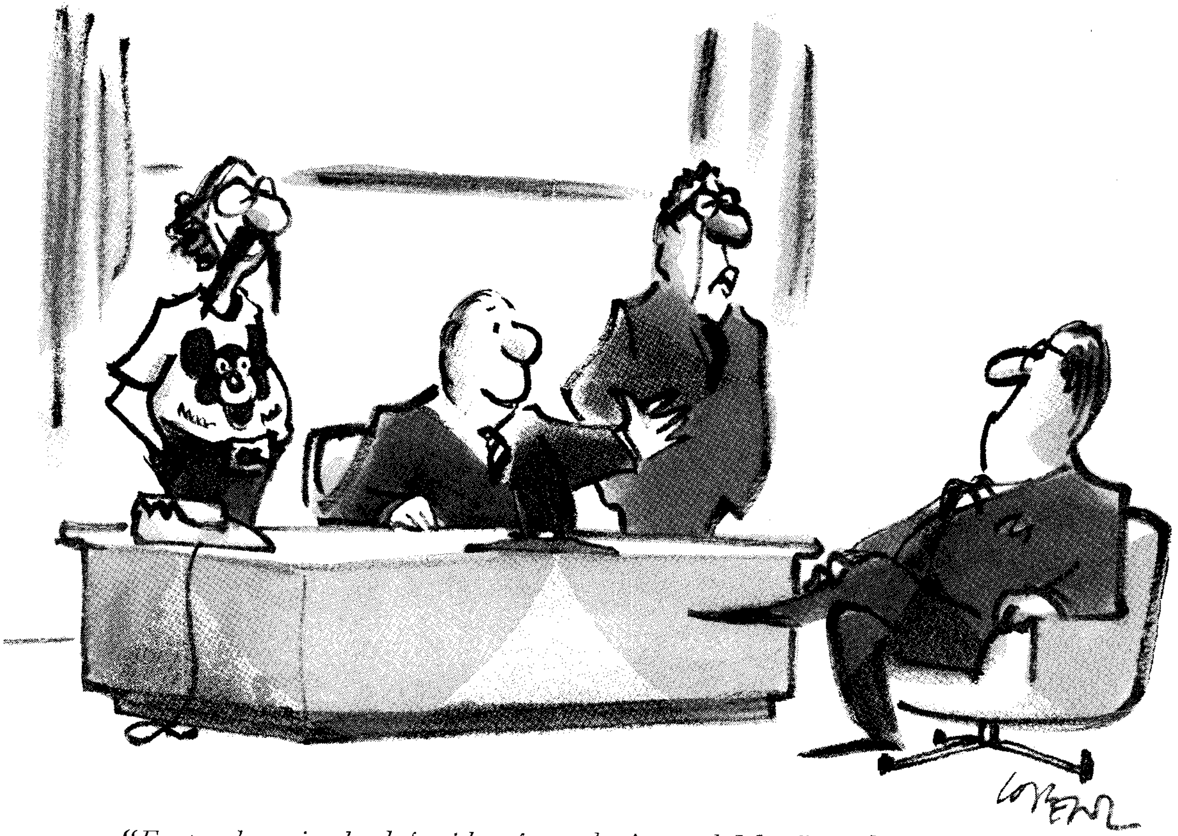
“My mother never wore a bonnet. I spoke to her sharply about that, in or around the month of January, 1913. ‘What is the use to me,’ I said, ‘of the utterly unmemorable clothes you consistently wear? Nothing trails or jingles. My father is just as bad. Here you both are—nice, kind, affectionate parents with a sufficiency of means, living in a comfortable, well-ordered home, with not so much as a backhanded blow from the warming pan or a paragraph’s worth of traumatic obscenities between you.’ I had mastered the language, you see, before my seventh birthday; it was the material that was lacking. ‘Why can’t my daddy come home roaring drunk every Saturday night,’ I demanded, choking back my tears, ‘or at least waste his substance on some ludicrous hobby like collecting horse brasses? And where are the eccentric uncles and aunts that any dedicated autobiographer has a right to expect? Two dull bankers and an Aunt Sybil, who never threw a fit or attacked a clergyman with an umbrella in her life!’ ”

“There were compensations, surely?” the psychiatrist suggested. “You had a lovable nanny, I do not doubt, full of quaint aphorisms and to this day, at the ripe old age of eighty-six, a cherished repository of childhood memories.”

“We shall get on a great deal faster if you will allow me to tell my story in my own way. Suffice it to say that, leafing through my journal in my tenth year, I could find nothing more worthy of publication than a fall of soot at the Vicarage in the winter of ’16 and a runaway horse stopped, within twenty yards, by a man called Heathers. You may imagine with what eagerness I looked forward to my departure from this barren Elysium for a boarding school in Kent. There, as my extensive reading told me, I should be miserably unhappy. Bullied and despised, longing in vain for privacy, the leaves ripped wantonly from my favorite copy of Vergil, I should hug to my lonely breast a rich and ever-growing store of memorable resentments. Add to that the possibility, with luck, of a few unsavory incidents and all the disastrous upheavals of puberty, and you see why I set off with the highest hopes and a woolly bear deliberately displayed among my luggage to excite derision.”

“And?” he put in, shooting an expectant glance over his spectacles.

“I enjoyed every minute of it. Top of the class at almost every stage of my educational career, I might at least have earned some sneering shouts of ‘Beastly swot!’ but I had the misfor-



“Foster here is the left side of my brain, and Mr. Hoagland is the right side of my brain.”

tune to be hopelessly good at games into the bargain and accordingly suffered from a high degree of unreadable popularity. I ended my school days with about two dozen silver cups and a shelf of irreproachable books bound in half-calf. Not a usable paragraph among the lot. You cannot make a silk purse out of half-calf. I was not even struck down during my adolescence by one of those lingering and near-fatal illnesses out of which so many a chapter of half-caught whispers, gently undulating curtains, intimations of mortality, and semiconscious maunderings has been constructed by more fortunate writers.”

“You proceeded, of course, to Oxford?”

“Inevitably, yes.”

“That would be, let me see, in the twenties, would it not—that golden age when such rare spirits as Evelyn Waugh and Harold Acton transmuted the most mundane events into precious metal. Entrancing cups of tea with Father Ronald Knox, long unforgettable evenings while the claret circulated and Maurice Bowra and John Betjeman—”

“Never met any of them. Strange as it may seem to you, who have clearly read as many memoirs as the next man, I did not even know they were there. Out of the dozens—I might even say the scores—of friends I made, not one enriched my journal with a quotable epigram or possessed a name that could with advantage be dropped into an index. Once only, I remember, did I believe myself to be upon the verge of a bit of copy, when a man called Smith, or Smithers, but otherwise unremarkable, rolled up his sleeve one lovely May morning, as the sunlight glittered and danced upon the waters of the Cherwell and from every tower and spire the chiming bells seemed to reëcho a cascading obbligato to the yearning thoughts, the heartache, and the pain—”

“Yes, yes.”

“Forgive an old man his dreams. It was half past eleven, to cut a lot of chiming short, and this chap Smithers, or Smithson, was trying to fish out of the water a pewter tankard that he had inadvertently dropped, when I chanced to see upon his forearm the telltale pinpricks—”

“Heroin? Cocaine?”

“Neither. Apparently the man had fallen into a bramble bush while out beagling. Everything I touched turned to literary dross. Nothing that glittered was golden—not even this man’s arm. And it was no better when, with renewed hope, I left my alma mater’s sheltering walls, its smooth lawns and sequestered groves, and found myself pitchforked—metaphorically, of course—into the great bustling world outside. Now was the time for me to be ‘taken up,’ to my delighted surprise, by the good and great. Lady Astor would ask me to tea. Max Beerbohm, Lady Cunard, and, I need hardly add, Lady Ottoline Morrell would insist on my shy attendance at soirées, where the talk would fizz and sparkle like the pink champagne served by kindly old butlers. Actresses, statesmen, poets, judges would litter the pages of my journal. ‘Luncheon with Augustus John,’ I should note. ‘On to Ellen Terry’s, where Bertrand Russell had a good story about H.R.H. Beaten at bezique by Winston.’ Reality once again let me down. These people were all either dead or unaware of my youthful promise.”

Judith Shahn

On his pad the psychiatrist was making a drawing, which looked, from where I sat, like a fir tree with an inverted bucket on top.

“Though I did once,” I went on, raising my voice, “see Stanley Baldwin at a club, drinking soup.”

“What happened?”

“He had a chop to follow.”

“And then?”

“Cheese.”

“I see.”

He initiated those small movements—a squaring up of papers, an uncrossing of the legs—that mean one’s three-quarters of an hour are nearly over. “To recapitulate, then,” he said, “you have led a totally undistinguished life, unenriched by eccentric relatives, misery at school, Evelyn at Oxford, or even acquaintanceships scraped in later life with household names, and you feel inhibited by these disadvantages from writing the memoirs that, from an early age, it has been your ambition to produce. You have become aware, to put it bluntly, that insignificance cannot effectively be chronicled. Is that an adequate summary?”

“Well, now—” I began.

“Your case is in many respects unique. Would to God that it were not so. It only remains for me to thank you, on behalf of the reading public, for your unparalleled restraint and self-denial, and to say that the least I can do under the circumstances is to remit my customary fee.”

I thought that very kind. I left him, as one does after unburdening oneself to an understanding listener, in a much calmer and more contented frame of mind. Indeed, such was my euphoria that no task, however difficult, not even the writing of my memoirs, seemed beyond my powers. The least I can do, should this mood persist, will be to send the psychiatrist a copy.

—H. F. Ellis

THE KEEPER

The light enters and I come to myself; he is there.
He begins by telling me his name, which (it is clear now) is mine.
I revert to the servitude which has lasted more than seven times ten years.
He saddles me with his rememberings.
He saddles me with everyday miseries, with the human condition.
I am his old nurse; he requires me to wash his feet.
He spies on me in mirrors, in mahogany, in shopwindows.
One woman or another has rejected him and I must share his anguish.
He dictates to me now this poem, which I do not like.
He demands from me a vague apprenticeship to the stubborn Anglo-Saxon.
He has led me to the hero worship of dead soldiers, people
  with whom I probably could not exchange a single word.
On the last flight of stairs I feel him at my side.
He is in my footsteps, in my voice.
Down to the last detail, I abhor him.
I am gratified to notice that he can hardly see.
I am in a circular cell and the endless wall is closing in.
Neither of us fools the other, but we both lie.
We know each other too well, inseparable brother.
You drink the water from my cup and you wolf down my bread.
The door to suicide is open, but theologians affirm that in
  the subsequent shadows of the other kingdom, there will
  I be, waiting for myself.

—Jorge Luis Borges

(*Translated, from the Spanish, by Alastair Reid.*)

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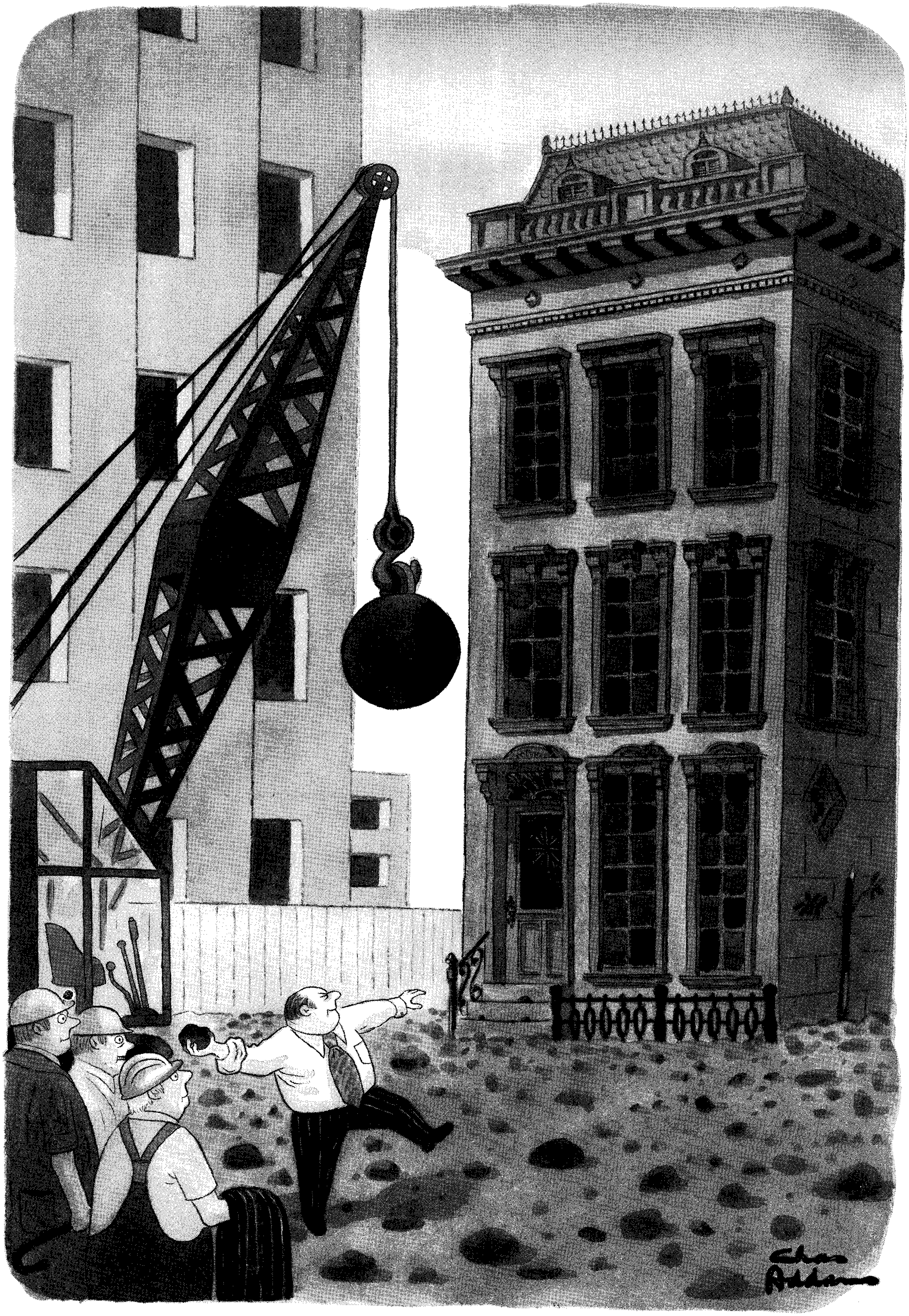

Chas Addams

REAL ESTATE

THERE'S one place or more in every piece of wood that's ready to give in to the wedge; a hairline crack betrays it. From the end of September, mornings that felt like December, I woke, dressed, and worked on making a woodpile. Once I had a large enough pile, winter could do its worst; until then, the season and I would be like boxer and trainer—I the boxer, winter the one in the car, yelling at me to keep up my pace.

One morning in mid-October, I thought I heard the phone ring. Sometimes the sound of metal against metal—sledge against wedge—rings out and the last reverberations sound like the telephone. Sometimes in the quiet between strikes of the sledge, I hear my neighbor's phone down the road, and I think it is my own. I didn't recognize the voice on the line until he said, "Janet. It's me. Beau. How *are* you?," and I said, "O.K. It's a little cold," and then remembered Beau.

"How are *you*?" I asked. It had been a hundred years since we'd spoken, a little more than three since we'd had a farewell cup of cappuccino on Broome Street, across from the laundromat we both used.

"I'm better than I've ever been," said Beau. "I was up your way last Sunday. I called and called. Where were you, girl?"

"Around somewhere—but where were you? What were you doing here?"

"I've been about an hour from you all summer off and on, visiting friends, house-sitting. Until Sunday, I had no idea we were so close. I saw ten acres of land advertised in a local paper—a fabulous piece, some schoolteachers own it—and I thought I recognized the name of the town from that postcard you sent me. Then there you were in the phone book. I loved the land, but I didn't get to see what the view was—which is crucial. It rained like hell all day Sunday, don't you recall? I couldn't see two feet in front of me."

"And you were out walking land?"

"Was I ever. I even had a friend with me, if you can believe it."

I thought I could hear "lover" inside "friend," and that echo recalled the days when Beau and I used to meet for laundry and coffee, and recount our affairs to one another. He had so many more than I that I stopped telling my stories after a while, but Beau, always polite, would ask, "How's Bobby?" or "How's Chris?," dragging up a name I'd mentioned maybe once, weeks before. I used to tell him to stop invoking the dead.

"Did your friend drown in all that water?" I asked.

"Oh, no. Not at all. But, as a matter of fact, I cut my thumb on some damned thornbush. My whole hand's sore. Listen, I'm house-sitting for only one more week, and I really want this land. How about if I come up on Thursday and we look at it together? I'd value your opinion." He described the location of the land and told me the asking price. He said that at long last he was going to use his famous savings and start to build. Beau had always talked about his dream house, but I never really thought he'd get to it. His New York life seemed to suit him, for Beau was open to a new chance meeting him around every next corner.

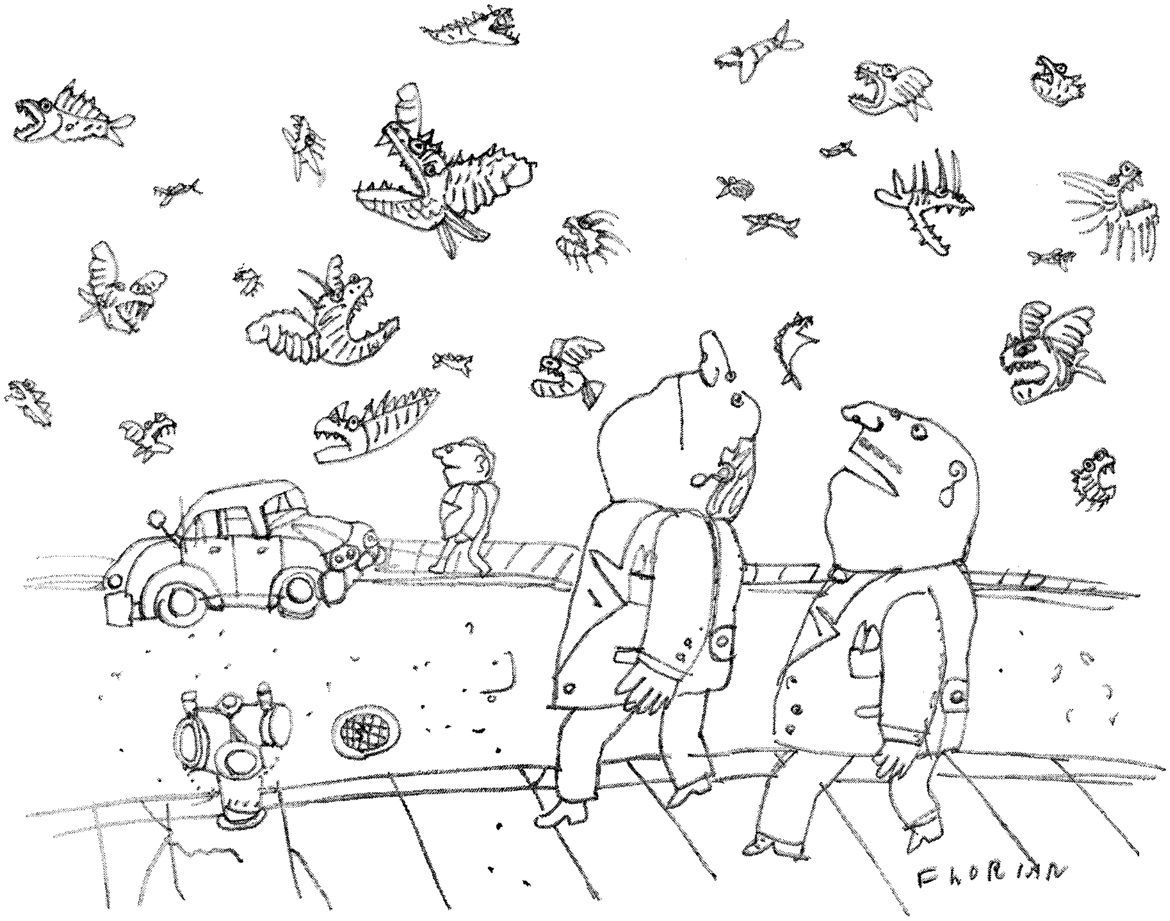
I told Beau Thursday sounded fine with me, and he said he'd call as he left for my house. He was dealing directly with the owners of the land, and they were in a hurry. They needed the money to continue renovating a Victorian house they'd bought. It was a marvellous house, he said—twenty rooms or more.

WHENEVER I went into town to the bank or the post office, I passed by the land I now called Beau's land. There had been a real-estate agent's sign on it as long as I could remember. As Beau had described it, his land was in back of a grove that bordered the road. I added that spot to the other sights on the seven-mile drive—the hairy cows and the trees nearly bare. The cows were telling me how cold it was going to be, and my swollen cats—pregnancy, I thought at first, or worms—were growing their coats for winter. It was the start of my fourth winter, and I was more bold than I'd been the first year, when I sealed up the house with storm windows and weatherstripping right after Labor Day. Now, getting toward November, a note taped to the refrigerator ordered me to wash and put up the

Happier Days

storm windows. I'd do it, I knew. If winter wasn't entirely to my liking, that didn't change the fact that it was coming.

Beau had always been a great traveller, and the savings he'd mentioned were from the voyages he'd made as a merchant seaman. He'd been around the world, and when I knew him he was using the wages from his sea life and from working at Abercrombie's every Christmas to travel more. A portion of his savings he never touched. Beau kept a cheap apartment on Prince Street as his base. He spent his time in New York doing research for his trips, and he filled his apartment with maps and travel books. Beau spent little money on himself, really—he had few clothes and splurged only on books or records. He had a way of doing without until what he wanted was given him.



"The air quality certainly looks 'unhealthy' today."

The summer I was leaving New York, Beau began to show a greater interest in his apartment. He built in a bed and storage cabinets—"the most ingenious subletters couldn't possibly break into them"—and, in the middle of that hot August, he ripped out the bathroom. With scrap lumber and a few boxes of tile a friend had given him, Beau rebuilt it entirely. I met him on the street with his parents when they were up from North Carolina, right after the completion of the new bathroom—a task I suspected Beau undertook for his parents' sake. His father was shorter than Beau, and his mother even shorter than that. They resembled Beau mostly in that they were dressed as neatly and conservatively as he. His father was a little seedier than the other two, but I could be making too much of the odor of his cigar. At our meeting, Beau's mother complained of the heat and dirt in New York. They'd just moved into a new house, and she missed the central air-conditioning. His father was more courteous. He mentioned how impressed he was by the Bronx Zoo and the quality of the food at the restaurant Beau had taken them to the night before. Later, when his parents had left town, Beau showed me a color snapshot they'd given him of the two of them standing by some extravagantly blooming azaleas outside their new house. "I swear," Beau said, "that house is a replica of the one they lived in before, only the other wasn't brick."

BEAU didn't call Thursday morning. I waited inside until eleven and then went about my business: I raked leaves, I split wood. He called at two in the afternoon. "This is the first chance I've had," he said. He'd been in a hospital emergency room all morning. The thorn that had cut him when he'd walked the land had been poisonous—his hand had swollen so he couldn't close his fist, and a black line crawled to his elbow. He wouldn't be up to see me that day. He'd call when he could make the trip.

By the time Beau called again, it was November. His hand had healed, though it had taken weeks and made his return to the city "boring and impoverished." Beau was earning his living as a carpenter or typist—wherever he could find work—and his infected hand prohibited both professions. He was coming upstate Friday, he said, and staying for the weekend. He wanted to see the land again; in fact, he wanted to close the deal. Would I walk the land with him Saturday?

It had snowed a few days before, but the snow was gone. The cold was bearable, and it was still possible to walk the land. I told Beau I would ask a friend who was a part-time real-estate broker to come with us and tell him what she thought of his deal.

He arrived on time Saturday, though the car, he said, was almost dead on arrival. He looked the same as ever to me. "I have to be back tonight at my friends'," Beau said as we went into the house. "That's their car, not mine. A mixed loan, I can tell you. . . . What a charming kitchen. I knew your house would look like this. My land being near you makes it all perfect."

Since we hadn't been in touch for three years, "perfect" seemed an excessive description. I assume he'd thought of calling me, as I had of him, but we were mostly neighborhood friends, so I let it pass. I had lost touch with all the people we'd known in common, but Beau had kept up with everyone. While we ate a lunch of cold veal sandwiches, he told me about old friends in New

"You're terribly cute for someone who's fortyish."

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York. Only a few were the same, or at least living in the same place with the same person, working at the same job. The rest were scattered all over the map.

I asked Beau what else he'd done to his apartment.

"Everything," he said. "Every inch. I can't do another thing to it."

After lunch I called my friend Molly, and we arranged to meet at the land. Molly and I had been to college together, and twelve years later we were neighbors, both having come, by chance, to this same part of the state. When Beau and I drove in off the main road, Molly wasn't there, and Beau said he wanted to go up alone. I said I'd wait for Molly. The lane we'd driven in on had seen better days, but probably not much better, and Beau said there was another three-quarters-of-a-mile walk back to his land. He took a canvas bag with him and his jacket, and hiked out of sight. I sat on the hood of my car, which was still a little warm. The lane ended on a rock bed near a locust grove, and that grove seemed to me perfect for a house. Its perfection didn't matter, since it wasn't the land in question. I waited ten minutes or so before Molly drove in.

"Sorry I'm late," she said. "I couldn't get away. Does the land start here?"

"No. Beau went ahead, but he told me it begins after the barbed wire, at that fence post."

We walked as far as we could, and at the fence post headed straight up a hill. When we reached the top, we looked around for some sign of Beau. Molly spotted his things lying on the ground. There was a notebook, Beau's canvas bag. His jacket was laid over some dead bushes as if the bushes were a valet's arms.

"He's making himself at home already," I said.

"Moving right in," said Molly.

Minutes later, we heard Beau's voice calling out, "Welcome, welcome," and we saw him standing on the crest of the next hill. "Fantastic," he said when we reached him. "This seals it. This is the place for me. A view is so important." Molly nodded and so did I. "I want to thank you for coming," Beau said to Molly.

"That's all right," she said. "I'm always interested in looking at land."

They went off to walk the boundaries, and I went back to the first hill. The view was spectacular—east to the Green Mountains, northwest to the Adirondacks, with all the land divided into fields and woodlots. The hill itself was overgrown, and I avoided touching the bushes—they might have been the ones that had poisoned Beau's hand.

"I want an absolutely simple house," Beau said when he and Molly had climbed back up to where I stood. "Almost a glass box."

"Better make it double glass," I said. "The wind will cut on this hill."

"Yes," he said. "I wonder how the sunsets are."

"Are you planning to build this yourself?" Molly asked. "Have you a great deal of money to put into this?"

"Lord, no," Beau said. "Just my famous savings, scrimped and stored away over the years. My father said he could negotiate a loan from our hometown bank. But this will be Shoestring Hill."

He looked so pleased with himself and his prospects. I knew Beau well enough to put the story together now: an ad in the paper, the discovery that nearby was someone he knew, and, presto, he was about to sink all his money and his energy into this land. I'd done something of the same thing myself three years before, and though I wanted to tell him the news of being in debt and bone-tired, I remembered how it felt to start something. I said, "It really is beautiful here, Beau. You should be able to get a bush hog back here to clear all this away easily enough."

"Do you plan on electricity?" Molly asked.

"I guess," Beau said. "I mean I'd like to heat with solar and wood and all that, but I still would need electricity."

"To build you would. Unless you planned to use hand tools or bring in a small generator."

"Well," he said. "I guess you begin at the beginning, with electricity."

"I hate to say this," Molly said, "but, first of all, the price isn't great for this. Reasonable but not unusual. You're going to have to build a road, and that's not so bad, except for that rock bed. But the electricity is going to cost."

"How much would it be?" Beau asked.

"I don't know exactly. Let me pace it out and then I'll be able to estimate. I'll meet you back at the car."

Molly went off down the hill, counting her paces out loud. We couldn't hear her anymore after twenty paces.

"How would you keep the place going, Beau?" I asked. "Would you try to find work around here? Live here all the time?" I was going to ask if he would give up his apartment on Prince Street, but that seemed too delicate a question.

"I don't know what I'll do," Beau said as he put on his jacket. "I just know I need something solid. You can understand that. That's why you did it, isn't it?" He put the notebook inside the bag. There was a slight indentation in the dead grass where his things had been.

We caught up with Molly and listened to her count the paces the rest of the distance to the cars. When she finished, Beau asked, "What's the good word?"

"Not so good. I'm sorry. It would be a lot of money. Really a lot. They'd have to blast to get a pole in this rock, and that costs. Even if you get permission to go through the piece in front, it's still a long way. It would probably amount to twice the purchase price."

"Are you sure?" Beau's expression didn't change much at this news—his smile hardened slightly, then his face smoothed over again. Beau had always said if you don't count on anything, you don't get disappointed.

"I'm sure," Molly answered.

"Well. That's that," said Beau. "I suppose. Those folks who are selling it didn't mention this problem."

"They wouldn't," I said.

"Maybe they didn't know," Molly said. "I'm sorry, but that's what it costs here for power. If you were crazy about the land and didn't care about money, or if you didn't mind taking twenty years before you finished the place, that's something else. You could buy it and just hold on to it until you had the money to build. It's up to you."

"No," Beau said. "I guess not. I guess it isn't what I thought."

We stood there talking a little longer. Where we were, you couldn't see the sunset, and it was getting cold. We talked about windmills and alternate sources of power, and then Molly said she had to pick up her daughter at the babysitter's. Beau thanked her, I told her I'd call her the next day, and we backed our cars out of the lane.

BY the time we got back to my house, it was dark. Six o'clock on a November night, it feels as if January will happen by seven. I noticed I hadn't brought in the wood I'd split before Beau came. The fire in the wood stove would be out by this time and the living room would be cold.

"I'd better go," Beau said. "I don't think the lights always work on that damn car."

"You're welcome to stay here. There's a real guest room—wallpaper and everything."

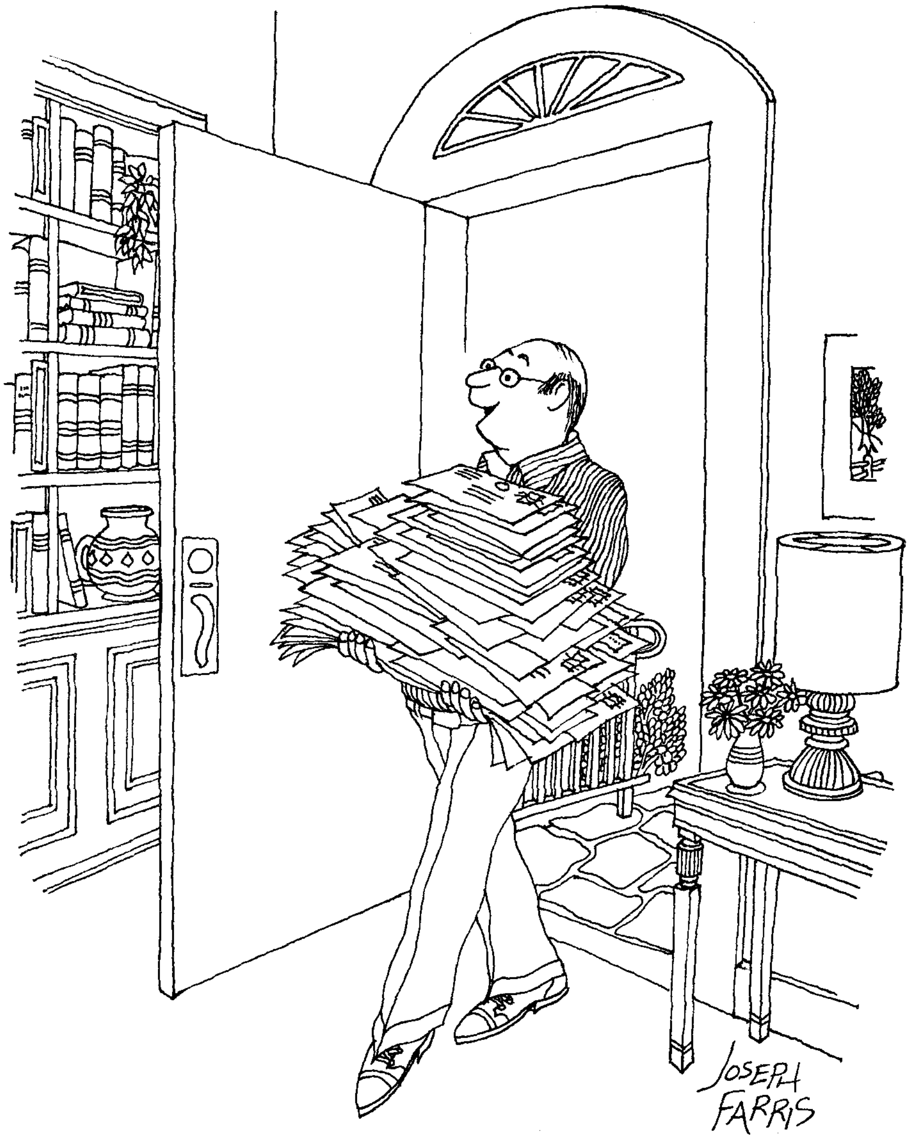
"I promised I'd get back there tonight with their car."

"Come in for coffee or a glass of wine," I said. "I'll get a fire going, and then we can sit down."

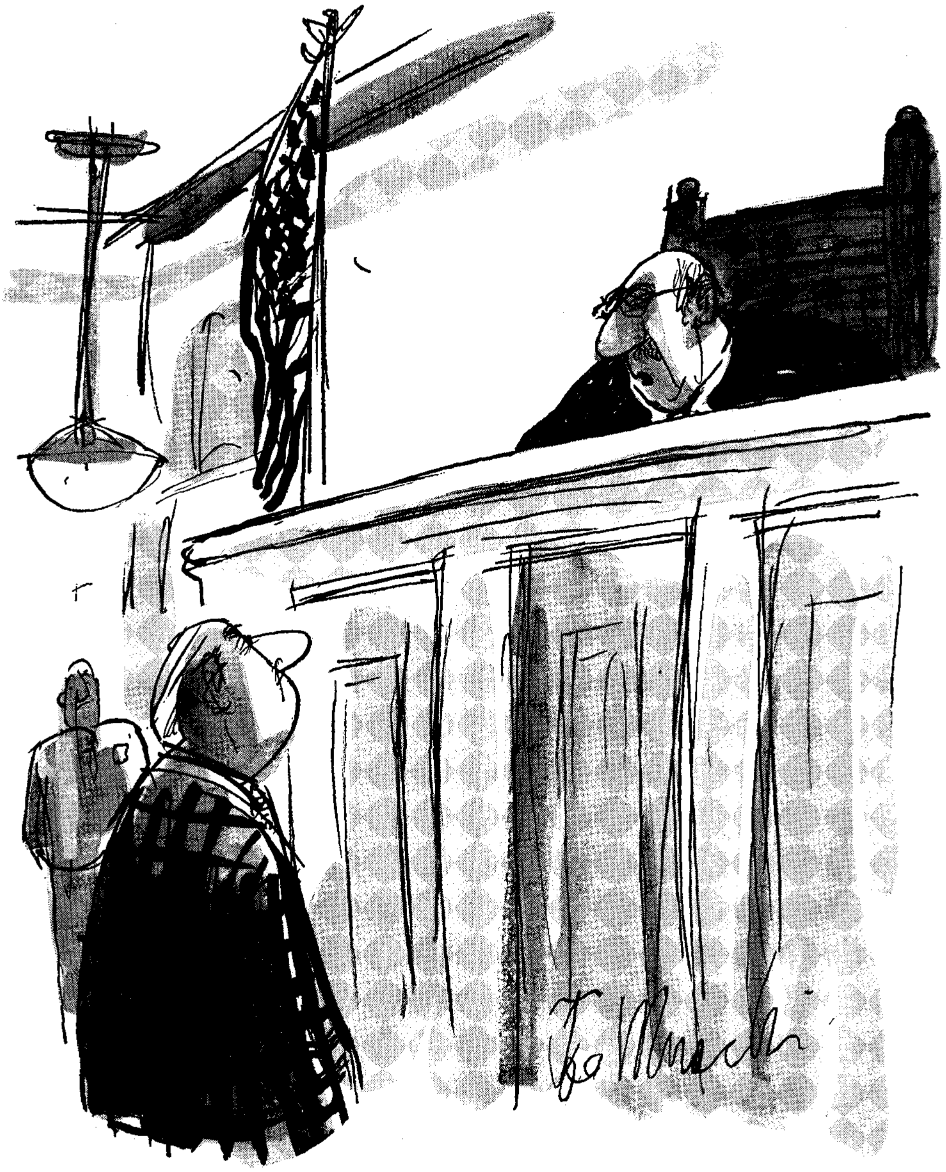
In two trips, there was wood by the stove and more stacked in the woodshed.

I renewed the fire and got out glasses and wine while Beau washed up. He came out of the bathroom with his face scrubbed and held one arm out to me. I saw the line, faint red by now, going up his arm.

"It was an omen, Beau. It's just



"Marjorie, look! Free prospectuses!"



"I find you guilty to the nth degree."

• •

as well the electric was so expensive," I said. But that didn't feel like the truth. It was too bad about the whole thing, too bad he'd ever seen the ad; still, I felt as if I'd done him a wrong turn and deprived him of something he wanted.

"That land was going to be my big present to myself," Beau said. "Next Tuesday's my birthday. You know, I'm not a kid anymore. I was ready for this whole deal. Settling down."

We sat at the kitchen table, and we kept having one more glass of wine until there was no more wine left. By then it was seven-thirty and pitch-black. I started to make coffee, and Beau said, "I may build a dish rack like yours. Hanging it on the wall would give me the other half of my sink. Do you really live here all alone? All the time?"

"People come for weekends," I said. "Not much in the winter. I go to the city sometimes. When I need a sudden lift."

"Shock is more like it. You should call me next time you come in. We'll go out and make some noise. Don't you have any animals? I thought all you country folk had chickens and ducks and geese."

"I have three cats," I said. "But they're outdoor cats. I'm allergic to them."

"They've invented a new kind of cat for people with allergies," Beau said. "Bald ones."

"Bald people with allergies?"

"Bald cats. I swear."

"Who would want a bald cat?" I said. "The whole point of cats is their fur."

"Same as that land," Beau said. "Who wants land you can't get to or build on?"

"Do you still want it?" I asked.

"I went against all my rules and counted on getting it."

"For your birthday," I said.

"Not just my birthday, the rest of my life. Lord. Enough of this."

Beau used the phone to call the people he was staying with, to say he was a little late starting. They told him there was a party going on, and that gave him new energy. He was excited now at the thought of driving back, less tired than he'd been since we left the land.

"Come with me to the party," he said. "I'll get you back tomorrow somehow."

I said no, that I had too much to do the next day. I don't like parties, but so many things happened to Beau at them that he always tempted me with his invitations.

The car wouldn't start at first and then it did.

"Thank Molly for me," Beau said. "And thank you. You were wonderful. Without you, I'd be the owner of that dark inaccessible land."

"Sounds like a national anthem," I said.

"Call me when you come to the city."

I watched the car go down the road until I couldn't see the lights anymore, then I walked back to the house. Beau wouldn't buy land, I thought, at least not soon. I wondered how I looked to him—splitting wood and waiting for winter, thinking about bald cats and hairy cows—and then I figured he probably hadn't even noticed. Though years had gone by and I lived in a different place, everything seemed the same as it always had. I wondered if the party would be any good or if, in fact, it would still be going on by the time Beau got there. —LAURA FURMAN

•

SEPTEMBER

Someone has left
a stack of old cattails
next to the curb on 45th Street.
All this sharp sunny afternoon
they've been shedding
star-winged seeds
like a million snowy helicopters
billowing in swirls
out from under a parked car,
flying any way with the wind,
visiting the city
miles in every direction
with pinpoints of haze.
One comes in the window,
floats up by my hair,
and, disappearing, deposits its seed
in an invisible place.
What kind of envy
came in the room, and how?
It can't be named,
much less found out.

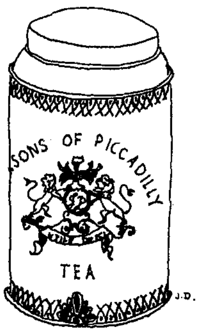
—ANDREW GLAZE

A REPORTER AT LARGE

SURVIVORS

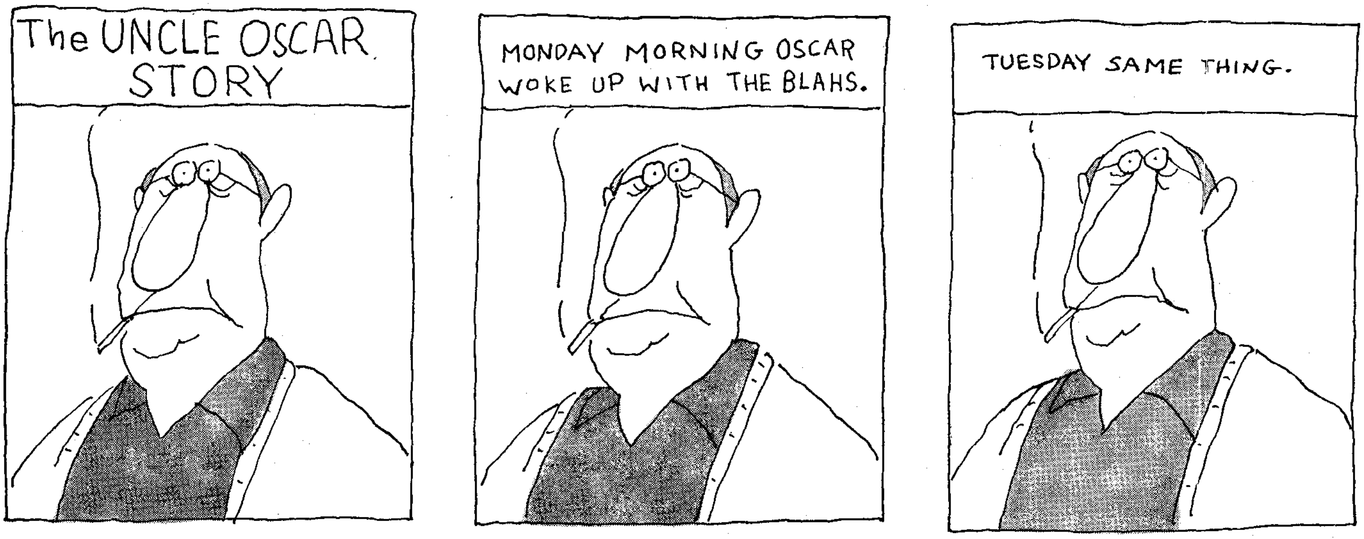
IN the spring of 1975, as the wars in Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia were drawing to an end, local reactions were widely varied, covering a spectrum that ranged from exhilaration, through relief, to fear and outright panic. Most of the twenty million people in what was then still South Vietnam greeted their North Vietnamese conquerors simply with gratification that the long anguish of death and destruction was over. Nevertheless, about a hundred and thirty thousand men, women, and children—primarily people who had some close association with the Americans or were bitter personal or political foes of the Communists—fled the country, in American planes and ships and in small boats of their own, and, after spending weeks and sometimes months in refugee camps, first in Guam and then in the United States, were resettled in our country. About twenty thousand others went to France, to Canada, and elsewhere. In Cambodia, only a relatively few old-regime leaders, with their families and their friends, in Phnom Penh and a couple of thousand people in areas bordering Thailand were able to get out of the country when hostilities ceased—in mid-April, two weeks earlier than in Vietnam. The vast majority of the nearly eight million citizens had no chance to make up their minds whether they wanted to stay or leave: the quick, harsh Communist takeover precipitated almost overnight the brutal dispatch of the country's urban population by foot or by truck to the countryside to raise rice and other crops; and in the immediate aftermath of this forced internal migration scores of thousands either were executed for having had ties to the former regime or died from illness or starvation. In Laos, even though a coalition government continued in power until December, 1975, making the transition to Communism less abrupt and violent, thousands of right-wing officials and soldiers of the old government, and additional thousands of local Vietnamese and Chinese merchants and middle-class Lao entrepreneurs, began fleeing across the Mekong into Thailand in mid-May, and the flight accelerated after the Communists took over completely, at the end of 1975. By the summer of 1977, a total of between eighty and ninety thousand had crossed the shallow river by sampan or ferry or had swum across. Over half of these were Meo hill people who had fought alongside the Americans in central and northern Laos, and who fled less out of fear—the motive that impelled the flight of Lao, Vietnamese, and Chinese residents from areas near the Mekong—than out of hostility to the new regime. Over the past two and a half years, moreover, more than twenty-five thousand Cambodians have made hazardous treks through the jungles, avoiding Khmer Rouge patrols and minefields, and have escaped to Thailand. (An additional eighty thousand have crossed over into the Vietnamese Delta.) And eight or nine thousand South Vietnamese have fled to Thailand and to other places in Asia aboard small or medium-sized fishing boats—a method of escape that is equally hazardous, and sometimes more so.

The exodus from the Indo-Chinese nations is continuing, at a rate of a thousand or more departures a month, and just since the start of this year almost five thousand Vietnamese have made the journey to freedom in ramshackle boats. Some of these people have reached Thailand, Malaysia, Singapore, the Philippines, or Hong Kong, or even such far-off lands as Australia, Japan, and Korea. Some have been picked up at sea by freighters and taken to temporary Asian havens, where they have been reluctantly accepted but not officially welcomed. In many instances—Thailand and Hong Kong being noteworthy exceptions—the boat people have been turned away and forced to move on in their unsafe vessels, sometimes meandering about for months from port to port, and eventually scuttling or burning their boats in order to be allowed to come ashore and obtain refuge temporarily in crowded and unsanitary makeshift camps.



It is estimated that for every boatload that has arrived somewhere safely two or three other boats have sunk at sea, and, according to refugees who have arrived in Hong Kong and Thailand in the past two months, there are between three and five thousand people who have left Vietnam so recently that they are somewhere at sea still, if they have not already drowned. Those who have made the trip say that despite tightened police and military surveillance, it remains possible to escape by paying bribes to certain Communist officials in southern Vietnam, who in return for money or gold are willing to issue the passes necessary for travelling to some point on the Vietnamese coast, where fishing junks can be bought, either individually or through syndicates, some of them operating secretly, others in collusion with corrupt Communist bureaucrats. Ever since the beginning, the boat refugees have included people from all walks of life—students, small shopkeepers or artisans, and former South Vietnamese officers, as well as better-off middle- and upper-class merchants, who could buy their way out more easily—but in the last few months the majority have been from the poorer classes, many of them ordinary peasants, fishermen, or former Army privates who have been unemployed since the Communists took over. They all tell stories of increased hardship, regimentation, repression, and deprivation of human rights, and a number of them, especially among the students, shopkeepers, and former low-level bureaucrats, openly express their disillusionment with the Communists they initially welcomed.

During the monsoon and typhoon season, which begins in May and lasts until October, it is especially dangerous for small, leaky boats to move about, and in the past few months there have been several cases of boats capsizing and most of their human cargo drowning, with a few people either swimming ashore or floating about until local fishermen or passing freighters picked them up. Some freighters that have picked up people from the stranded and crippled boats at sea, in accordance with maritime principles, have had to go on carrying them around the world, because no nation would accept them. In June, an Israeli freighter rescued sixty-six refugees from a leaky boat off the coast of southern Vietnam after four other ships had passed them by. Taiwan and Japan, where the freighter made scheduled stops, refused to take them, and Hong Kong, which is generally hospitable to refugees, said that it would not accept them because the freighter was not based there. Israel thereupon agreed to receive them, and, arriving in Tel Aviv by plane from Taiwan on June 26th, they were accorded a warm humanitarian welcome and were taken to Ofaqim, in the northwest part of the Negev desert, where most of them were given jobs in textile fac-

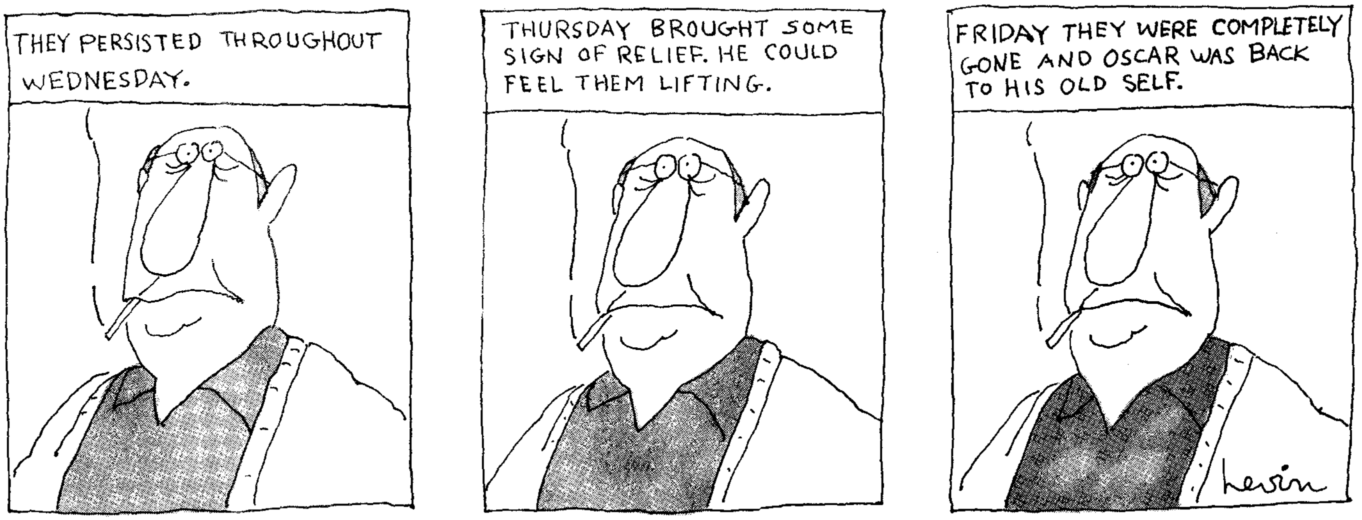

The UNCLE OSCAR STORY
MONDAY MORNING OSCAR WOKE UP WITH THE BLAHS.
TUESDAY SAME THING.

tories. During the past year, freighters have tended more and more to ignore distress signals put up by boat people, and just to continue on their voyages, leaving the boats to sink; the freighter captains simply haven't wanted to take the chance of carrying the refugees about indefinitely. Despite all the risks, the boats have kept coming out of Vietnam this summer at the rate of four or five a week, and there are at present about twenty-one hundred boat people in Thailand, most of them at Songkhla, a port on the east coast of the long peninsula that dangles like a scimitar-shaped pendant from the northern part of the country. Moreover, the increasing toughness of the regimes in Cambodia and Laos has continued to drive other escapees across the Mekong or through the jungles of Cambodia into Thailand, where the government has adopted the practice of jailing them for two to three weeks before allowing them to pay a fine, or to work the fine off, and enter the already packed camps; any refugee with possessions can pay a bribe to shorten his stay in jail. To the growing dismay of the Thais, geographical proximity makes it likely that they will have to deal with the exodus indefinitely.

WHILE the saga of the boat people has dramatized anew the plight of all the Indo-China refugees, the problem of what to do with the refugees has been seriously recognized ever since a so-called second wave began pouring out, in unexpectedly large numbers, in the summer and fall of 1975 and on into 1976. Up to the present, the United States and France have together accepted about forty thousand of those refugees, and a score of other countries have accounted for a few thousand more. But Thailand, which already has more than its share of political, social, and economic problems—its latest, three-year experiment in democracy came to an abrupt end last October 6th, when a military junta resumed power—has had to bear the brunt of the problem, and has reluctantly come to accept the fact that it will ultimately be left with at least sixty thousand refugees and perhaps, depending on the numbers that continue to escape, as many as a hundred thousand, who, because they will have no other place to go, will somehow have to be assimilated and resettled, mostly in bleak upcountry areas, where, at best, they can make meagre livings as farmers or handicraftsmen.

Not long ago, I spent a month in Thailand, visiting half of its fourteen refugee camps, which are almost all situated on or near the Laotian or the Cambodian border, where the Thais established them because they thought that these would prove only temporary havens and that the majority of refugees would sooner or later decide to go back home. As it became clearer that voluntary repatriation was an unlikely option for the vast majority, and as the populations of the camps kept growing, the enormous scale of the problem became apparent not only to the Thais but to a number of international organizations, such as the Geneva-based office of the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees, which set up a large branch headquarters in Bangkok, and a score or so of voluntary relief and welfare groups, working both in Thailand and in the United States. U.N.H.C.R. and some of the other organizations are currently trying to get as many of the refugees as possible accepted by countries other than the United States and France, and plan to help the Thais find the best available permanent homes in Thailand for the rest. Until the efforts to resettle the refugees elsewhere or to persuade at least some of them to return home are exhausted, the Thai government is naturally loath to begin a permanent resettlement program, and probably won't embark upon it until the end of this year or sometime next year. Even so, some of the displaced persons, as the Thais call them, have already been moved to new camps, where they have started planting rice and vegetables, raising chickens, ducks, and goats, and breeding fish in ponds.

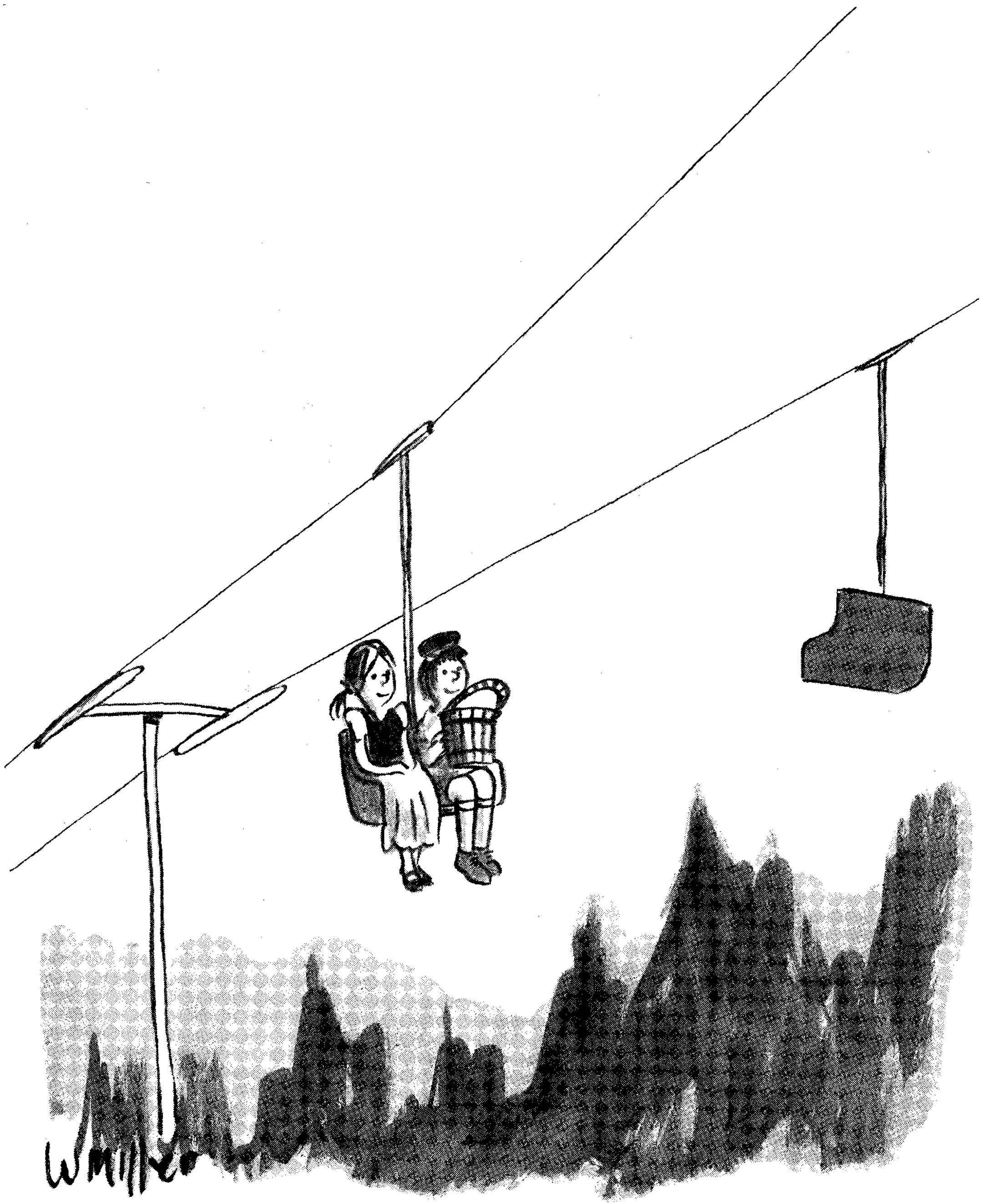
At the time I saw the camps, conditions in most of them were pretty poor, though I was told that compared to their deplorable state at the start they were not so bad. In any event, the camps varied considerably. Some of them, particularly the Meo ones, were badly overcrowded, and in a single thatched hut or a single section of a tin-roofed longhouse a score of men, women, and children, making up two or three families from the same clan, were living in areas about ten feet square, amid scattered piles of personal belongings. They cooked collectively over two or three charcoal pots; slept in shifts, as best they could; and suffered from a general scarcity of water and sanitary facilities. The Cambodians, Lao, and Vietnamese were accustomed to the summer heat, but the Meo mountain people were miserable in it and spent the long, sun-soaked days fanning themselves, in a virtual torpor. More than half of all the refugees—and particularly the children—had skin diseases and were weakened by malaria and stomach disorders, though the Thais and the relief agencies were doing what they could to bring medical supplies into the camps and set up small clinics. When the refugee influx began, there was a severe shortage of food, and the daily rations consisted almost exclusively of rice, but by the


THEY PERSISTED THROUGHOUT WEDNESDAY.
THURSDAY BROUGHT SOME SIGN OF RELIEF. HE COULD FEEL THEM LIFTING.
FRIDAY THEY WERE COMPLETELY GONE AND OSCAR WAS BACK TO HIS OLD SELF.
levin

time I made my visits the situation had improved to the point where small amounts of pork or chicken and vegetables were being handed out two or three times a week, or, in some cases, daily. Most of the food was being paid for by U.N.H.C.R., which had raised twelve and a half million dollars for the refugee program in Thailand by appealing to thirty-one nations. (Nearly half the total was contributed by the United States.)

A number of Americans have been deeply concerned about the refugee situation, because of their feelings of responsibility after the collapse of Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia, but their ability to help people directly has been limited by restrictions on the total number of refugees permitted to enter the United States annually under the Immigration and Nationality Act. However, a section of that act states that the Attorney General "may in his discretion parole into the United States temporarily . . . any alien applying for admission," and this section was invoked by the Ford Administration shortly before the fall of Vietnam to allow up to a hundred and fifty thousand refugees from Vietnam and Cambodia to enter the country. (This so-called "parole authority" had originally been meant to apply to persons in emergency cases; however, in 1956 President Eisenhower interpreted it to embrace large groups, so that refugees from Hungary could be admitted to this country. In 1960, it was again used to permit the entry of Cuban refugees.) A hundred and thirty-four thousand refugees, the great majority of them Vietnamese and the rest Cambodian, were thus admitted in the immediate postwar period, and then, between June and October of 1975, eight thousand additional Vietnamese and Cambodians were accepted from camps in Thailand. It had been expected that, of this total of a hundred and forty-two thousand, about twenty thousand would go from the United States to other countries, but, as things turned out, only six thousand did. As time went on, a few thousand more were admitted to this country from Hong Kong, Singapore, and Malaysia, where they had initially sought refuge after Vietnam fell, and it became increasingly apparent that something had to be done about the growing influx into Thailand, so two supplementary programs were launched, with congressional and Presidential approval. First, between October, 1975, and the end of June, 1976, approximately thirty-five hundred Lao were brought to America; the Lao had been ignored in the first big refugee movements, because the coalition government of Laos was still in existence and the exodus from that country had not been large at first, as it had been from Vietnam. Then, in May, 1976, under the terms of what was known as the Expanded Parole Program, eleven thousand more refugees from all three Indo-China countries were cleared for entry into the United States. Though the new program was designed roughly to round out the original quota of a hundred and fifty thousand, this last batch of refugees had to meet certain special requirements, such as having close relatives already in the States or having worked for the Americans previously. All those who qualified have now been moved here in stages, most of them from Thailand but some from the several Asian nations that all along have not been nearly as willing as Thailand to accept the refugees, even temporarily—most notably Taiwan and Singapore. Taiwan has been obdurate in not helping any refugees, while Malaysia, which early last year established diplomatic relations with the Socialist Republic of Vietnam, and Singapore, which has held trade talks with Hanoi, have, not surprisingly, been hesitant to offer entry to the Vietnamese boat people. Until the start of this year, the Malaysians and Singaporeans occasionally offered them food and fuel, then usually forced them to leave. This meant that they had to continue, through dangerous seas, to such far-off places as Brunei, in Borneo, or ports in the Philippines and Indonesia, which have not been gracious about receiving them, either, although the Philippines in recent months have become more lenient. Hong Kong will accept most of them for up to three months if U.N.H.C.R. will guarantee their transfer. Japan will also accept them for three months if the freighter that picked them up, or a third country, will guarantee their removal. At the moment, besides the twenty-one hundred boat people in Thailand, there are about thirty-one hundred in Malaysia; about a hundred and fifty anchored off Singapore (which still won't let them disembark); about five hundred in the Philippines; almost four hundred in Indonesia; about five hundred in Japan; and more than two hundred in Hong Kong. Korea and Macao together account for less than a hundred, and about sixty are on an island off Taiwan, awaiting some word on their fate.

As for us Americans, though many obviously feel that we have fulfilled our obligations, there are those who believe that, in keeping with our best traditions and our newly emphasized concern for human rights, we should open our arms and accept more Indo-China refugees. Beginning in March of this year, a hundred Indo-Chinese per month—mostly Vietnamese—have been accepted as so-called



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conditional-entry immigrants. Those selected have had to meet strict requirements, such as either having close relatives in the United States or having worked for the Americans during the war, and their families have been allowed to accompany them. In July, this program was expanded to permit acceptance of three hundred a month. In the same month, the State Department recommended that the White House allow fifteen thousand more to enter the United States under the parole authority, including all the boat people—now numbering around seven thousand—and another eight thousand from the camps in Thailand. President Carter agreed. Legally, the Attorney General can admit refugees by means of his parole authority, without obtaining congressional approval, but, because a number of senators and representatives are against the blanket application of that authority to admit large numbers of refugees, the issue has grown complicated. When eleven thousand were accepted last year under the Expanded Parole Program, Representative Joshua Eilberg, Democrat of Pennsylvania, who is chairman of the House Judiciary Subcommittee on Immigration, Citizenship, and International Law, obtained a promise from the Ford Administration that no additional refugees would be admitted without new legislation. Representative Eilberg is one of the strongest opponents of permitting the entry of refugees into the country under the parole authority, and he has introduced a bill to amend the immigration act, which, while it would broaden the legal definition of "refugee," increase the annual intake, and make additional provision for emergency cases, would limit the number admitted per emergency to twenty thousand, thus requiring congressional action for each new group of applicants. Eilberg has also, in a letter to President Carter, suggested that an international conference be convened to consider ways of encouraging resettlement in other countries. While many Administration figures—particularly in the State Department—are reluctant to limit in this way the number of people we take, and for this reason tend to oppose the Eilberg bill, they are exploring with interest his suggestion for an international conference.

One of those who feel strongly that we should allow many more refugees from Indo-China into the United States is a thirty-three-year-old Foreign Service officer named Lionel Rosenblatt, from Bellport, Long Island, who, after graduating from Harvard and spending a year in law school at Stanford, decided in 1966 to abandon law in favor of the Foreign Service. Rosenblatt served in Vietnam between 1967 and 1970, but he was working in Washington, as a special assistant to the Deputy Secretary of State, in April, 1975, when Vietnam was falling, and, worried that no proper contingency plans were being made to evacuate Vietnamese friends of the Americans, he set up a small, informal working group of young officers like himself to prepare for the worst. On April 20th, nine days before Saigon fell, he and another officer, Larry Craig Johnstone, took "personal leave" and, without telling anyone, flew at their own expense to Saigon, where—in effect going underground, since they made no contact with the American Embassy—they managed, in four hectic days, to evacuate more than two hundred Vietnamese on the shuttle of American planes flying round the clock out of the Defense Attaché compound at Tan Son Nhut Airport. Rosenblatt and Johnstone operated clandestinely from a downtown apartment, and, since both spoke Vietnamese, were able to arrange cloak-and-dagger meetings with their Vietnamese friends on street corners or on the veranda of the old

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"And now, for those of you not in it, our regular nightly feature, 'The Early-Evening Rush.'"

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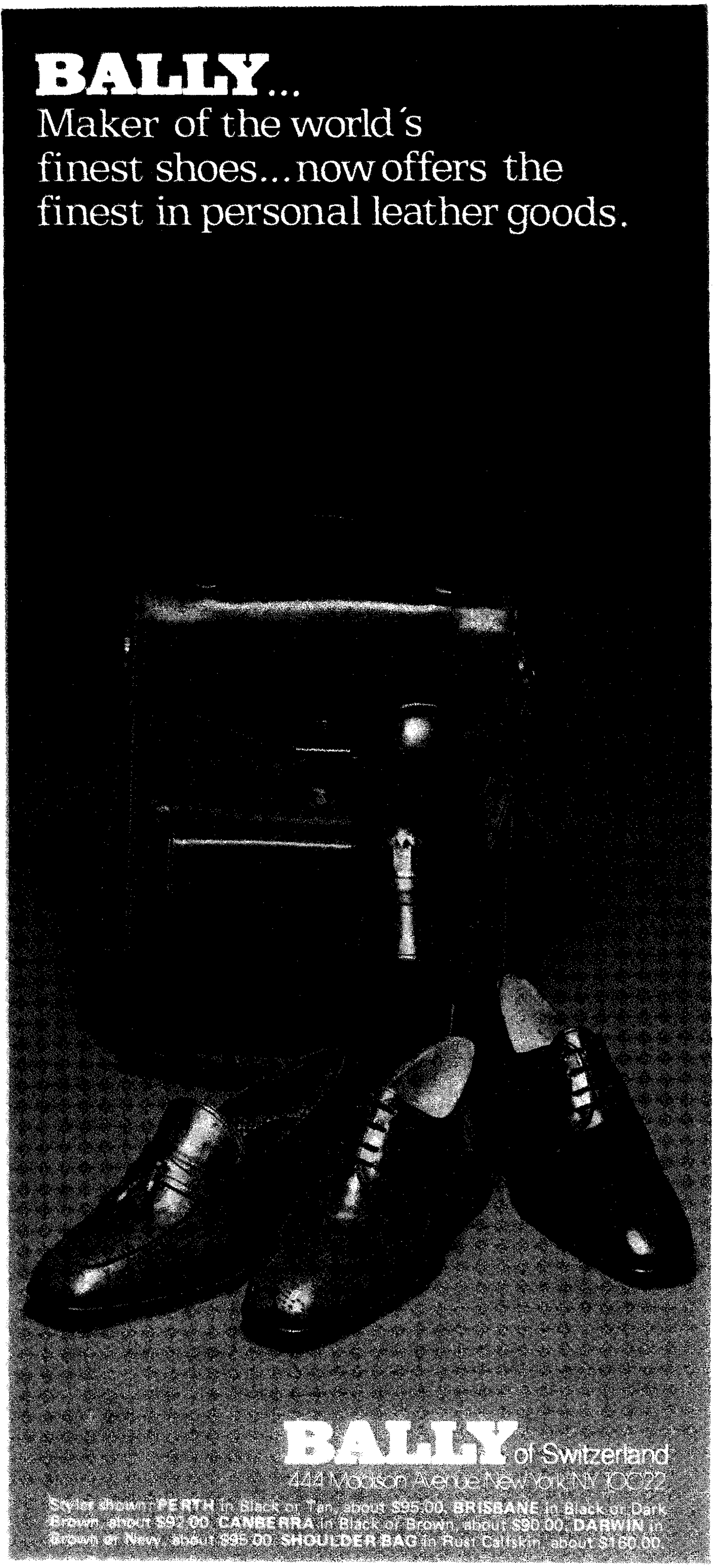
Hotel Continental, where they filled out the necessary forms before transporting the Vietnamese to the airport through stringent police checkpoints. The Embassy, instructed by Washington to catch up with the two young officers and send them home, made only a brief, futile effort to find them; in the final week of panic, it was too busy getting ready for the American evacuation and making belated plans of its own to evacuate Vietnamese employees of the United States and their families to pursue two renegade operatives engaged in a melodramatic private rescue enterprise. The two officers left Vietnam quietly by plane on April 25th and returned to Washington to find their careers in possible jeopardy. Having been ordered to appear before Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, they were afraid they might be fired, but, after reprimanding them and warning them never to do that sort of thing again, Kissinger grinned and commended them. Subsequently, both men received State Department awards.

Once back in the Establishment, Rosenblatt continued to work on refugee problems with the Interagency Task Force for Indo-China, a governmental group that supervised the operation of the camps at the four military bases in the United States where the incoming refugees were being assembled. Convinced that there was insufficient understanding of the newcomers' plight, he formed an Office of Special Concerns, designed to obtain more feedback and coöperation from the refugees themselves, in order to help resettle and assist them. In October, 1975, Julia Taft, of H.E.W., who was director of the task force, sent Rosenblatt out to Thailand to look into the situation there. "I knew that if we didn't push hard enough to get more refugees in under the prescribed quotas while there was still time, people would forget," Rosenblatt says. "The fact that resettlement was going well in the States, that the whole refugee question had not become the political issue some people had anticipated, was in our favor. It was unfair, it seemed to me, for the Thais to be stuck with our war babies. It was likely that however many more we might take into the States, we'd run into the problem of more and more coming out of Indo-China, but I thought we had to do what we could not to abandon these people." In May, 1976, when the parole extension was authorized for the additional eleven thousand to enter America, Rosenblatt was appointed to head a special Office of Refugee Operations in Bangkok, and he set up headquarters in a small house near the Embassy on Soi (Street) One. The deadline for admitting approximately ten thousand two hundred refugees from Thailand (the eleven thousand minus eight hundred to be evacuated from other Asian countries) was the end of June, so he had less than two months to select what at that time was approximately one-seventh of the total number of refugees there.

Arrangements for transporting the refugees to America by air were turned over, by special contract, to the Intergovernmental Committee for European Migration, which was established in Europe in 1952 and, supported by voluntary contributions from thirty-two nations, has relocated or assisted more than two million people all over the world. Rosenblatt was fortunate in having a dedicated Frenchman named Albert Corcos assigned by I.C.E.M. to work with him in Bangkok. Corcos, who had been with I.C.E.M. since its inception, had probably had more experience with refugees than anyone else around. There was a shortage both of time and of government personnel available to Rosenblatt. He was able to hire two very capable men who had worked for the Agency for International Development in Laos during the war—MacAlan Thompson, who became his deputy in Bangkok, and John Tucker, who opened a branch office up north in Udorn. He was also fortunate in being able to hire fourteen young Peace Corps employees whose terms in the Corps had just expired. "Without them and without Corcos to arrange for airlifting the refugees to the States the job could never have been accomplished," Rosenblatt told me recently. "One of our difficulties was that for each refugee selected we had to get the approval of the Immigration and Naturalization Service of the Justice Department, which operates under strict regulations. It often happened that we wanted to pick people they couldn't legally let in—for example, I.N.S. doesn't recognize polygamy, and many Meo have more than one wife—but, all things considered, we resolved our differences pretty well."

Rosenblatt explained how the complicated selection process under the Expanded Parole Program had worked. Since the number of additional refugees was limited, the State Department and I.N.S. had ordered them to be selected under four specific categories. The first category was made up of close relatives of earlier immigrants—close relatives being defined as spouses, parents, unmarried children under twenty-one, grandparents, minor unmarried siblings, and minor unmarried grandchildren. The second category was made up of former employees of the Americans who had held "supervisory or otherwise meaningful positions" for at least six months as of or subsequent to January 1, 1970. The third, which came to be known as the high-risk category, was made up of people who had "worked closely with United States forces or United States missions;" people who had been educated or trained in American schools or installations or outside the United States under our auspices; people whose status in the former governments or armed forces of Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos posed particular obstacles to their acceptance by other countries; and people "whose personal accomplishments or eminence would benefit United States society." The fourth category was made up of those who could be accepted on special humanitarian or compassionate grounds, and included relatives who did not qualify under the first category. If the refugee was accepted after an interview with an Immigration and Naturalization Service officer—a special group of I.N.S. men were sent to Bangkok to conduct the interviews—he was given an "alien number" by I.N.S.; his biographical data were then forwarded to one of eight voluntary agencies in the United States, which sought sponsors for the refugees.

DURING my stay in Thailand, it was Rosenblatt who arranged for me to visit the various camps. The first camp—for refugees from Laos—was actually three camps in the same area, on flat, scrubby land at Nong Khai, in northeastern Thailand, and only a mile and a half from the Mekong and Laos. At the time I was there, about eight thousand Meo were living in wretched conditions in one camp and about nine thousand Lao and Tai Dam, or Black Tai, under somewhat better circumstances in two adjacent ones. In addition, a couple of hundred refugees, mostly Lao, were miserably lodged in the town jail, a dozen or more to a small cell, and perhaps two thousand others—an exact figure was impossible to obtain—were living illegally outside the camps. These were people who had crossed the river after August, 1975, when the Thai government stopped accepting any more refugees directly into the camps and began jailing them first. (The regulation was meant to dissuade any more refugees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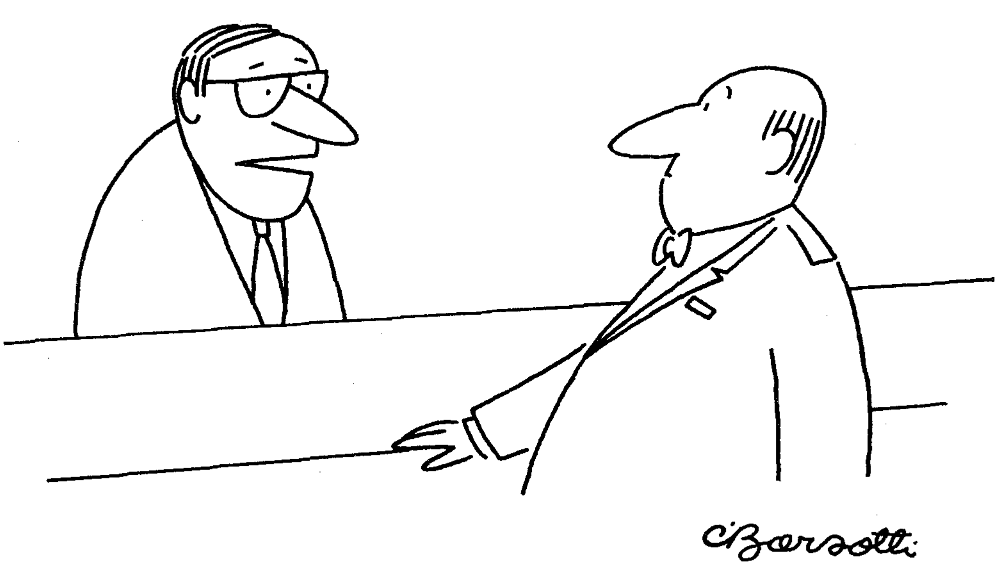
from fleeing to Thailand, but it hasn't done so.) Many of these "illegals" eluded the Thai police, and found work in the fields or in town, but they would sometimes slip into the camps to obtain extra food rations from relatives or friends. The estimates of illegals among the refugees in Thailand today run as high as twenty-five thousand. (There are said to be three or four thousand in Bangkok alone.) The government has tried to offer them amnesty if they would voluntarily surrender and go into the camps, but its efforts have been only partly successful. If the illegals avoid detection, they can earn some money, since Thai farmers and factory owners are more than willing to hire them at a half or a third of the normal wages.

Of the three groups at Nong Khai, the best off were the Tai Dam—members of a Tai racial group that had settled in China many years ago and had left there in the early nineteen-fifties, after the Communist takeover, and congregated around Dien Bien Phu, in North Vietnam, gradually spreading into other parts of Vietnam and Laos. The word "*dam*," or "black," denotes not dark pigmentation but a black cloth that the group's women weave for skirts. Bac Cam Suc, one of their leaders in the camp, told me there were about two million Tai Dam in the early fifties, but he didn't know how many were left now. He himself had led four migrations to escape Communism: from the Dien Bien Phu area toward Hanoi, when the French still held it; then to Xieng Khouang, in north-central Laos; then to Vientiane; and now across the river to Thailand. This last migration started in May, 1975, when several hundred crossed over by ferry and settled temporarily in a pagoda near the site of the present camp. About thirty-two hundred Tai Dam eventually came into the camp, and today fewer than six hundred are left; most of them have gone to live with farm families in the state of Iowa, and most of the others who left have gone to France. The Thais have indicated more willingness to assimilate the rest of the Tai Dam than to assimilate the Meo, the Lao, the Cambodians, or the Vietnamese. (The chief reason the Thais look with disfavor on the Vietnamese is the existence in northeast Thailand of a community of forty thousand Vietnamese, most of whom fled there after the French Indo-China War in 1954 and whom the present Vietnamese government has refused to repatriate; they constitute an incipient fifth column and have been the cause of numerous disturbances, especially in the past two years. As for the Cambodians, growing friction along the border between their country and Thailand, which has resulted in the death of more than a hundred soldiers and villagers on both sides, has made the Thais increasingly suspicious of them, and they are now regarded as possible spies.)

The Tai Dam's camp was clean and neat—they had dug their own wells to obtain extra water and had built a volleyball court—and it wasn't as crowded as some of the others. Bac Cam Suc, a tall man in his late fifties, shared partitioned-off quarters about ten feet by twelve in a tin-roofed building with his wife and half a dozen children and cousins. "Wherever we go, our roots will grow if we're free," he told me. "We've lost our home so many times before. I'll stay here if I have to, but I'm afraid that one of these days Thailand will go Communist, too." When he and his family arrived at the pagoda, he went on, they had to build their own huts, and the Thais gave them nothing but rice and water. Then two American religious organizations furnished them with blankets, mosquito nets, and clothes, and over the past few months they had been receiving meat, vegetables, eggs, and milk several times weekly under the U.N.H.C.R. program. Bac Cam Suc and a number of others I spoke with, including two Tai Dam interpreters who guided me around, complained of corruption in the camps, and this was a complaint I also heard in all the other camps I visited; corruption has certainly existed, and the government and U.N.H.C.R. have been investigating it. Most of it is said to consist of shakedowns on the construction of the tin-roofed buildings and on the distribution of food. The Tai Dam I saw, however, were more upset about the fines and bribes they had had to pay to get into the camp after the August, 1975, deadline.

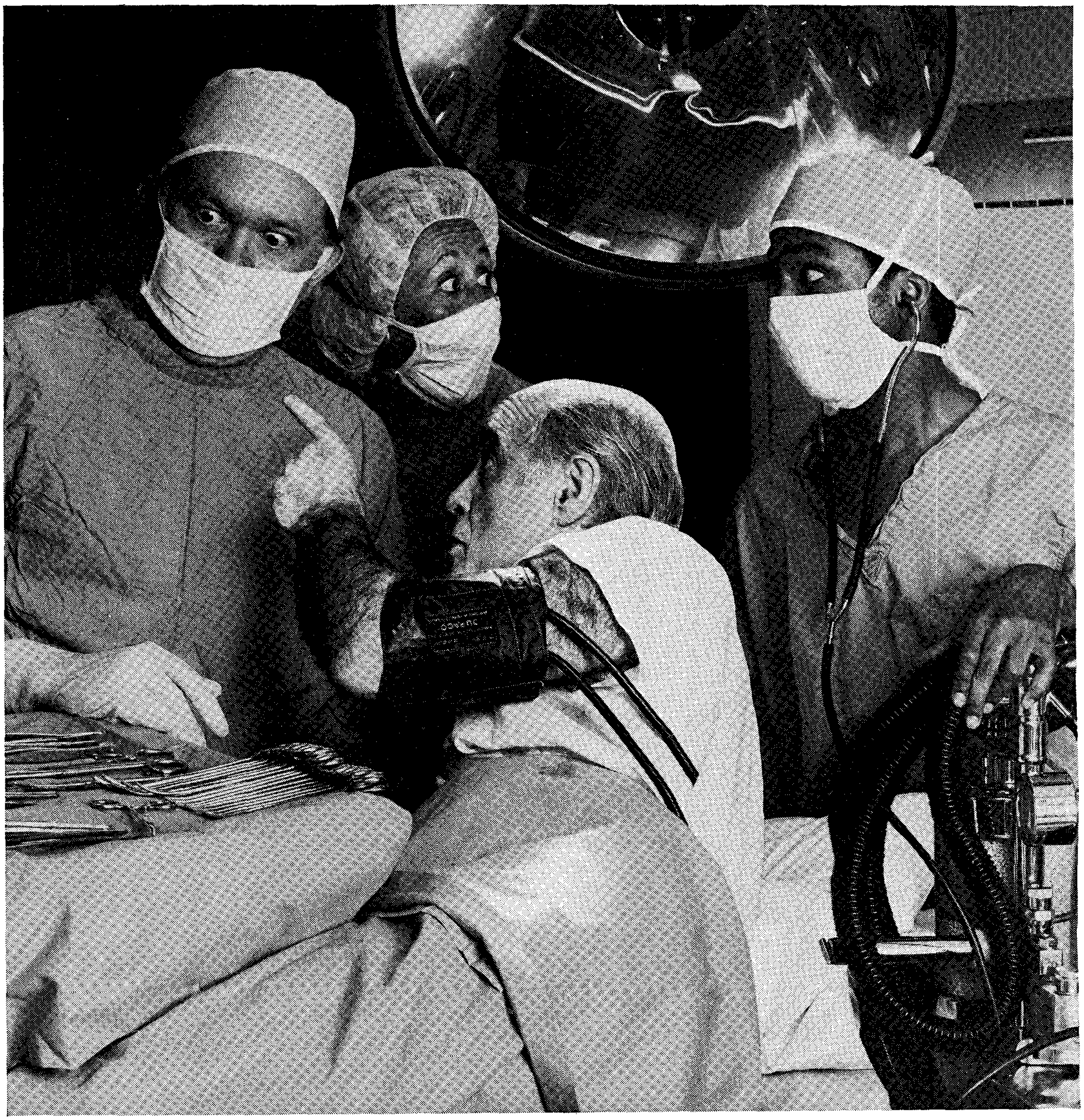


"Oh, it was a day like any other, so I guess I'll have the usual."

ABOUT two hundred yards from the Tai Dam camp was the camp of the Lao, which was less neat and orderly. One of the worst things about being a refugee is the boredom, and, unlike the fairly active Tai Dam, most of the Lao were wandering around aimlessly or lounging in their hot, crowded huts talking idly or sleeping while hordes of flies buzzed around them. I spoke first with the camp leader, a former general named Sang (he has no other name), who, I later learned, is on a special Communist blacklist of Lao refugees who are marked for death. A tense, thin man with an air of doom about him, he obviously wasn't happy either about being so close to the border or about being the camp leader, and was anxious to go to the States. His anxiety was understandable, in view of the fact that river traffic between Thailand and Laos, which continues despite sporadic border closings, has made possible a two-way shuttle of agents: Pathet Lao spies can come across and slip into the camps to find out what is going on, and right-wing agents engaged in resistance against the new Lao regime can just as easily slip back and forth in small boats across the broad river. In fact, such crossings are now so frequent, despite police surveillance, that, in addition to a considerable amount of smuggling, over and above the legitimate trade conducted through several official border posts, there were instances of people from Laos crossing the Mekong to join bon-voyage parties for friends flying to the States and then, after a night of feasting and drinking, returning at dawn to Vientiane.

More than most Asians, the Lao tend to temper their sense of resignation with an innate savoir-faire and buoyancy that defy the worst of circumstances, and, after leaving General Sang, with his gloom and foreboding, I found this to be mostly true of the people in the camp. A middle-aged woman in a loose blouse and a red sarong told me, with a wide smile, that her name was Som Chomsy and that she used to work as a laundress for the AID mission in Vientiane. Now she was sitting on the raised platform of her hut fanning herself as she tried to keep track of her four children, aged six to fifteen. Her youngest boy wore a T-shirt, soiled and full of holes, that had "Diego Garcia, Indian Ocean" inscribed on it. She had been married for eleven years and divorced for seven, she said, and she dug deep into a grimy air-travel bag to show me a copy of a letter she had written to her former employer asking for help to get her to the States. Unfortunately, since being a laundress could not be described as a "supervisory" position, she had not qualified under the Expanded Parole Program's second category, and since she had no close relatives in America, her chances of getting there were slight. After the Communists took over Vientiane, she told me, she had stayed with friends near the city, but, having become tired of attending political meetings at night, as she was ordered to do, after working all day and trying to take care of her children, she managed to get across the river by saying that she needed an operation on her stomach, which in fact she did. She spent two weeks in the Nong Khai hospital, the children meanwhile being taken in by friends who were already in the camp. "I'll stay in Thailand if I can get a piece of land to farm or find a job as a maid," she said, still smiling broadly. She would probably be better off doing that, I thought, than finding herself at loose ends in America.

The refugees in the camp represented a wide social and economic spectrum, and the distinctions between them were sometimes only subtly perceptible and sometimes quite apparent. For example, a wealthy poultry dealer,



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[1] "Staggering" is probably too weak a word. The share of the gross national product which goes for health services has virtually doubled in the past 15 years. The Government's share of the national health bill is now $70 billion—a sum second only to national defense.

[2] This requires Ætna knowing what the prevailing charges are for every type of medical service in every area of the country, and examining each claim against that standard. Costs vary wildly from city to city. In Philadelphia, $413 is the average surgeon's charge for the removal of a gall bladder; in Manhattan, the same operation averages $813!

[3] Many minor operations—as many as 20% of all hospital operations—can properly be performed without the patient staying at the hospital overnight. At the now-prevailing rate of $175 a day, this could mean enormous savings. Ætna also advocates peer-group review by doctors of cases of improper hospitalization—again, to prevent misuse of hospital facilities.

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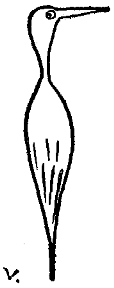
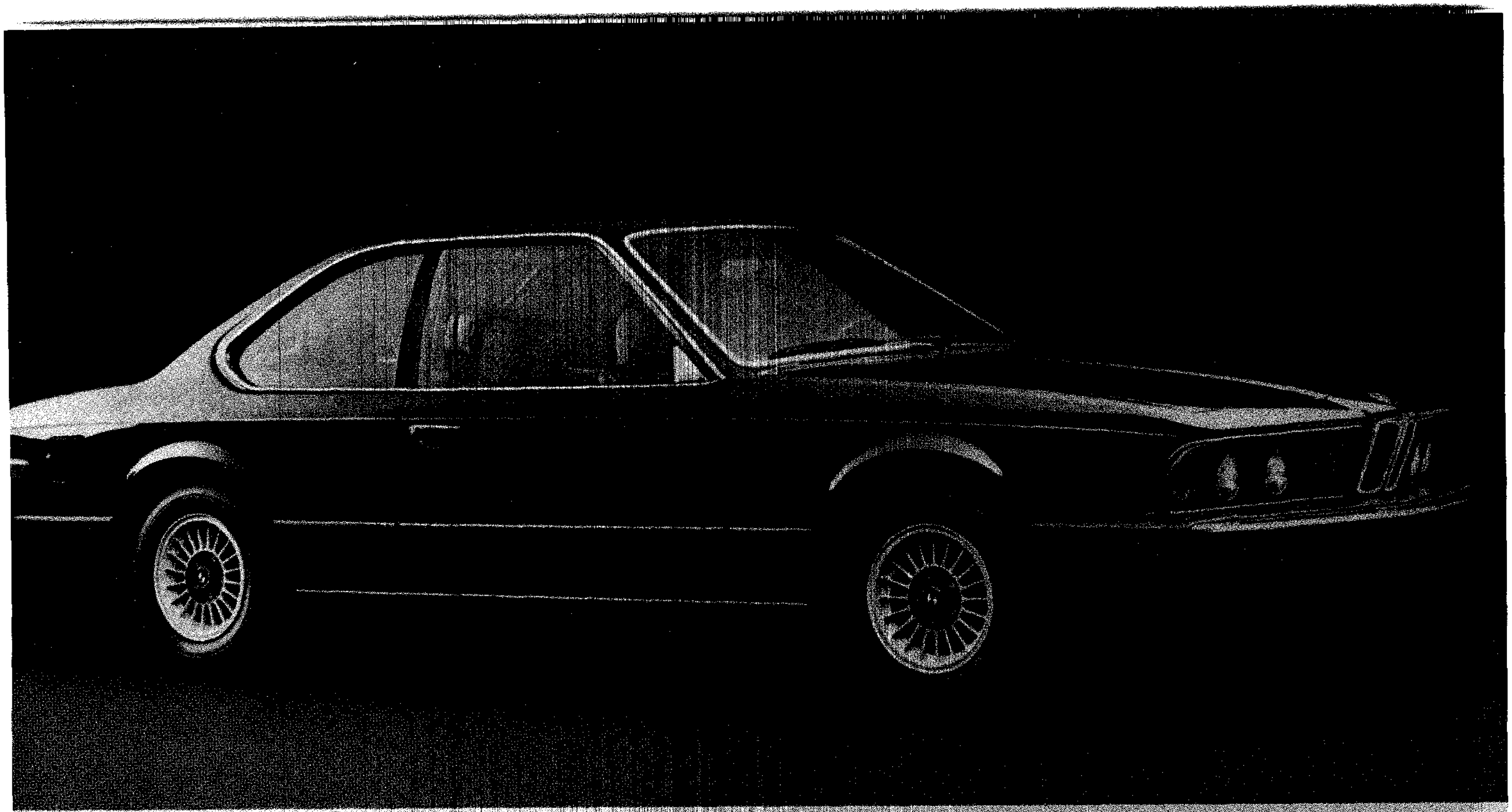
who had crossed from Vientiane by ferry several months earlier, had brought out enough money to keep himself and his family going for some time. There were also strong political undercurrents in the camp: the week before, I was told, some of the refugees claimed to have recognized three new arrivals as having been Pathet Lao members in 1960, and the three, though they said they had quit the Communists years before, had been turned over to the police, put in jail, and were likely to be shipped back across the river. In addition, John Tucker, who was in charge of all the Meo and Lao camps, and his staff, consisting of three of the former Peace Corps members, were having to deal with a host of complicated personal cases whose problems had, in effect, turned them into family and marriage counsellors. While one of their aims was to unite families, this proved to be far from easy. During the Expanded Parole Program, they told me, a thirty-five-year-old former English teacher in Vientiane had swum across the river with his wife and brother, leaving his three young children, aged three, four, and six, behind with his mother-in-law. The mother-in-law had managed to get the six-year-old conducted across, but the two others had remained in Vientiane. With the deadline approaching for processing, the young man and his wife had debated for weeks whether to go on to America with the eldest boy or wait for the two others. One of the former Peace Corps members, Sally Jacobson, had finally persuaded them to go while the going was good, promising that if the two younger children should be smuggled across the river the Americans at the camp would do their best to get them to the United States.



NEXT, I visited the camp where the eight thousand Meo—or Huong, as they call themselves (the word means "free men")—were packed together in thatched huts much like those the Meo have traditionally lived in on the mountainsides of upper Laos since the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, when these Sino-Tibetan, semi-nomadic people left China and slowly drifted throughout northern Indo-China. No one knows just how many Meo settled in Laos, but, according to Dr. Yang Dao, an unusual Meo who has a doctorate in economic and social development from the University of Paris, there were about three hundred thousand in the country at the end of the war, of whom fifty thousand have fled to Thailand. They are spread out in several camps—in Nong Khai and the adjacent province of Loei, which I also visited, and in the northern provinces of Nan and Chiang Rai. Of all the refugee groups, the Meo present the greatest problem to the Thais, because they are the most difficult to resettle; the United States has accepted six thousand, and the French will ultimately take four thousand or so, but virtually all the rest—unless they can be persuaded to return to Laos, and that seems unlikely—will have to be relocated somewhere in the hill areas of northern Thailand, where good land is scarce. The war caused much more extensive internal migrations in Laos over the past fifteen years, with thousands of people moving hundreds of miles over the country's barren hills to avoid the bombing and the artillery barrages. And still other Meo migrations were caused by epidemics, particularly smallpox and malaria, which, in the absence of modern medicines and vaccines, have swept through entire villages.

When the Meo first began coming into Thailand, they had hopes of being allowed to group themselves in a single province, such as Mae Hong Son, a particularly remote area in the northwest corner of the country. The Thais, however, who are apprehensive about maintaining internal stability, have been far from welcoming, and have mistreated them in a number of camps, charging them for donated rations and in some cases stealing from them. Most of the Meo would be more than willing to fight alongside the Thais against the Communists, as they fought alongside Thai mercenaries during the war in Laos, but the Thais, though they continue to combat their own Communists—many of whom are being trained by North Vietnamese, Pathet Lao, and Khmer Rouge cadres in secret Laotian and Cambodian camps—are now eager to maintain peaceful relations with their new Communist neighbors despite the tense situation along the Thai-Cambodian border. And, to complicate things further, several thousand Meo have been recruited over a number of years to serve with the Communist insurgents in Thailand since the mid-nineteen-sixties, so the Thais are afraid that the new Meo in their midst will aggravate an already highly delicate political situation.

The Meo in the Thai camps today



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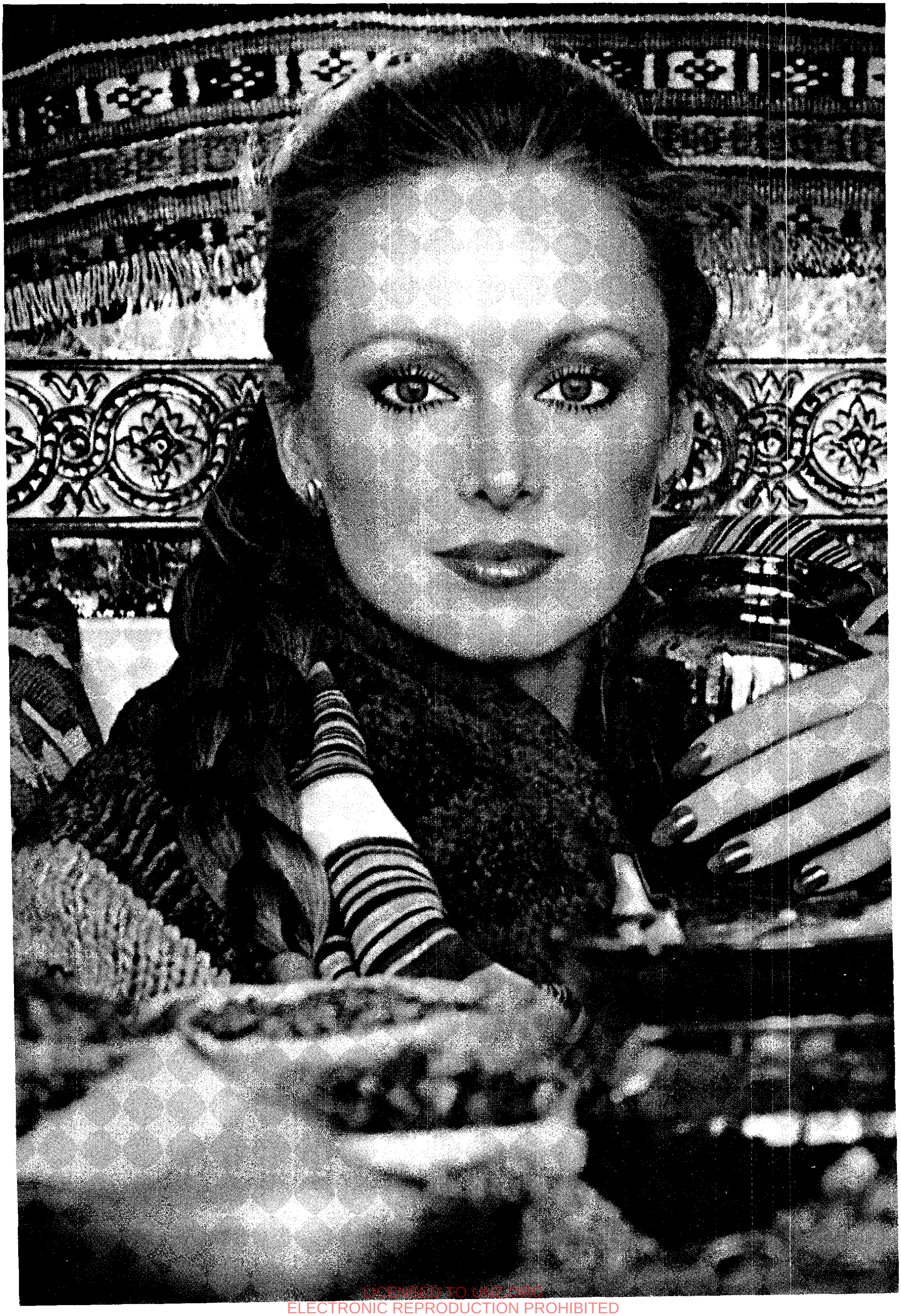

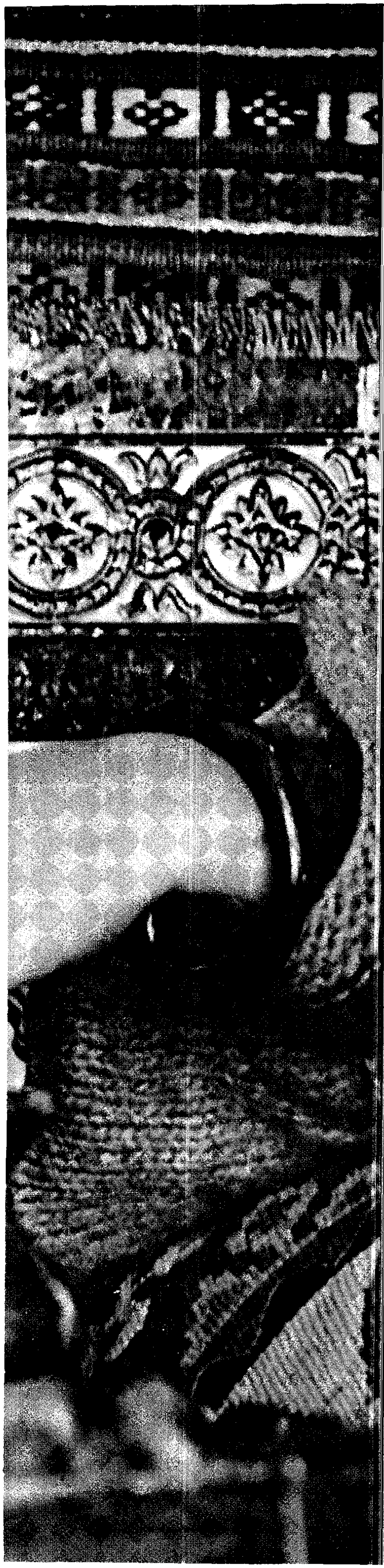

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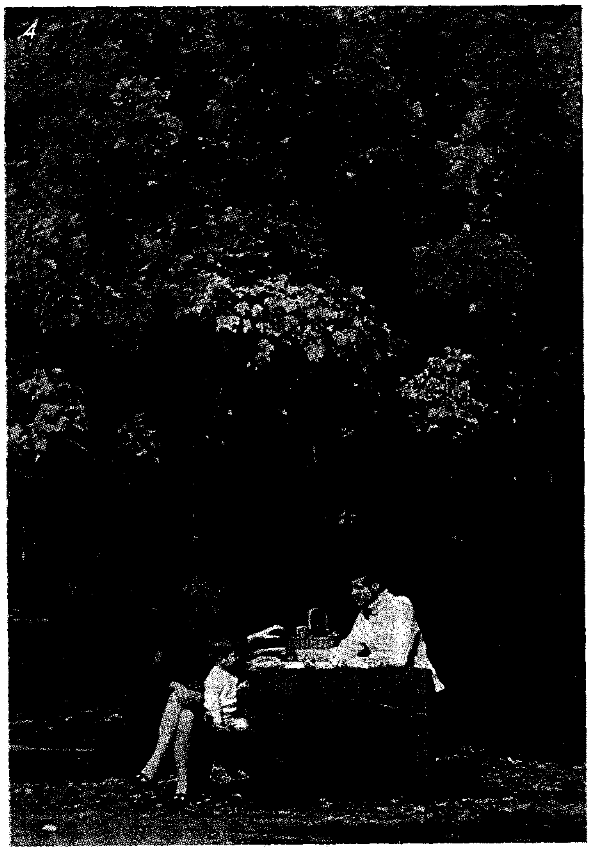
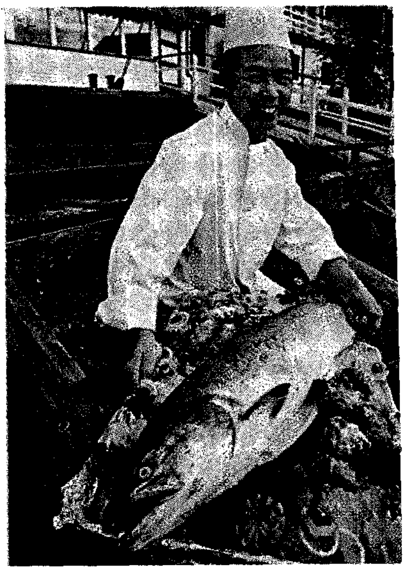


1. Grape Festival, St. Catharines, Ontario 2. Royal Winnipeg Ballet, Winnipeg, Manitoba 3. Cookout in Alberta 4. Outdoor picnic in the Gatineau Hills, of Québec 5. Seafood specialties of Vancouver, British Columbia 6. Mounties at Fort Battleford, Saskatchewan



include many men who fought with Vang Pao, the general who was backed by the C.I.A., during the "secret war" in Laos. Vang Pao himself has been resettled in Montana. Some of his former officers and men in the camps "pray for his return as a farmer prays for rain," in the words of one of them, but the chances of his being allowed back into Thailand under the circumstances are slim. (The new Lao Communist regime has nevertheless repeatedly charged that he is to be used in a plot of "the American and Thai reactionaries" to recapture Laos.) The leader of the Nong Khai Meo camp, Blia Ya Moua, who was an area commander under Vang Pao, with the rank of captain, was among a group of officers who started out with some sixteen thousand tribesmen from the area around Long Cheng—which used to be Vang Pao's headquarters—in late May of 1975, intending to move south toward Vientiane. The soldiers carried their American M-16s with them, he told me, and en route got into several firefights with the Pathet Lao. Ultimately, half of the group retreated northward, and the rest reached Vientiane and, throwing away their guns, crossed the Mekong in small boats that July and August.

In the center of the camp, as my interpreter and I moved along, rice was being distributed from two huge sacks to men, women, and children who had lined up to get their daily rations ladled into cups or bags. A distracted Meo woman was holding a discussion in the camp office with one of the officials. She had a son in Long Beach, California, who had found, through one of the voluntary agencies, a sponsor for her and a younger son so that they could join him, but she was holding back to wait for her husband, who had come out of Laos with her last January and then returned to fetch his parents. She hadn't heard from him since.

In contrast to the Nong Khai camps, which had been established in an arid, dusty spot, the camp at Loei, stretching over seven hundred acres, was verdant. Most of the families here had small plots on which to grow vegetables and rice, and were also raising some animals. This is one of the areas where the Meo may be allowed to stay permanently, though the problem of security was worrying the Thais, since the Communists had begun to use Loei as an infiltration route, and there had recently been fighting a few miles away. The Meo I spoke with here told me that they found the climate acceptable but that the soil was not too good; they felt they could make do, however, if they could get enough water through irrigation and if they were allowed to spread out more, in groups of three to five hundred families. Nevertheless, their first choice of a haven remained America, and their second one France, and they were eager to leave, because they all expected a war in Thailand. None of those I spoke with expected to return to their own country.

My interpreter, a twenty-six-year-old former English teacher, said, "I'm afraid if the Meo are dispersed all over the world, like gypsies, we won't survive. If the Communists had given us new land and integrated us, as they promised, we might have been able to stay in Laos, but they simply look on us as an ethnic minority, and they have never lived up to their promises in the past."

MY next stop was at Songkhla. There I talked with some of the Vietnamese boat people who had fled over the past several months in ancient fishing boats and were now congregated on the beach, in tents and in small tin-roofed huts they had built with the help of a Swedish Baptist missionary and his wife, Per and Ingmarie Hansson. The Hanssons had been in Songkhla for five years, and if it had not been for the food and financial assistance they had given the refugees, and for their mediation with local Thai officials, as well as for the moral support afforded by the American consulate, the Vietnamese would have had a hard time surviving—or, if they had survived, would probably have ended up in jail or been kept aboard their boats under heavy guard, since this was what had happened to about two hundred and fifty others who had arrived in Bangkok Harbor. At the time I went to Songkhla—accompanied by Richard Kocher, one of the former Peace Corps workers, and by a Dutch representative of U.N.H.C.R.—the status of the Songkhla boat people had been somewhat clarified, and about half of them had been accepted for entry into the United States, while a small number of the others would eventually go to France or to the Netherlands, Germany, or some other third country. But the situation of a good many remained precarious, and today, owing to the recent influx, the population of the camp stands at more than a thousand.

Trying to sort out the boat people

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and to determine their qualifications for entering the United States was especially difficult for Rosenblatt and his staff, I had been told, because the refugees represented a variegated segment of South Vietnamese society in the state of disintegration it had reached at the end of the war, and as they fled they almost invariably left without papers of any sort to show who they were and what sort of association, if any, they had had with the Americans. The sagas of their perilous voyages included violence and capture at sea; days of drifting about, when they ran out of fuel, food, and water; starvation and illness, births and deaths, and bitter conflicts over stolen valuables. There were nine boats on the shore at Songkhla when I was there. The largest of them was a former Communist-operated craft eighty feet long; the others averaged about twenty-five feet.

The big boat had arrived with ninety-two men, women, and children aboard, after a harrowing voyage during which three of the original group had drowned. This particular story began with the departure from Saigon, at five in the morning, of a group of forty-five—fishermen and small merchants and their families—in another boat, aboard which the women and children hid under flooring covered by fishnets to escape detection by the Bo Doi, the Communist soldier-police. After a six-hour trip down the Saigon River to Vung Tau, a wartime training center and resort town on the South China Sea, these people and another group of fifty who were already in Vung Tau bought two medium-sized deep-sea fishing boats. Together, the boats left Vung Tau at nine o'clock that night, with combined provisions of several hundred litres of gasoline, two hundred litres of water, a hundred kilos of rice, and a few bottles of *nuoc mam*, the fermented fish sauce the Vietnamese are so fond of; they had one large compass and an old American map of Southeast Asia. After two days and two nights, having managed to avoid Communist shore and sea patrols, they saw what they thought was a Thai fishing boat moving toward them. When this craft came closer, they discovered that it was a large fishing boat of the new Communist nationalized boat company. There were nine men aboard, seven of them fishermen and the others Communist cadremen armed with M-16 rifles and an M-79 grenade launcher. The Communists ordered the two smaller boats to surrender, took all ninety-five voyagers aboard, put towlines on the two escape vessels, and

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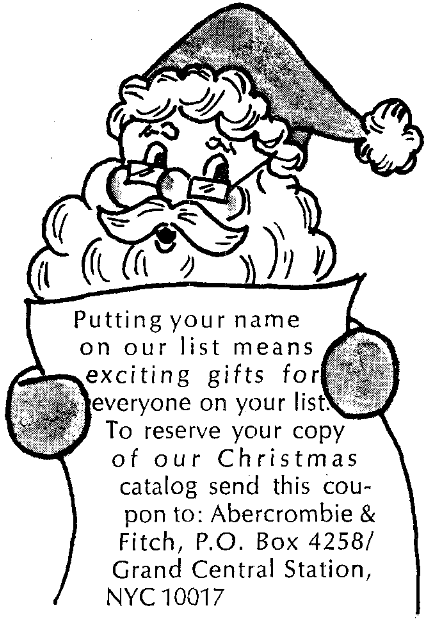

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headed back toward Rach Gia, a port in the Vietnamese Delta on the Gulf of Siam. At midnight, one of the big boat's fishermen, Hua Van Em, who was standing guard with one of the M-16s, quietly told Nguyen Van Dung, the captain of the original boat from Saigon, that he had wanted to escape since the fall of Vietnam but had been unable to. He handed his M-16 to Dung, who passed it to one of his aides, a young man named Nguyen Van Hoi, who knew how to handle the gun. Dung and Em arranged for a pretty nineteen-year-old refugee to strike up a conversation with the other armed man on guard—one of the Communist cadremen—in the stern of the boat. Hoi then ordered both Communists and the remaining fishermen to surrender. One of the fishermen joined Em and the refugees, but the rest came out with knives and sticks and started fighting. Hoi shot and killed the cadreman on guard and one of the fishermen. The second cadreman grappled with another of the young refugees, and both men went overboard, along with the second rifle, and drowned. During the fight, one of the two boats being towed, which two of the refugees were bailing to keep it afloat, was cut adrift by one of the Communists, and it presumably sank later, with the refugee pair. After an hour of battling, the four remaining fishermen jumped overboard and vanished in the waves. With the eighty-foot boat now in their possession, the refugees reversed course and, a week after they had set out, arrived in Narathiwat, in southern Thailand; there three of the refugees who had been wounded in the fighting were hospitalized. The police in Narathiwat gave the boat fresh fuel, water, rice, and charcoal and sent it on to Songkhla. Of the ninety-two refugees who survived, constituting eleven families, three families qualified for acceptance in the United States. Em, the fisherman who had joined the rebels, and his companion in arms were scheduled to go to France; Em told me he was leaving his wife and eight children behind in Rach Gia and would probably never see them again. "What else can I do?" he said.

WHILE one has to accept with reservations what one is told by some of the refugees, their accounts of what is happening today in Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos are so consistent that it is hard to doubt their basic authenticity. The Lao, the Meo, and the Vietnamese I had already spoken with had all complained of increasing regi-

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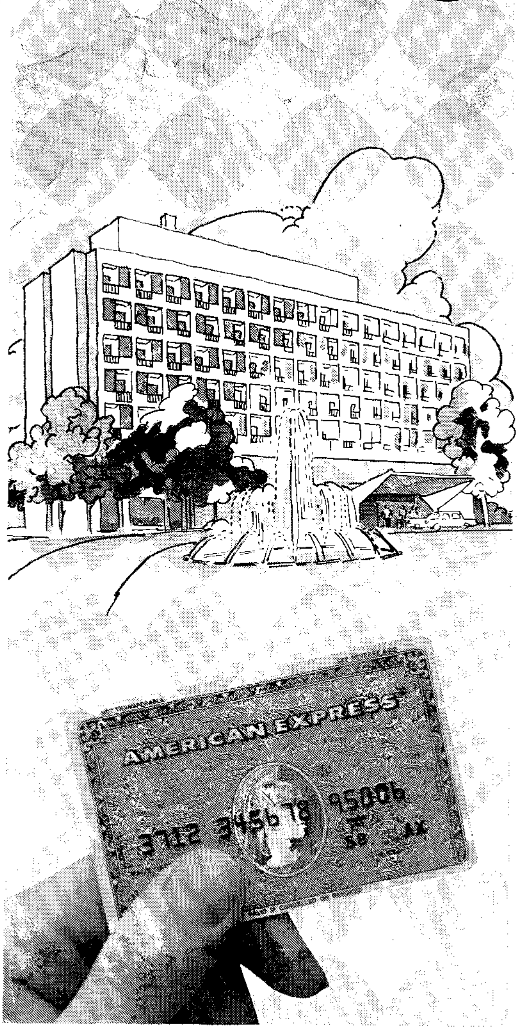

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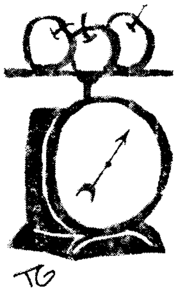
mentation as the new Communist governments started to consolidate their hold. Armed opposition was nevertheless continuing—especially in Laos, both along the Mekong border and in the Meo areas in the central and northern parts of the country—but the fighting was sporadic, and there seemed little chance that the resistance would become any better organized. In any event, the inability of the new Laotian government to function efficiently, even with Russian, Chinese, and Vietnamese help and advice, was alienating more and more of the people of Laos, whose lives were daily becoming more circumscribed as they were subjected to constant “reëducation” and to rigid new price controls and other regulations. In Vietnam, the boat people at Songkhla told me, much the same was true, except that the more efficient North Vietnamese, having gone slow in the first year of occupying the South, were now hastening the process of reëducation and regimentation; they had an estimated two hundred thousand people in reëducation centers, it was said, and increasing numbers were being moved out of Saigon either to their old villages or to new communities that are being built up in the old war-ravaged areas. Armed resistance, though it still flared up occasionally, was a diminishing factor. But unemployment, especially in Saigon and some of the other cities, was a growing problem, with shortages of electricity, and its rationing, exacerbating the difficulties.



Over the past few months, the boat people said, it had become harder and harder to move about without permission or orders, and escaping had also become harder, because the Communists had begun confiscating the larger fishing boats. It is for this reason that most of the more recent escapees have had to take their chances with smaller, less seaworthy boats, and that so many have drowned. The elaborate plans that most of the newer arrivals had made to get out attested to the increased difficulty of escaping. The leader of the Songkhla group, for example, whom I shall call Dinh Xuan Ly (his father is still in a reëducation camp, and he himself worked for the Americans for many years in Saigon), had arrived in mid-April with sixteen others, including his wife and three children. He had carefully waited a year to escape in order to win the confidence of the Communists. After telling them that he wanted to become a fisherman, because he did not have enough food for his family, he got permission for his wife to go to the island of Phu Quoc, ostensibly to buy black pepper, which is grown there, and other vegetables. While she was there, she made preliminary arrangements to buy a fishing boat, and Ly subsequently received permission to visit the island, completed the purchase, and got the former captain of the boat, a thirty-footer, to sail it to Rach Gia. After several more weeks, while Ly pretended to repair the boat, he rounded up those he was taking out with him, loaded the boat with fruit trees, which he told the local Communist officials he wanted to sell in Phu Quoc before starting to fish, and was given another pass. Once at sea, he headed for Phu Quoc but then changed course, and arrived at Pattani, fifty miles south of Songkhla, five days later, where he and his companions were robbed at gunpoint of some gasoline, a radio, clothes, and watches by Thai bandits, who have always been active in the south. The group continued to Songkhla the following day; in spite of their troubles with bandits, their flight, in comparison to that of the people in the big eighty-foot boat, had proved uneventful.

Of thirty-four families congregated on the beach at Songkhla when I was there, six were rich and twenty-eight were poor, Ly told me, and there was no love lost between them, for the rich ones, mostly Chinese, who held practically all the gold in the camp—about twenty-five out of thirty kilos (a kilo is worth approximately five thousand dollars)—had no intention of sharing it with the poor ones. To make matters worse, on several occasions some of the rich Chinese had arranged to go to a massage parlor in a nearby town, and this had alienated the small local Chinese Chamber of Commerce in Songkhla, which had given the first refugee arrivals some financial help. Certain Chinese case histories, and those of Vietnamese who had lived in Cholon, the Chinese section of Saigon, and had had connections with Chinese gangs, were among the more sordid ones, and Kocher told me he had been kept busy for three days eliminating from his list those whose eligibility to go to the States was questionable in the light of their conduct and character.

One lurid escape story I heard involved a group containing both Vietnamese and Chinese residents of Vietnam. Twelve people left Phan Thiet, a port northeast of Saigon, for Vung Tau, seventy-five miles down the coast. When they got there, they found they had missed connections with the wealthy Chinese purchaser of the boat they were on and with a score of others who had been scheduled to come along, including some former Army officers. The twelve then fought with each other about whether to go to Singapore or to Taiwan. They had hidden a large amount of gold aboard the boat, and they fought about that, too. The captain, who was sixty-three and had a scraggly beard and a lined face, which gave him a resemblance to the late Ho Chi Minh, was tied to the mast and beaten during the journey, because he wanted to turn back to Vietnam. The boat arrived in Singapore, was turned away, and went on to Malaysia, where the refugees were allowed to refuel and replenish their food and water, and it then continued to Pran Buri, a Thai port north of Songkhla. At Pran Buri, three of the twelve went ashore to seek information and assistance, and while they were in town the others cast off, leaving them there and carrying off the gold. The three castaways, who had been brought to Songkhla, believed that the others had decided to head for Taiwan, but nothing had been heard of them since. The three—a shifty Vietnamese-Chinese, the aged captain, and a Vietnamese fortune-teller—watched each other constantly. The only one that Kocher was interested in helping was the old man, who had a daughter in America, and who obviously still feared for his life—particularly since the Vietnamese-Chinese was the one who had tied and beaten him (on the orders of the ringleader who had organized the escape, the Vietnamese-Chinese claimed). After Kocher and I listened to their story, we agreed that what this whole affair suggested most was an unsavory spy ring, perhaps with Kuomintang connections, whose members had been trying to get out of Vietnam with as much money as possible. Kocher, who had spent ten years in a seminary and then four years in the Air Force before joining the Peace Corps, made a point that other Americans working on the refugee program, especially the Immigration and Naturalization Service officers, also made—that in accepting refugees one must distinguish legally between those who flee a country for legitimate political or personal reasons and those who do so purely or primarily to better themselves. The line is hard to draw sometimes, but in this case, except for the bewildered

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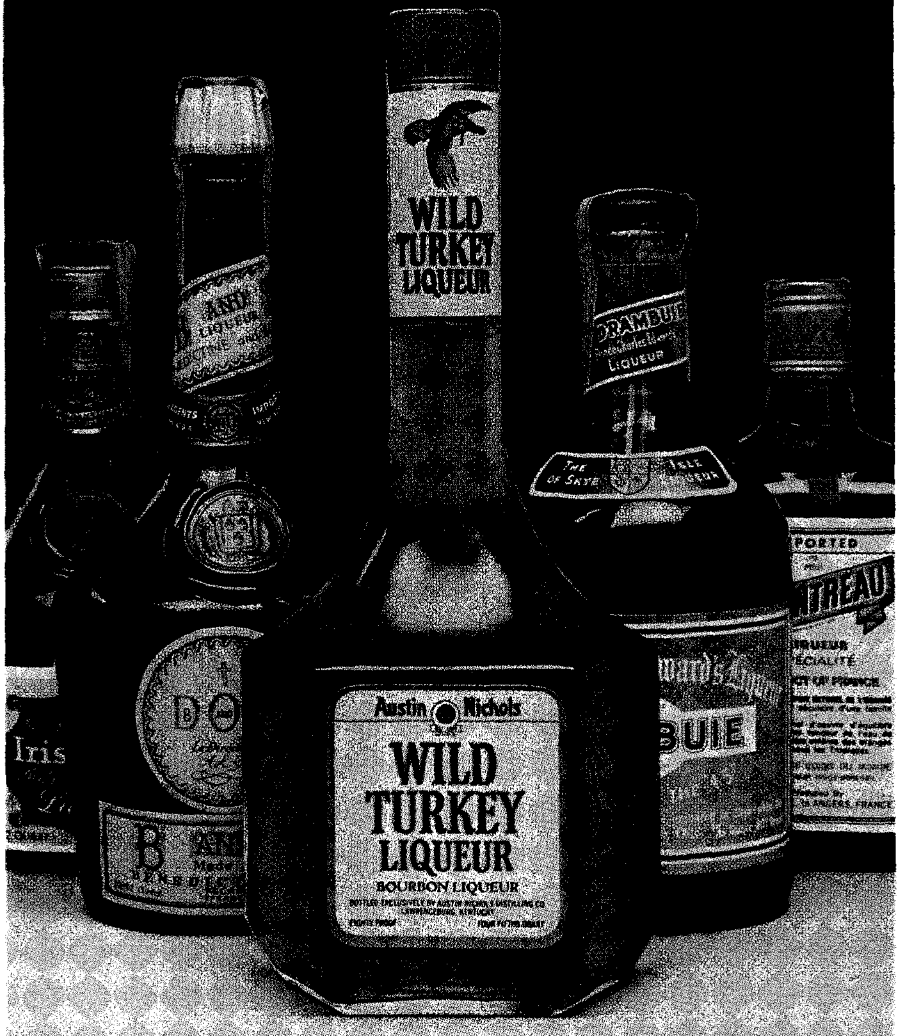

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and frightened old man, it seemed easy enough.

Many of the boat people at Songkhla had left their families behind, either because they had lost contact with them after the war or because their escapes had taken place under extraordinary circumstances that made separations and breakups unavoidable. One of the latter escapes was that achieved by a former battalion commander—I shall call him Pham Van Phu—who had been captured on the last day of the war at Phan Rang, on the coast, which was one of the few places where the South Vietnamese forces fought to the end. After being held prisoner for a week in Phan Rang, Phu was sent to a reëducation camp for five thousand officers in Nha Trang, fifty miles to the north, where he spent six months, cutting wood in the nearby forest by day and attending political-indoctrination lectures in the evening. With two companions, he eventually escaped into the forest, and hid there for five days before making his way, first with the two other men and then alone, by foot and Honda taxi, back to Phan Rang, where his wife and eight children—three sons and five daughters—were living. Hiding in the woods near the city, he got in touch with a farmer he knew, who arranged for the wife to meet Phu that night in the forest. He saw her for only half an hour. Since it was unsafe for him to return to his own village, he went to one nearby where a cousin lived, and asked the cousin to help him join up with a resistance group that he had heard was still holding out in the nearby hills. The cousin was unable to do so, and the captain then moved on to the house of an uncle, in another village, and tried in vain to make contact himself with the resistance fighters. While he was there, he met one of his former soldiers, who revealed that he and some student friends had an escape plan and that Phu could join them. Phu agreed, though he knew he would not be able to bring his family. Ten days later, on half an hour's notice, he was summoned after dark, climbed aboard an escape boat with twelve others, and left Vietnam around midnight. After three days, the boat ran out of food, gas, and water off the Thai coast. It drifted for two more days, and then the refugees were rescued by some friendly Thai fishermen, guided to Pattani, and sent on by the police to Songkhla. Of the thirteen men who had arrived on the boat, the United States had accepted eleven, and U.N.H.C.R. was trying to take care

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of the two others. When I asked Phu if he was sorry he had left the reeducation camp, he said that he hadn't known that things would turn out as they did but that he had felt he would never have been allowed by the Communists to rejoin his family anyway, and that fighting with the resistance had seemed the only solution at the time. When he got to America, he told me, he would write to his uncle, using an assumed name, so that his wife would know he was safe, but he was among the many refugees I spoke with who said they had no expectation of ever seeing their families again.

NOT all the refugees gave up hope. One wealthy Chinese from Cholon had been evacuated by the Americans to Guam at the end of the war and had joined his brother in Brooklyn. He had come out with ten kilos of gold, and after two months in America he had flown back to Bangkok, had managed to return to Vietnam on a fishing boat, and had spent eight months there arranging to buy another boat and, with the help of bribes of gold, to get out again with his wife and three children and twelve cousins and in-laws. On the way to Thailand, they picked up five other refugees from a boat that was in trouble. Of the total of twenty-two, seventeen have been accepted by the United States; the Chinese managed to get almost all of his family in except for a few of his cousins. Others tried to make similar rescues of their families and were not so lucky. One man I spoke with had got out to Singapore at the end of the war, with a Singapore passport. After much difficult bargaining, he arranged to go to Vietnam aboard a coastal trading vessel, and he got word to his wife and children and his father that he would meet them at a designated point on the shore at Rach Gia at a certain time. The ship dropped anchor two hundred yards offshore, and he saw his family waiting and waving, but just as he was about to send a small boat in to get them the Bo Doi appeared and whisked them all away. That was the last he saw of them, and after two more days the ship returned to Singapore. "I don't think I'll get another chance," he said, "but I won't give up."

The camp on the Songkhla beach, with the sea breezes wafting in at night, was somewhat more pleasant than the other refugee camps I visited. Between the trees, and in the open-sided huts that the Hanssons' mission had helped provide, the refugees had slung hammocks, and they had built an improvised shower, drawing water from a nearby main. Each Friday, the Hanssons distributed milk, eggs, fruit, and vegetables, and some of the refugees were able to buy fish and meat in the town, selling equipment from their boats to raise money. The Hanssons had also managed to find an old Ping-Pong table, and the young Vietnamese played Ping-Pong fiercely, even in the hot sun. Yet a mood of uncertainty pervaded that camp, as in all the others, and there was considerable tension between those who had been told that they could go to America and those whose future remained in doubt. During the days I was there, the Dutch Ambassador to Thailand, Franz Van Dongen, was visiting the camp and trying to arrange for some of the refugees to go to the Netherlands, and his presence served to hearten the people who still didn't know what was to become of them. Van Dongen, who is married to a Vietnamese, was especially concerned about the boat people, and he was incensed after a visit to the Songkhla governor, who told him and the U.N.H.C.R. Dutch representative that the Thai government owed him ninety thousand baht, or about forty-five hundred dollars, out of the U.N.H.C.R.-donated funds for "caring for the refugees" for the past month, when in fact, as Van Dongen later ascertained, the Thai administrator hadn't spent a cent. This attitude was not shared by all the provincial governors, however, some of whom had borrowed money from their road funds and from other sources to buy supplies for the refugees. As for other Thais in official positions, corruption was to be found among the police, who "charged" the refugees for permission to go in to town, and among various others, such as a plump immigration officer in a resplendent white uniform with gold epaulets who had exacted several thousand dollars in tribute from the refugees by threatening to order them all back to sea in their boats.

OF all the refugees in Thailand, the Cambodians, of whom there were about eighteen thousand when I was there, had the most harrowing stories to tell. After my trip to Songkhla, I spoke with more than a score of them at transit camps in Bangkok and at a camp in Aranyaprathet, on the Thai side of the Cambodian border—one of five camps for Cambodian refugees, this one sheltering nearly four thousand. Far less is known about what has happened in Cambodia (which was officially rechristened Democratic Kampuchea

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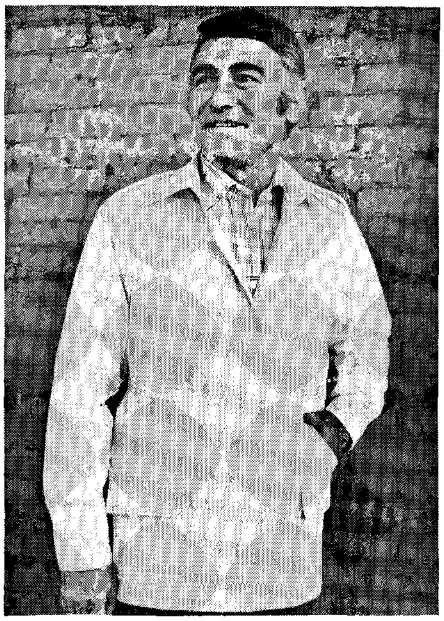

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shortly after the takeover) in the last couple of years than is known about what has happened in Vietnam and Laos, but there can be no doubt that the postwar upheaval has been far more cataclysmic there than in the two other nations. There are varying estimates of the number of people who have been killed or who have starved or died of disease as a result of the forced marches by between a third and a half of the eight million population from the cities to the countryside and from one rural area to another, but the figures range from half a million to three million, and most observers, including diplomats, now believe that the total is at least a million, including two hundred thousand executed. The bloodbath in Cambodia—for that is what it has been—surprised many people in the West as well as Asians, for some such event had been expected to occur in Vietnam, if anywhere, and the Khmer had generally been thought of as gentle people who, having been innocent, if major, victims of the war, simply wanted to be left alone to preserve what remained of their once glorious Khmer Empire. However, another, less widely publicized view was expressed all along, to the effect that beneath their calm exteriors the Khmer had always harbored a streak of cruelty and vengeance both toward their own countrymen and toward others—especially the Vietnamese, whom they have traditionally feared and fought. Then, once the Khmer Rouge had captured the country, it became apparent that they were determined to wipe out all vestiges of the preceding regime of President Lon Nol and his pro-American cohorts; indeed, most of those killed have been former soldiers and bureaucrats, teachers, students, and intellectuals, along with practically anyone else who had anything to do with the old regime—even merchants. The new leaders—of whom, except for Khieu Samphan, the Head of State, and Ieng Sary, the Deputy Prime Minister for Foreign Affairs, very little is known—have not admitted the killings but have nonetheless made it clear that they want to "cleanse the ranks of the people" of supporters of the old regime and build an entirely new, independent, self-reliant Cambodia, with agriculture as its base and a modest industrial structure superimposed. As for Prince Sihanouk, the hereditary ruler, who on several occasions expressed fear that once the war was over he would be killed by the Communists, false rumors of his death have been heard from time to time, but actually he is still in the palace

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in Phnom Penh, with his movements restricted.

One of the first Cambodians I spoke with was a tall, good-looking twenty-five-year-old former first lieutenant in the Air Force named Ky San Bonny, who escaped in mid-June of 1976 and, after spending two weeks in a Thai jail on the border, was rescued by Rosenblatt and one of his former Peace Corps workers, Bertha Romero, who persuaded the provincial governor to release Bonny in their custody, because there was a good chance he might be able to go to America. He had been given Air Force training in the United States and Vietnam, and at the end of the war he was at Pochentong Airport, in Phnom Penh. The day after Phnom Penh fell to the Communists, he was dispatched on foot with other members of his unit to Kandal Province, in the western part of the country, and there, for seven months, he worked in the rice fields from six to eleven in the morning and from one to five in the afternoon, and then, after a short break for dinner, had to attend political lectures all evening. In Cambodia, as opposed to Laos and Vietnam, such political indoctrination has apparently been quite rare, being confined to a few former officers and intellectuals, whom the new rulers, for reasons known only to themselves, decided not to eliminate—or, at least, not immediately. During those seven months, Bonny, still accompanied by some old Air Force comrades, was moved about from village to village with groups of a hundred or less, living mostly on rice gruel, with occasional salt and a few vegetables but no meat or fish. From time to time, he worked on small dams, which the new regime is building all around the country for irrigation, in order to increase the rice supply. He told me that approximately a quarter of those in the groups he travelled with died from starvation or illness and that a total of about fifteen per cent of the former officers gradually disappeared at night; he presumed they were taken off and shot by "the red men," he said, referring to the Khmer Rouge. He added that he regularly saw clusters of what he and his fellow-marchers called "ghost skeletons" in roadside ditches and on the banks of rivers and streams. In November, 1975, he was moved to Battambang Province, which is adjacent to Thailand, and which the Communists refer to as "the new frontier for workers." Here the single men and the single women were separated, and the men received extra indoctrination at night and sometimes at noon as

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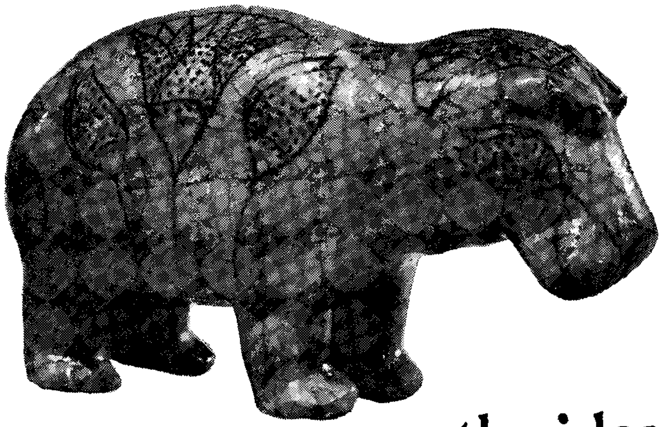
well. Bonny had studied law and economics part time while he was in Phnom Penh, but, not wanting to be categorized as an intellectual, he carefully avoided mentioning this in an autobiography he was ordered to prepare, and simply said he was willing to work at anything the Khmer Rouge wanted him to. He thinks that this probably helped save his life. Nevertheless, he was imprisoned for three months in Battambang, being released during the day to rebuild houses in the villages nearby and to prepare vegetable gardens. Then he was released from prison and transported as one of a group of ten to another village, where he first lived in a pagoda with a group of three hundred, and later, as a member of a smaller work group, in a hut by himself. On June 5th, wearing a black pajamalike work suit similar to the suits worn by Khmer Rouge soldiers, he managed to escape from his hut at night and, with two companions, slipped off into the jungle. He had a flask of water and enough dried rice to last him a week. The three moved through the jungle by day, slept on the ground at night, and climbed trees at dawn to gauge their position. As they were crossing a river a week after their departure, they ran into a Khmer Rouge patrol; they managed to elude it, but in the process Bonny became separated from his two companions, and thereafter he travelled alone. Following two days of this, as he was moving down a narrow trail a Khmer Rouge soldier shot at him but missed. The next day, Bonny reached a village he thought was Thai, but upon approaching a house he saw ten Khmer Rouge soldiers tending a cooking pot, so he ran off into the jungle again. Finally, on the eleventh day, he came across a cement marker that he assumed was a border stone, and soon afterward he heard Thai voices. Approaching the hut of a peasant family, he identified himself, and was taken to the house of the village chief, where he slept that night before being turned over to the district police. From jail, he wrote a letter to Bertha Romero, whose name he had found on a bulletin board there, and, to his surprise, he was released a few days later and brought by bus to the Bangkok transit center. He qualified under the category of refugees who had worked with the Americans, and he was quickly processed. Today, he is somewhere in the United States.

WHILE I was talking with Lieutenant Bonny in the transit camp, Miss Romero was waiting for a bus to arrive from one of the Cambodian camps with a special passenger, a four-year-old boy named Mao Poch. His father and mother had been separated several months before the war ended, and the mother had gone to Korea and then to America, to live with relatives in Arlington, Virginia. Mao Poch and his father escaped to Thailand at the war's end, but the father, leaving the boy with a stepuncle, went back to Cambodia to try to get some of his relatives out and was killed during his second escape effort. The stepuncle wanted to keep Mao Poch, but his mother wanted him to join her in America and so notified the refugee office in Bangkok. After finding the boy, and persuading the stepuncle to let him go, Miss Romero arranged for him to be escorted to Bangkok. When he arrived, a thin little boy, small for his age, who was more awed than frightened by all the strange things that were happening to him, Miss Romero took him to her own house, where she and another of the former Peace Corps members, Carol Leviton, fed and clothed him. They kept him for several days, after which he was placed under the jurisdiction of the Intergovernmental Committee for European Migration. Mao Poch was allowed to join his mother; his case had been fairly complicated, and if it were not for Miss Romero's concern he might still be in Thailand. All the former Peace Corps workers in the refugee program at the time—seven of them were women and seven were men—became personally concerned with such individual cases as Mao Poch's, and, indeed, deeply involved emotionally with the whole refugee program. Most of them had been putting in twelve- or fourteen-hour days, regularly visiting the camps by daylight and handling the intricate red tape at night. As in the case of Miss Romero and Mao Poch, they spent much of their time tracking people down. Then they usually had to interview refugees, often for several hours, to determine whether their backgrounds or family relationships (nearly always complicated) qualified them to go to the United States. One of the workers, Leila Webster, told me, "We didn't know what we were getting into at first, but now we're all committed. The people we're dealing with are so close to the pieces of paper we hold in our hands—they're right there in the camps, not thousands of miles away—that all the hard work and headaches seem worthwhile."

The camp for Cambodian refugees at Aranyaprathet proved to be about as dilapidated and crowded as the Meo camp I had seen at Nong Khai, and I found more tension here than anywhere else. There had been several incidents of Khmer Rouge spies' slipping into the camp, which resulted in harassment and threats, and all this had engendered mutual suspicion among the refugees. I found myself personally involved when I asked to talk with the two most recent arrivals in the camp. They turned out to be a seventeen-year-old boy and a youth in his early twenties who came from the same village in Battambang Province and were both former students. They related stories similar to Lieutenant Bonny's, of having been sent on foot from one village to another at the end of the war, to work strenuously in the fields—except that, unlike him, they had received no indoctrination lectures but had been forced to work at night also. Both said, too, that they had seen many skeletons along the roads and in the rivers, and that they had noticed that from time to time members of the ten-man groups they had been laboring with disappeared, and had assumed they were taken away to be shot; they corroborated what a number of other refugees had said—that officials in charge would order selected members of work brigades to climb into trucks to be taken to "meet Prince Sihanouk" at some nearby village, and that this was the last they saw or heard of those members. After I had spent an hour talking to these two in the center of the camp, surrounded by a dozen curious refugees, both disappeared, and this set off an uproar, in which they were proclaimed to be "Khmer Rouge agents." As it turned out, the younger of the two had simply gone down to the river to take a bath; he returned two hours later. The other, however—who, unlike the first, was wearing a Khmer Rouge-type black suit—had come under some suspicion when he first arrived in the camp, a few days before, because of what some of the refugees had regarded as conflicting stories of where he had come from and what he had done. When he reappeared after



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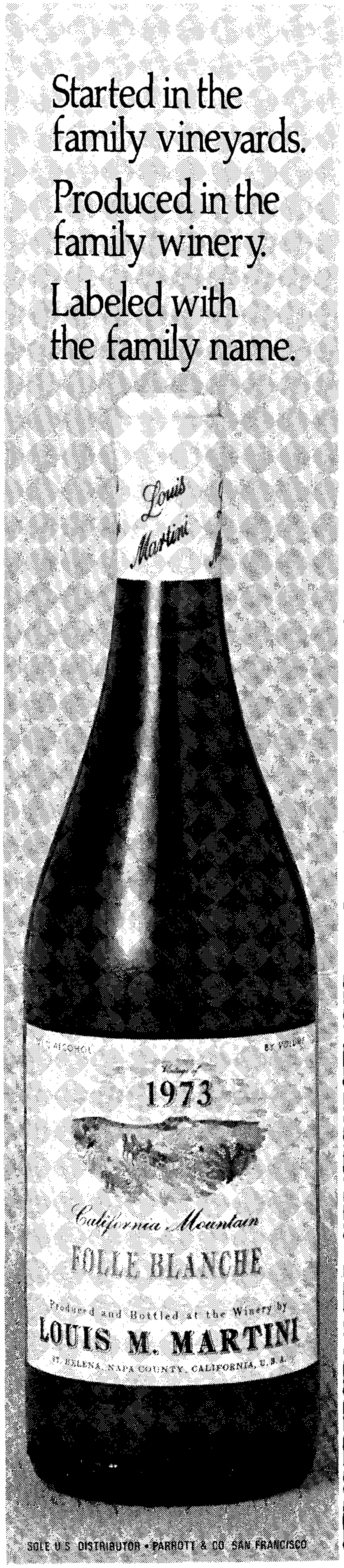
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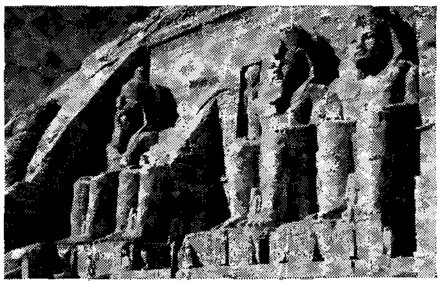
an hour or so—he had merely gone into a friend's hut to lie down—he was at once surrounded by a score or more of the refugees, who threatened to attack him, and the Thai police chief at the camp thereupon took him to a reception hut for his own protection. After questioning him and checking his answers with what he had told me, the police were satisfied that the man was a bona-fide refugee, but to insure his safety they confined him to a small room at the rear of the camp office.

Many of the children at the Aranyaprathet camp, and some of the older refugees as well, wore T-shirts with "Way of Life" or "Jesus Cares" inscribed on them, which had been given them by one of the dozen religious and charitable organizations engaged in assisting the refugees throughout Thailand with donations of food, medicines, blankets, clothing, mosquito nets, pots and pans, tin and plastic roofing, and other necessities. These organizations, which had joined forces in a Committee for Co-ordination of Services to Displaced Persons in Thailand, had collectively raised more than three and a half million dollars over the past year, according to Andrew Bishop, of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, the committee's chairman. The various mission and civic groups had begun functioning before U.N.H.C.R. formulated its program of relief for refugees in Thailand. Not all the T-shirts I saw at Aranyaprathet had religious motifs. One woman in her late seventies, who was related to In Tam, a former Cambodian Prime Minister who is now in Paris, was living in part of a crowded tin-roof longhouse with ten other relatives of In Tam, and she was wearing a rock-and-roll shirt inscribed with the titles of various record albums and such names as "Grand Funk Railroad;" with it she wore a bright purple-and-yellow sarong. The few teeth she still had were stained dark brown from betel nut. All of In Tam's brood were hoping to join him eventually in France. The Cambodians who spoke some French stood a better chance of obtaining sanctuary there than in the United States, but as a group the Cambodians were proving harder to resettle than the Vietnamese and the Lao, so a higher proportion of them, as of the Meo, will probably have to stay in Thailand. In the early days of their exile, a number of homesick Cambodian refugees had applied to return to their own country, but, I was told, two groups, one of a hundred and forty-seven and the other of eighty-nine, actually had returned and, except



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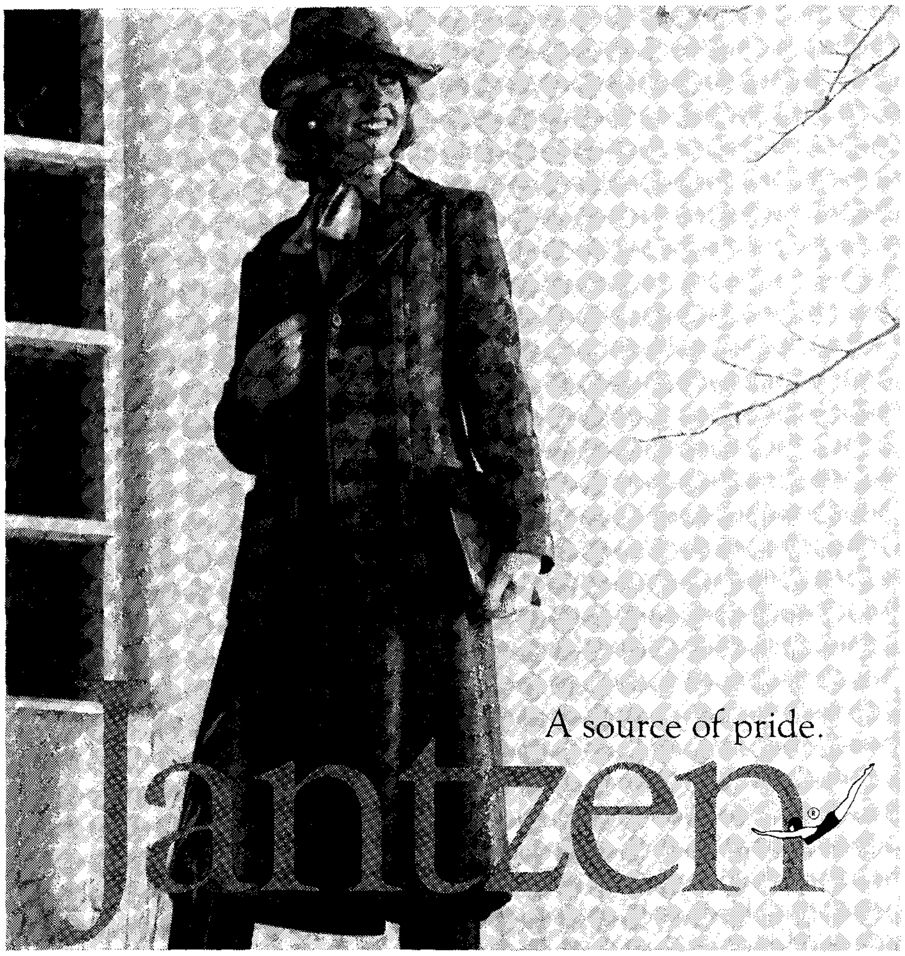
for three who had managed to get back to Thailand and report the others' fate, had all been killed. Last November, twenty-six Cambodian refugees were forcibly repatriated by a local Thai official, and all of them were reported by new refugees to have been executed. Generally, the Thais have carefully followed international law, and have not forced any refugees to return to their countries of origin. Ieng Sary, Cambodia's Deputy Prime Minister for Foreign Affairs, had held two meetings with Thai Foreign Ministry officials, and the possibility of having U.N.H.C.R. assist in the repatriation of returning refugees was discussed, but nothing came of this, and despite the resumption of diplomatic relations between Thailand and Cambodia, the reports of the massacres and of the harsh regimentation imposed by the new rulers were scarcely calculated to persuade more refugees to return voluntarily. At the time of my visit, no exchange of ambassadors had yet taken place, but plans were being made to open a few border posts for trade—including one at Poipet, a mile from Aranyaprathet, where a considerable amount of smuggling was then going on, with Thais wading across the shallow river with gasoline in plastic bags to sell to the Cambodians. Since then, however, because of a series of raids by Khmer Rouge soldiers who crossed the border, killed Thai peasants, and fought skirmishes with Thai soldiers, the border points have been closed and relations between Thailand and Cambodia have grown worse.

While I was in Aranyaprathet, I spoke with one of the Cambodian resistance leaders, whom I met outside the camp, in a small house down an alley in the town. He was suffering from malaria, as many of the refugees were, but he was still making periodic trips into Cambodia as a liaison man with small groups of resistance agents there, who were mostly gathering intelligence, he said, rather than fighting. "We are not strong enough yet to engage in combat activities, though we have killed a number of Khmer Rouge soldiers when we have come in contact with them," he went on. "Right now, we don't have more than three hundred and fifty in the resistance, and we operate out of four or five different places in Thailand, near the refugee camps. We are still poorly organized and lack guns and money, but we're hoping to raise funds in France." He told me he had been back into Cambodia a dozen times, accompanied on each occasion by a group of ten or twelve new resistance



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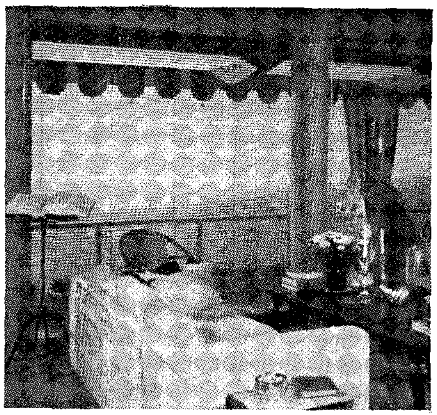

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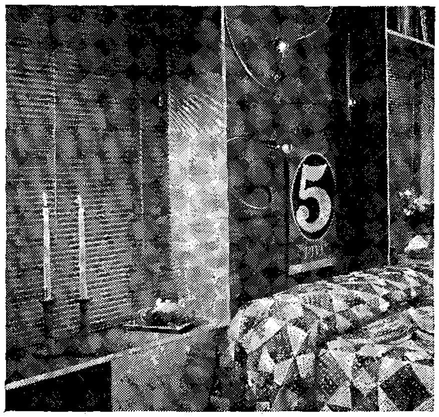

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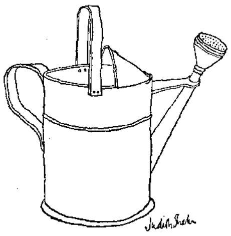
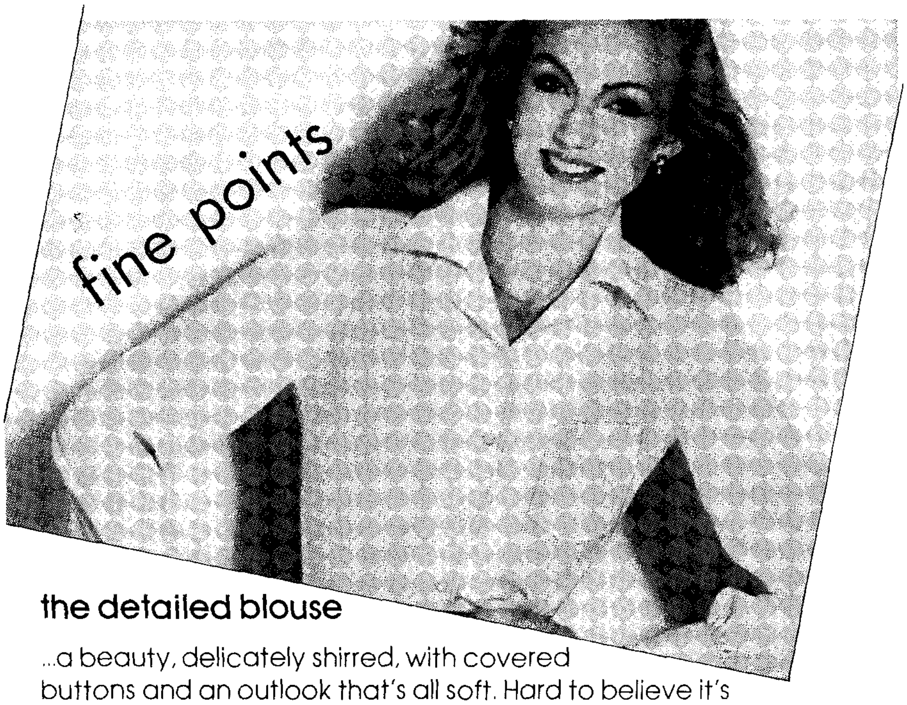
fighters, whom he took to rendezvous points with guerrillas already in the country, and had returned with whatever intelligence he could gather, most of which, he said, further corroborated the fact that killings were still going on and that people were still starving and dying from disease. “It will take us at least two years to coördinate our efforts,” he said, and he added that he was debating whether to accept an offer by the Americans to send him to the United States, so that he could recover his health. The Americans at the Embassy in Bangkok declare that the United States is doing nothing to encourage the resistance movements in Cambodia, Laos, and Vietnam, and I have found no reason to doubt their word. One of them explained, “We have nothing to gain from stirring the pot in Indo-China. It's finished, and the sooner we can come to terms with the new regimes the better it will be for all concerned.” At the moment, the United States maintains an embassy of about a dozen people in Laos, but it has no contact at all with Cambodia, and, as for Vietnam, though talks have been held with the Vietnamese in Paris, and though an American diplomatic team and some trade and banking representatives have visited Hanoi, no formal relations have yet been established with that country.



THE refugees who lead the most precarious, if also perhaps the most comfortable, lives are the illegals—estimated at fifteen to twenty-five thousand—who have managed to sneak into Thailand, evade the police, and keep out of both jail and the camps. Most of them are working as farm laborers in the north and northeast, but several thousand are living underground in Bangkok and other cities, where they are hiding out with friends or have found quarters of their own and obtained jobs, at wages amounting to a half or two-thirds of what most Thai workers earn. Under the Expanded Parole Program, the United States did not exclude the illegals from eligibility for immigration if they registered with us and were qualified to receive alien numbers. When the time came for them to leave, we condoned what amounted to a modern version of the Underground Railroad to take them directly to the airport, with I.C.E.M. picking them up by bus at designated points in the city—often sympathetic churches or temples—and thereby enabling them to skip the usual several days' stay in the Bangkok transit centers.

In Bangkok, I spent most of a morning with Richard Kocher tracking down one illegal Cambodian family I had heard of, and we finally found them on the third floor of a small Buddhist temple, surrounded by spare altars and incense burners. The family consisted of a mother and six boys or young men, two of whom were her sons and the four youngest her stepsons; the father of the four, her second husband, had died in Cambodia two years earlier. The family, of mixed Chinese-Cambodian blood, were originally from Phnom Penh, where the older son, who was now thirty-six, had been a mechanic; the other had been in the Army, and one stepson had been a driver of a produce truck. When rockets started hitting the capital, early in 1975, they had moved to Battambang, where they had a small vegetable farm, and then, preparing for the end, to Poipet, so in April, 1975, they had no trouble crossing the bridge to Aranyaprathet, where they lived with friends in the market area for seven months before boarding a bus for Bangkok. By answering an advertisement in a newspaper, four of the young men obtained work as cutters and designers in a textile factory ten miles outside the city; they slept in the factory during the week and returned to the temple on weekends. As illegals, they were being paid three hundred baht, or fourteen dollars, a month, for work that brought Thai employees a thousand or two thousand baht. Before leaving Aranyaprathet, they had registered with the Americans at the camp—a procedure that was made easy, because the registration center was in a pagoda outside the camp gates. The four stepsons had been cleared to go to the United States, where they had a sister, but their stepmother was desperately afraid of being sent back to Cambodia, and she burst out crying while we were talking with her. After assuring her that she could not be forced to return against her will, Kocher suggested she and her two sons apply to the French Embassy, which had just begun a new screening operation for refugees. Since the end of the war, the French have accepted approximately twenty thousand of the refugees in Thailand, and when I was there they had just sent out two Foreign Ministry officials to visit the various camps and ascertain what skills those refugees had who were able to speak French; mechanics were among those that the French were willing to take. On the basis of this new program, the French intended to take between eight hundred and a thousand refugees a month.

In the past few months, following the military takeover and the establishment of a new right-wing regime, which espouses a tougher anti-Communist policy internally while trying to maintain relations with the Communist regimes in Laos, Cambodia, and Vietnam, the Thai government has begun to face up to the problem of the refugees. In a talk I had with Damrong Sunthornsaratoon, the Deputy Under-Secretary of the Interior, who is in charge of the displaced-persons bureau, he said that the government still hoped that some of the refugees would eventually be willing to return home but that plans had now been submitted to the Thai National Security Council for resettling most of them in Thailand. Canada, Germany, the Netherlands, Belgium, Italy, Norway, Austria, Australia, and Great Britain are among thirty-odd nations that over the past year have accepted anywhere from a dozen to five or six hundred of the second-wave refugees, but the total has lagged behind the thousand or more a month who keep coming across the porous borders of Thailand or have been willing to risk the dangerous voyage by boat from Vietnam during the monsoon months. Damrong, a gentle bureaucrat of the old school, was himself sympathetic with the plight of the refugees, but he stressed the difficulties of handling their resettlement, which arise from the opposition of many Thai politicians—especially those from the north and the northeast, where the social and economic conditions of the Thai farmers are scarcely better than those of the refugees themselves. Last September, the Thai government asked the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees for more money, to help create new communities in remote places, and there was some discussion about setting aside a hundred and twenty-five square miles in the northeast province of Ubon Ratchathani for this purpose. Also, this August the Thai government announced a new program that could be the first step toward permanent resettlement: it will take full responsibility for the care of what it calls a "new category" of refugees, to be made up of highly skilled and educated persons who have fled for political reasons rather than to find a better life. The program appears to be a response



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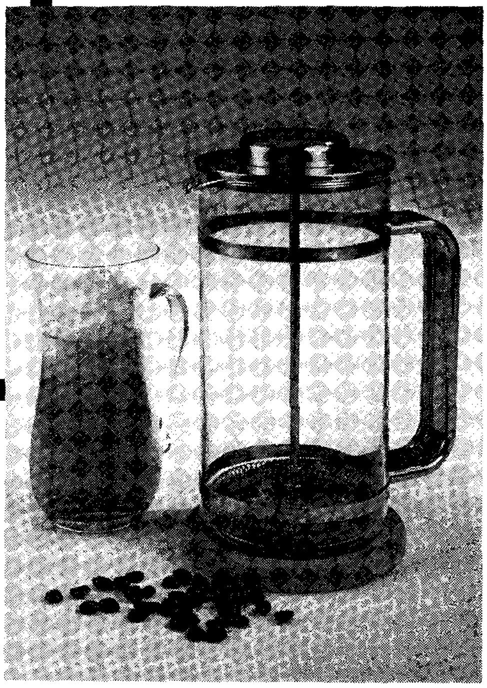

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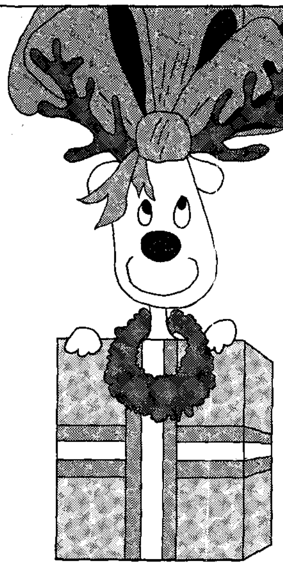
to the practice of other countries, which take the cream of the crop, leaving the unskilled and uneducated in Thailand.

THE plight of the Indo-China refugees is a small part of what has become in the decades since the Second World War the continuing tragic phenomenon of millions of people uprooted all over the world in military and political upheavals over which they have no control and to which there seems no end. Each situation has been different, and each has presented problems that have challenged the consciences and taxed the ingenuity of many people, whose own existence and sense of dedication have, in the face of apathy and neglect, been undermined or threatened by a worldwide mood of despair and impotence. One man who has dedicated most of his life to the problems of refugees but has not despaired, and without whom the situation in Thailand would not have been ameliorated as much as it has, is Albert Corcos, who is now sixty-seven, and whose experience dates back to the end of the Second World War. After a brief period in the French Resistance following an escape from compulsory labor in a rubber factory run by the Germans, Corcos, at the end of the war, worked for the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, supervising refugee centers in Germany, and later for the International Refugee Organization, helping to resettle people. In 1952, when the Intergovernmental Committee for European Migration was formed, he joined its Geneva headquarters, and later he took charge of its refugee programs in Latin America. Corcos "retired" twice, in 1969 and in 1974, returning the first time as a regional coördinator for I.C.E.M.'s activities in South America, and again in July, 1975, when he was asked to go to Bangkok to help relocate the first several thousand second-wave Indo-China refugees. When the Expanded Parole Program was initiated, Rosenblatt persuaded him to stay on to handle the movement of eligible refugees onto planes for America. I.C.E.M. has completed this job under an eight-million-dollar contract with the United States government, and Corcos has now retired for what he says is "the absolute last time," and has returned to his home in Brittany, where he is an ardent yachtsman. But now that the United States has accepted fifteen thousand more refugees, Corcos may well show up again. "After a quarter of a century, I'm still as deeply committed to helping refugees as I was when I



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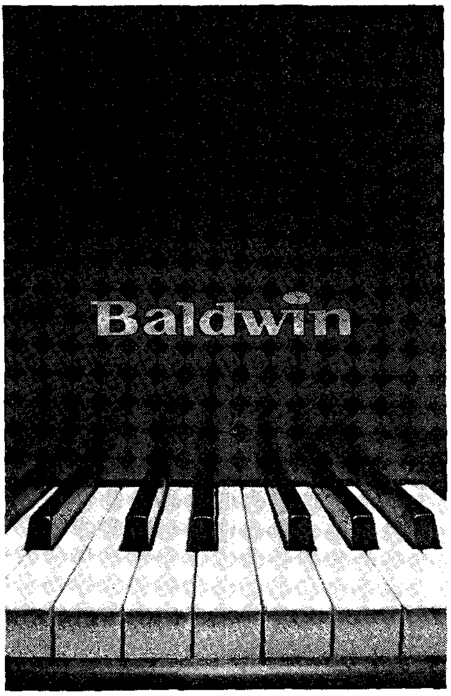

Ursula Oppens' Accompanist

started out in Europe," he told me shortly before he set out for Brittany. "In many respects, the situation here in Thailand has been easier to handle than others, because the factor of high political danger hasn't existed—as it did in Chile, for example, where people were threatened with death and we had to smuggle them out of embassies where they had taken sanctuary."

Organizations like I.C.E.M. and U.N.H.C.R. are above politics, in that they remain dedicated to helping refugees of any political persuasion, so I was not surprised, when I stopped off in Geneva after leaving Bangkok, to hear Prince Sadruddin Aga Khan, the urbane Iranian who for the past eleven years has been the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees, make the same point about Chile in today's entirely different, post-Allende context. "It would be wrong to say that the Indo-China refugee program in Thailand has been routine," he said, "because nothing is routine in dealing with refugees, but we have to spend more time and effort handling the cases of the ten thousand refugees from the new regime in Chile who are registered with us in Argentina today and have been threatened by death squads."

The office of the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees was established in 1951, with a budget of three hundred thousand dollars. One of its initial tasks was to care for the displaced persons in the refugee camps in Europe. In 1975, with a budget of eighty-six million dollars and a staff of four hundred and fifty-three, in fifty field offices around the world—including the Bangkok office, which was set up specially to handle the Indo-China situation—U.N.H.C.R. rendered assistance to nearly two and a half million refugees, mostly in Africa and Latin America. In 1976, the figure rose to four million, and the Prince told me that, chiefly because of the disruption caused by the war in Angola and by the dislocation of large numbers of people elsewhere in Africa, he had asked the U.N. member nations for contributions well above U.N.H.C.R.'s own ninety-one-million-dollar budget for that year. "The saga of the refugees has changed tremendously in the past decade," he said. "During the Bangladesh war, in 1971, for example, we had to deal with ten million people who fled from what was then East Pakistan to India, and then, when that war ended, we had to help get all ten million back to Bangladesh. The problem is no longer Eurocentric but worldwide, and much of our work

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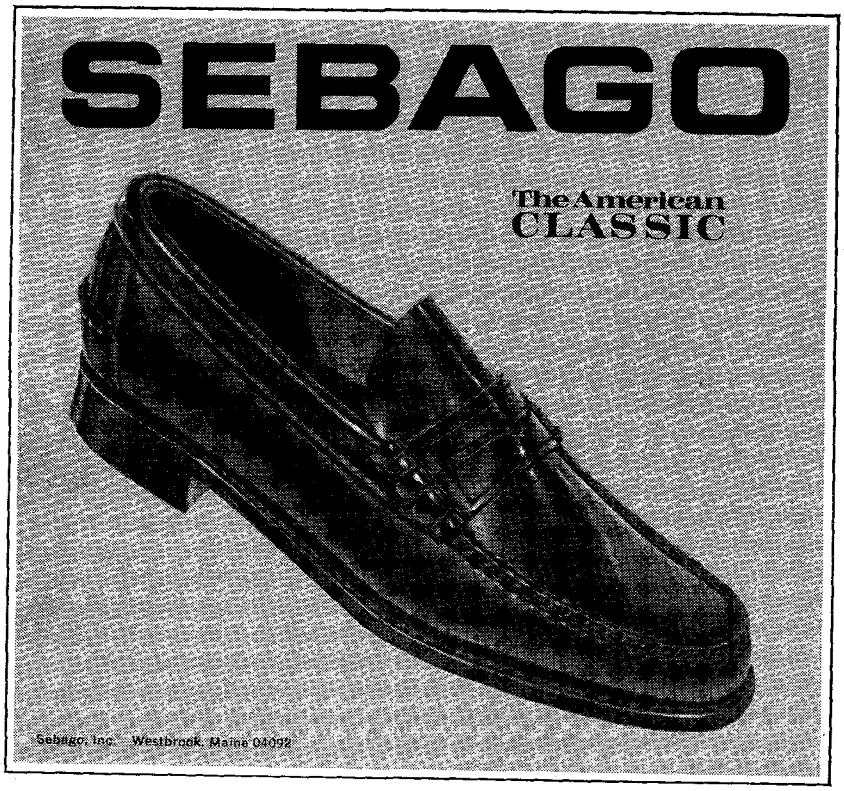

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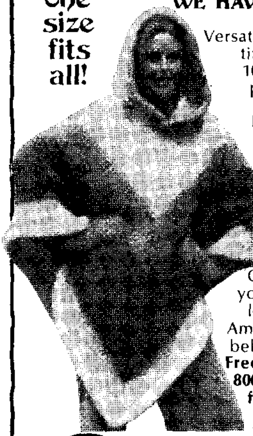

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involves internal as well as external relocations. Today, we are helping move two and a half million people *inside* the Indo-China countries either to new settlements or back to their homes—as we have done in Guinea-Bissau and Mozambique and are still doing in Angola—and at the same time we are concerned with finding new homes in foreign countries for the Indo-China refugees." He paused a moment, and then said, "It seems to me we need a far broader comprehension of what humanitarianism really means, and of the responsibility of the United Nations to meet its awesome challenges."

As I left his office and walked back to my hotel through the sparkling, almost antiseptically clean streets of Geneva, I found myself thinking of the Lao, the Meo, the Cambodians, and the Vietnamese I had seen in the dismal refugee camps, and of their dismal prospects. After buying a copy of the *Times* of London, I boarded a gleaming white steamer, along with a few other late-morning passengers, for an hour's cruise on placid Lake Geneva. My eye was caught by a short paragraph on an inside page reporting that the "skipper" of a "trawler" that had arrived the day before in Bangkok Harbor with thirty refugees from Vietnam had said he had been unable to rescue twenty other refugees, including several children, from a boat that had capsized in a storm, because his own boat was already overcrowded and foundering. —ROBERT SHAPLEN

•

The text is scattered with one-sentence pearls of wisdom, but I frequently came across suggestions of less dubious merit that might be misleading to the student.
—*The New England Journal of Medicine.*

You mean suggestions that are more unopen to question?

•

MIAMI, Fla.—Albert Cox, embezzler, endorsed checks for $90,299.77 last year. For nine months he played the daily double, sipped dry martinis, dallied with expensive prostitutes, flew first class from city to city, and spent the rest foolishly.
—*Boston Evening Globe.*

Finally cracked, eh?

•

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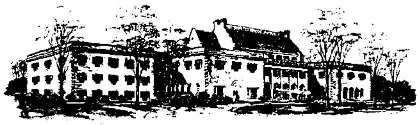

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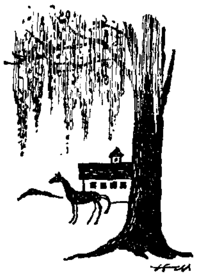
THE RACE TRACK

So Long, Saratoga

SARATOGA's most successful meeting closed at the Springs last Saturday following a couple of cockeyed upsets. Calumet Farm's Alydar was beaten in the Hopeful Stakes that day, and Jean-Louis Levesque's L'Alezane didn't place in the Spinaway the day before. Though only five two-year-olds ran in the seventy-third Hopeful, a crowd of more than twenty-five thousand had a thriller for every split second of the 1:15⅗ minutes it took Harbor View Farm's Affirmed, ridden by Cauthen, to beat Alydar by half a length over the six and a half furlongs. Regal and Royal was third, two and a half lengths behind. Tilt Up, quickest away, set a fast early pace, but he was passed on the turn for home, and Alydar and Affirmed came down the stretch in as furious a stride-for-stride duel as has been seen at the meeting. Affirmed, a powerful, well-made chestnut colt by Exclusive Native out of Won't Tell You, has won five of his six starts—he was second to Alydar in the other—and right now he tops the two-year-old division.



L'Alezane finished fourth in the Spinaway; it was her first defeat in six races. Townsend Martin's Sherry Peppers won the eighty-sixth running of the fixture for two-year-old fillies by half a length, from Akita, who beat Stub by a nose for the place. It was a spectacular performance, for Sherry Peppers was last of the eight runners as they went down the backstretch. Then, rounding the turn for home, she went into high gear, swept past the leaders, and snatched the victory in her last few strides. It was the second start for the Florida-bred daughter of Sham out of Jaffa; in her début, during the first week of the meeting, she won by nearly ten lengths.

The final week at the Spa began with the Diana Handicap, a gallop at a mile and an eighth for fillies and mares over the turf course, in which the Cragwood Stable's Javamine came from behind in the last couple of furlongs to win from Pearl Necklace, who had led most of the way. Rich Soil was third, and Glowing Tribute, the 7–5 favorite, who tired chasing Pearl Necklace, was fourth. Mack Miller saddled both Javamine and Glowing Tribute, but horses running in different interests, even though they have the same trainer, are no longer coupled in the betting, so backers of Javamine got a $7.60 mutuel while those who had Glowing Tribute tore up their tickets.

For more than a mile of the Seneca Handicap, the midweek feature, Erwin Boy, who had won the race last year, was leading easily, and it looked as though he would win it again. He ran out of speed, however, and Crackle, a 19–1 shot, carrying only 103 pounds, took command in the stretch and won by half a length. Indus Warrior was second, and Double Quill was third.

The meeting ended with a race for two-year-olds, at six furlongs, in which Ogden Mills Phipps started his Brilliant Protege, a gray colt by Secretariat out of Irradiate, by Ribot. He finished out of the money. Only three of Secretariat's first crop of horses have come to the races so far this season—the gray and two fillies, Sexetary and Feuille d'Erable. None has placed. Breeding experts are wondering.

DR. JAMES HILL, the veterinarian who picked Seattle Slew out for Mickey Taylor to buy at one of the yearling sales two years ago and who later became a part owner of the colt, was suspended for thirty days by the New York State Racing and Wagering Board last week for failure to disclose his financial investment in Wooden Horse Investments, Inc., a corporation that owns Seattle Slew and other horses. William Barry, the chairman of the board, made the announcement himself. No horse that Dr. Hill owns or has an interest in may run until his suspension ends, on September 27th. That's all right for Seattle Slew, who has been resting at Saratoga since he was beaten so badly in the Swaps Stakes at Hollywood Park last July 3rd. Billy Turner, who trains him, said Slew would probably come back to the races sometime in October.

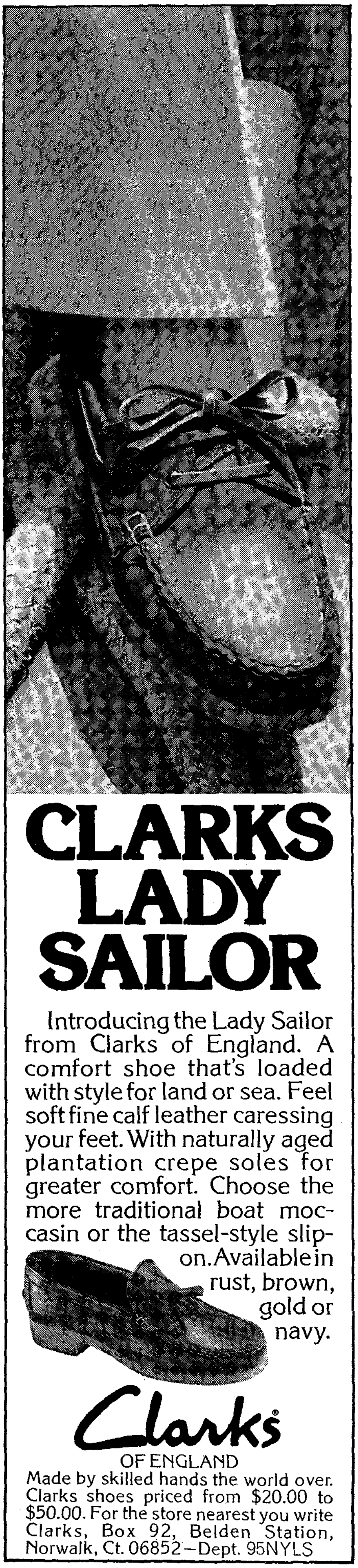
—AUDAX MINOR

•

CORRECTIONS

The title of Henry A. Kissinger's previous book, reported in The Times on Friday as "A World Destroyed," is "A World Restored: Castlereagh, Metternich and the Restoration of Peace, 1812-1822."—*The Times.*

Those niggling details take all the fun out of journalism.



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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Buff

THE Normal Man met the Movie Loon by chance at Broadway and Eighty-eighth Street. The Loon is a pretty girl, not deranged except when it comes to art movies. She wears contact lenses specially designed for patients exposed to an inordinate amount of expensively blown-up sixteen-millimetre film.

How nice, said the Normal Man. *Isn't it a lovely dry day at last?*

She said:
In the south, in the south,
Men pray to Chac in the summer, with minds limp
For lack of breeze. In the summer, in the south,
There is no breeze. There is only Chac, intransigent.

Would you like a cold drink? Who sells Chac?

Chac is the god of rain,
Not to be bought in bottles,
Not to be bought with favors,
Only with the coin of prayer.

Something like Tab?

The film says:
Off to the north, white men put steel eyes in the sky.
They see the clouds beyond, and know when it will rain.
A white man once told me these things.
He was an engineer.

Why are you talking in rotten free verse? Have you got a temperature?

It is the language of "Chac,"
A film that puts free verse in the mind.
The mind is entered by free verse as if the mind were an empty
Place.
"Chac" is not rotten, it's Mayan.

Even after all the film festivals you've been to, that must be an event.

This is my first Mayan film.
I feel sure it will be in the index
Of *Cahiers du Cinéma.*
It was in the New Directors/New Films series
At the Museum of Modern Art
In April, 1975,
But that was when I was laid up
With my contact lenses,
So I missed many a good thing;
Many a good thing; Lord knows how many
A good thing. There was a tantalizing rumor
Of a Norwegian film
Blown up from eight-millimetre
Of Eskimos and igloo life.
It is said that the cameraman gave the Eskimos
His cold, and this was very serious,
Eskimos not, by upbringing, being semi-immune to colds.

Other people have sniffles.

Or I should have said
Not Mayan but Cariban, Mayan, and Tzeltal,
All three derived from the ancient Mayan tongue.
When a frog croaks, we're told, it is calling for rain.

I take it "Chac" is an ethnic film. Of course, this is an ethnic city.

"Chac" was shot in the heart of Mayan civilization.
"Chac" was directed by Rolando Klein,
For rather a lot of money, or dross,
By twenty-five members of a crew who knew a dolly from a clapper board,
Unlike the cast.

I assume the cast had never seen a camera before.

We're told that:
Except for a midget,
Who is a professional actor from Mexico City,
Not one of the cast had acted before.

Would I understand it?

The film is subtitled, clod.
It is said that if a turtle appears in your path during a drought
It is a sign of impending rain.
It is also believed that the shell of the turtle is a map of the universe.

No wonder the Mayans never found New York. I don't know that I've ever seen a Mayan film. I thought Mayan was a dead language. Is there a mute in the film?

How did you guess?

There often is in ethnic films about primitive societies. Mutes and rain gods, and sometimes mute rainmakers.

The mute in this film is the guardian of the ceremonial fire.

How much did the film cost? Was it made in primitive money? Are we reckoning in the groat?

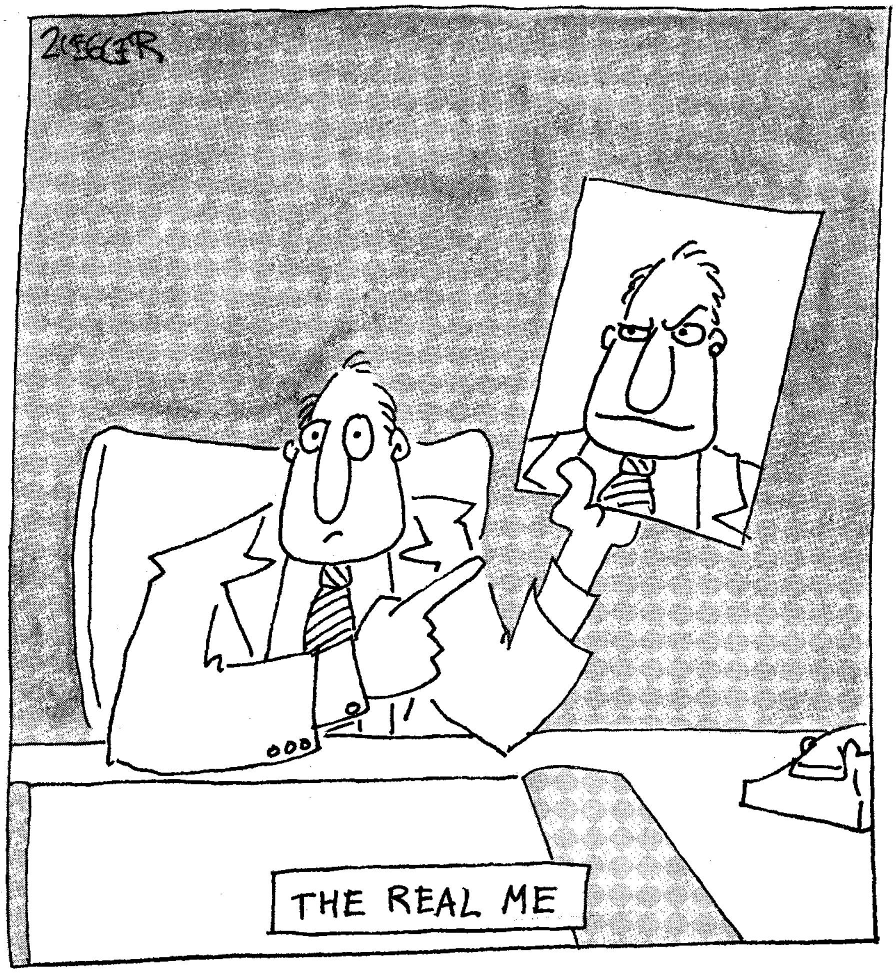
This is a film both ancient and modern,
Both now and then,
But it was actually made quite lately,
For four hundred thousand dollars.

Four hundred thousand dollars would feed a lot of Mayans.

Generators had to be brought in from Mexico City.

I'm just going to rest on this bench.

"Chac" creates a perplexing sense of timelessness,
The production notes say, and
Chac is the god of rain. . . . People call him
Both Chac and Chacs. . . .
The film evolves in a week of nine days.



You're very pretty, but wouldn't it be possible for you to be clear, too?

The chief of the Mayan village
That is calling for rain
Depends on an old man
Called the Shaman.
"God Chac," the Shaman says. "I see
him galloping on the wind.
His gourds overflow with water. More
posh."

More WHAT?

Posh is alcoholic,
I think.
Or so it seems.
In one's knowing is one's not knowing.

True enough, in films about primitive sociology. What else does the Shaman say?

"To practice my wisdom, I need posh!
Bastards. Disgusting, no-good
bastards!"
Then a sortie sets off
To find a rainmaker.
The rainmaker is, like many
Mayans,
Box-shaped, with an androgynous
head,
But he wears a white tunic,
Which distinguishes him from the
villagers, in black.
He makes a fire.
He asks for mead.
He asks for the purest honey.
He asks for the choicest ears of corn.
He asks for the finest wax.
He asks that none touch the flesh of
woman
Until Chac has brought the rain.
Then,
Then,
After a while,
When the villagers have dismissed him
as a witch,
There is rain.

Would you say it was a good film?

I've seen it twice. It's not
The sort of film you have the chance
to see every day.
It won a Special Jury Award for Best
Direction
At the 1975 Virgin Islands Film
Festival.

And top that if you can. Could we talk about anything else?

Golly mosicles, you should see the "Fantastic Animation Festival."

Is it pretentious? Let me guess how many symbolic images there are of galaxies. Four?

I counted five.

Mushroom clouds?

Symbolizing humanity's struggle with science? Two, or maybe three. But fewer than there would have been ten years ago.

People running up corridors with no doors?

Symbolizing the helplessness of mod-

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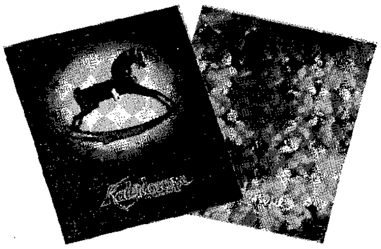

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ern man in technological society? Only one of them, plus one baby who turns into an old man, in a completely unfurnished white room, and who can't reach the door handle. I thought this signified man's eternal struggle to attain the impossible.

Anything lucid in it?

You'd like Marv Newland's "Bambi Meets Godzilla," which is impetuous and absurd, and Randy Cartwright's "Room and Board," and Mihai Badica's "Icarus." Among a few others.

Is there anything new around that's less cosmic than "Chac" and these cartoons?

With your tastes, you might like Michael Pressman's "The Bad News Bears in Breaking Training." To be honest, so did I. It's a sequel to "The Bad News Bears," about that bunch of children who try to play big-league baseball and get near winning in spite of being butterfingers.

What would I like about it?

You'd like the acting of Jackie Earle Haley. Very strong. Graceful. The film is good on born dissidents. The team pinches a van to travel to a game, and this boy who doesn't look more than thirteen—young Haley—smokes a cigarette in front of some suspicious cops to persuade them he's old enough to have a license to drive the van. You might also take to a boy who looks about five, played by Chris Barnes, who stands in the middle of the Houston Astrodome and yells blue murder when the umpire has decided that the game should be called.

So where's the helplessness of modern man the noo?

I don't believe you're really serious about art cinema. Thinking that "Chac" could be bottled.

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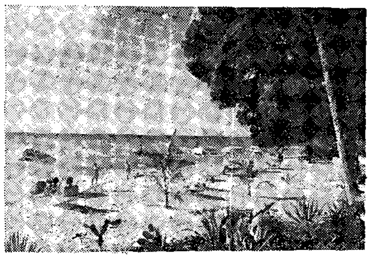

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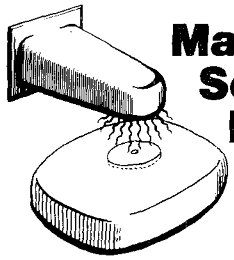

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AROUND CITY HALL

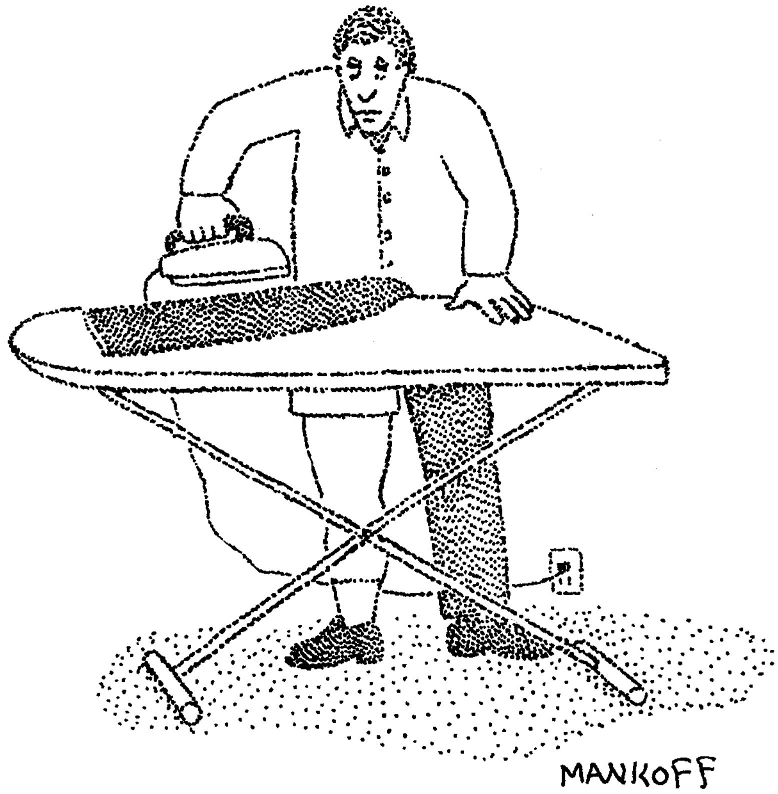
MANY ARE CALLED

IN the strange, violent New York summer just ending, it is not surprising that the law-and-order issue (better known to some converted liberals, once scornful of what they called law-and-order types, as the safety-in-the-streets issue) was the major concern during most of the local mayoral campaign, whose first phase comes to an end with the party primaries on September 8th. Even in a period when the news in the city was dominated by the details of melodramatic local crimes, however, few might have predicted that the major point that the mayoral candidates could be certain of having put to them during panel discussions was the question of where they stood on the death penalty. Since August 26th, the certain topic has, of course, been the long-awaited Securities and Exchange Commission report of its investigation of the events during 1974 and 1975—when Mayor Abraham Beame was already in office—that led to the city's being shut out of the credit markets in March, 1975. The nine-hundred-and-fifty-two-page document declared that Beame and City Comptroller Harrison Goldin, abetted to a considerable degree by seven of the city's leading financial institutions, had engaged in "deceptive practices masking the city's true and disastrous financial condition," and had thus knowingly misled public investors. The most severe impact of the report for the moment was sure to be on Beame. He was singled out by the S.E.C. as the person who "controlled the budgetary process" and, because of his many years as the city's budget director and comptroller before he was elected mayor, was said to be "fully aware of the gamut of unsound budgetary, accounting, and financial reporting practices utilized by the city." Moreover, the report indicated a startling imperviousness on the Mayor's part to unwelcome information. The S.E.C. charged that in the fall of 1974 then Deputy Mayor James Cavanagh, Beame's longtime friend and adviser, had sent the Mayor a written warning that the city was in serious economic trouble, partly because of certain financial gimmicks that his administration was indulging in. Beame, in testifying before the S.E.C. a year ago, said that he didn't remember this memorandum. The S.E.C. reported having received extensive testimony about a meeting with some leading local bankers and brokers in December, 1974, at which Beame was warned that "the whole system could come tumbling down." The Mayor testified that he didn't remember whether that was said or not. And of a reported meeting with several bankers in March, 1975, at which he was told that the city was nearly out of time and that "dramatic actions" were called for, Beame testified, "I don't recall such a meeting. It could have occurred. I don't remember it occurring."

Although both Beame and Comptroller Goldin are candidates for reëlection this year, Goldin is unopposed in the Democratic primary, while the Mayor faces six other candidates, who are bound to regard the S.E.C. report as heaven-sent campaign material. Beame's response to the report was to call it "a shameless, vicious, political document" that "covered up" for local banks, which he denounced, in the ringing tones that used to work for the old-time populists, as the true deceivers of the people. Unfortunately, in the next few months the city must try to reenter the credit market—a feat it cannot possibly achieve without the coöperation of the local bankers whom the Mayor has been so fiercely maligning. And, even if the sale of city securities should be successful, the city must continue to rely on further loans from the federal government, one of whose most respected agencies (Senator William Proxmire, of Wisconsin, the head of the Senate Banking Committee, last week called the S.E.C. "probably the best regulatory agency we have") the Mayor has accused of various forms of misfeasance. Not for the first time, the long-range interests of the city appear to be of no great concern to a local politician with an intense desire to be reëlected.

Beame's best hopes for political survival seem to be that, after all the revelations during the past two years about the games local officials have played with the city's finances, new accusations of fiscal malfeasance have lost their shock value for many New York voters and that, although reporters and editorial writers would undoubtedly continue to hector him about the S.E.C. version of things, the public will be less interested in a possible misstating of investment information than in a possible mugging around the next corner. Toward the end of his first scheduled appearance in a television studio after the bad news came from Washington, the Mayor managed to veer the discussion around to his strong position against crime and for the death penalty. With some luck, he may be able to turn the voters' attention as well back to crimes of violence and the question of whether the criminals responsible for them should be put to death—which was until recently the leading issue in the 1977 campaign, and one in which Beame has no doubt that he is on the winning side.

This preoccupation with the death penalty has been a curious one since a New York mayor plays no formal role in the enactment of laws that call for capital punishment—ordinances passed by the City Council and subject to mayoral veto are on the level of those prohibiting the drinking of alcoholic



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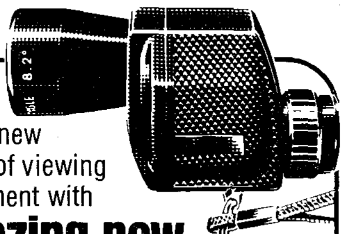

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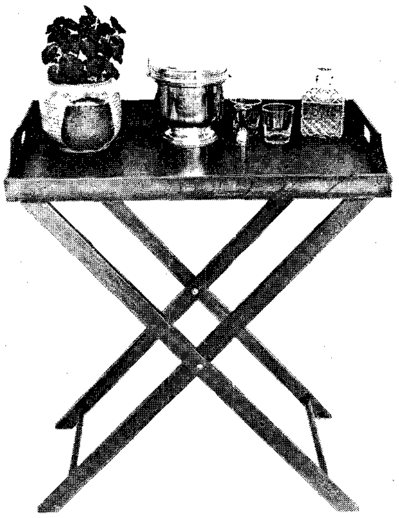
beverages on public sidewalks—nor is it the mayor who, if a death sentence was imposed in accordance with state and federal law and all judicial recourse was exhausted, would have the burden of deciding whether or not to stay the hand of the executioner. That grave responsibility belongs, of course, to the governor of the state. Governor Hugh Carey announced early in May that he would veto any death-penalty bill passed by the Albany Legislature. When he was reminded that this might be politically risky, because most Americans now support capital punishment, Carey said, "Most Americans were in favor of the Vietnam war, too." On June 29th, the Legislature approved a statute providing for the death penalty for murder in such a long list of circumstances that, the Governor later said, the bill could lead to as many as two thousand executions a year and cause New York to be known as "the bloodiest state in the Union." On July 12th, the day before the disastrous blackout in the city, Carey vetoed the bill, saying that he was "opposed to violence and the ultimate that violence can bring—the death of another person." He added that he understood and had shared the frustration and anger that caused citizens when "crime is cruel and widespread" and "the criminal seems immune from apprehension and sufficient punishment" to reject the tedious task of trying to improve and perfect the everyday administration of criminal justice and, instead, "fall back to the solution of capital punishment—even though we know it to be illusory." A number of editorials, including one in the suburban Long Island *Newsday*, praised the Governor for his courage. A few days later, however, a Levittown resident wrote *Newsday* to charge that the looting and burning during the city's blackout could be largely attributed to the Governor's "moral cowardice."

Some other New York politicians had a response different from Carey's to the shift in public opinion on capital punishment. After Mayor Beame, who had always opposed the death penalty in the past, announced this summer that he favored it, he explained that he did so because that was how most New Yorkers now felt. The immediate reason that the Mayor gave for his change of mind was the hijacking on July 4th of a bus and the killing of the driver and a passenger at Kennedy Airport. (The hijacker is still under guard in a psychiatric ward, and no indictment in the case is expected soon, if ever.) At a press conference on July 5th, the



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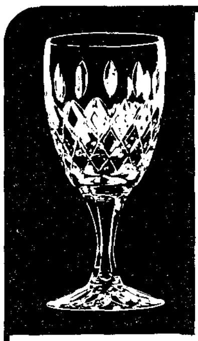

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Mayor endorsed an end to parole for all those convicted of felonies—a provision that could conceivably prove awkward for two of his close allies on the City Council, Matthew Troy, of Queens, and Samuel Wright, of Brooklyn, both currently under indictment for felonies. Beame then endorsed the death penalty for the murderers of police and corrections officers, for hired killers, and for those guilty of "acts of terrorism." Later, Beame said that the last category should include the criminal who called himself Son of Sam, because he had "created terror in the minds of the people." A number of City Hall politicians joined Beame in endorsing the death penalty in the following weeks, including Staten Island Borough President Anthony Gaeta, who said, "It will certainly give us justice—an eye for an eye." After Beame's announcement, the eight other mayoral candidates were asked to declare themselves on the death-penalty issue. Of the six Democrats besides Beame in the race, former Manhattan Representative Bella Abzug, Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton, and the secretary of state in Albany, Mario Cuomo, opposed the death penalty, as did one of the Republican candidates, Manhattan State Senator Roy Goodman. Supporting it were three other Democrats—Bronx Representative Herman Badillo, former City Club chairman Joel Harnett, and Manhattan Representative Edward Koch—and the other Republican candidate, Barry Farber, a former WOR talk-show host. Even most of the candidates who thought Carey was right about capital punishment took the opportunity to light into him on some other point, contributing to the odd impression that many of this year's candidates for mayor of the city saw themselves as running not only against each other but against the governor of the state.

The movement of Carey from a comfortable position on the Albany sidelines into the center of the mayoral race, where he has spent the hot-weather months dodging political slings and arrows, was, of course, the Governor's own doing. Last spring, the winner of the campaign for mayor seemed almost certain to be either Beame or Mrs. Abzug; many people are still betting that this is the way things will turn out. Carey, however, has made little secret of his belief that the present Mayor was inept in his handling of the local fiscal crisis, and Mrs. Abzug, who has often been considered abrasive and controversial, was never a Carey favorite when they were serving together in Congress. Whether the Governor was concerned more over the future stability of the city or over the prospect of having to cope with hostile forces at City Hall during his own 1978 campaign for reëlection, he persuaded his friend Mario Cuomo to enter the local campaign. Cuomo announced his candidacy on May 10th, and hardly a day has gone by since that one candidate or another, including the present Mayor, has not described Cuomo as the Governor's "puppet" and suggested that their association would prove disastrous for the city were Cuomo to be elected. One of the rather comical aspects of the mayoral campaign has been the concurrent attempts of Mayor Beame to portray his friendly relationship with President Carter as a big plus for New York and to portray the friendly relationship of a potential Mayor Cuomo with Carey as a disaster—although the city relied on Albany for nearly twenty-six per cent of its annual outside income for operating expenses last year and on Washington for twenty-two per cent. "I don't see why anybody would think it's wrong to want to know the governor well," commented Robert Wagner, a Carey ally, as he endorsed Cuomo for mayor last month. "I wish I'd known some," the former Mayor said. The present Governor has been active in lining up not only support but money for his candidate. A little over three weeks before the primary, Cuomo had $765,407 in hand—more than any of the other contenders, including Beame, who was second, with about a hundred thousand dollars less. Candidate Koch, who had raised half a million—putting him in fourth place, after Mrs. Abzug's $556,535—and who last spring had sought Carey's endorsement, said of the Governor's role in Cuomo fund-raising events, "He's like Idi Amin. They bring him in on a chair and carry him around the room." For a campaign that has attracted little real attention, this year's mayoral race has generated considerable bitterness.

DESPITE the lack of attention paid to it—Candidate Sutton said that he might have to try to climb up the side of the World Trade Center to get his name in the news—the mayoral race has notable aspects. It is the first one to include a woman (Mrs. Abzug) and the first to include a black (Sutton) among its major-party candidates. There are those who can't imagine why anyone would want to run for the highest office in this deeply troubled city, but the nine candidates are clearly of a different opinion, and the total of seven whose names will confront reg-

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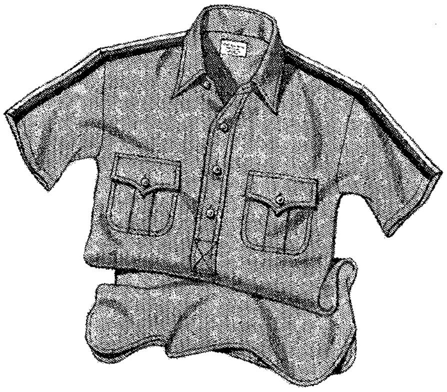

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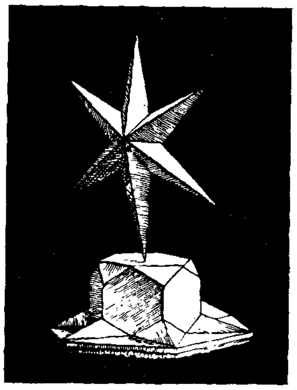

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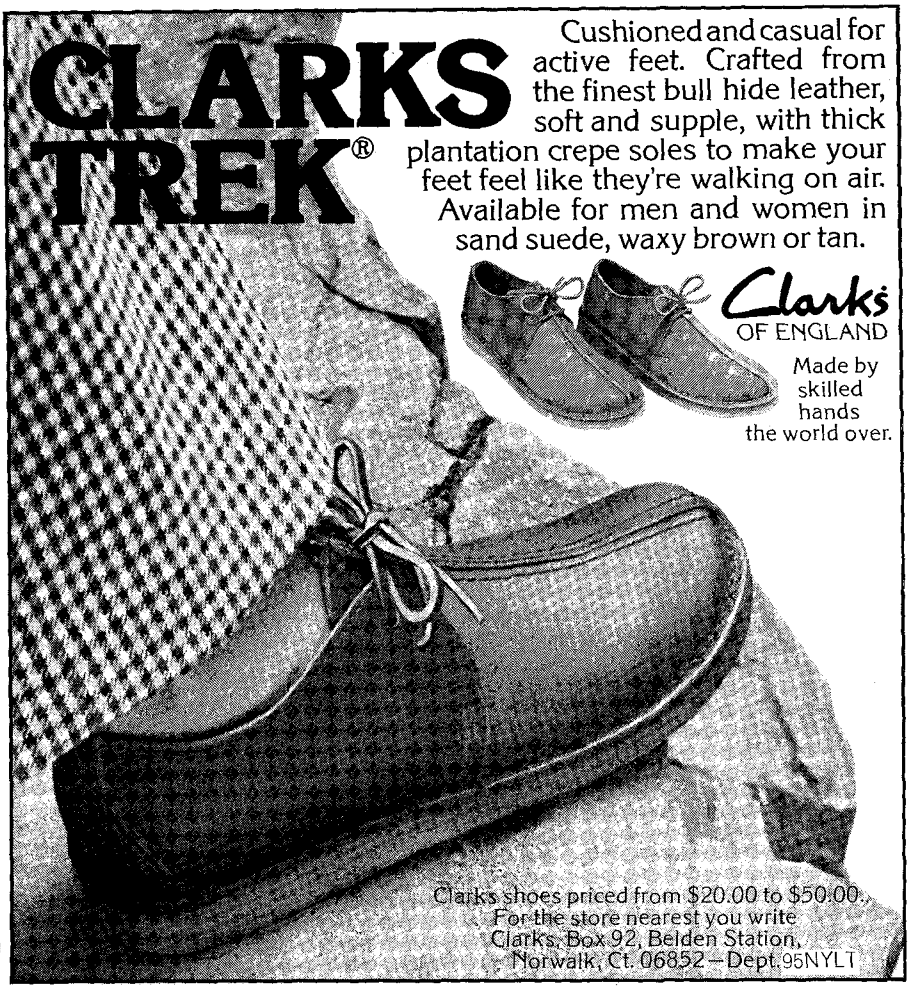
istered Democrats on Primary Day is believed to be the largest in this century, and probably the largest in the city's history. Part of the inattention to this big political event may be due to the difficulty of keeping the candidates straight (in addition to the mayoral contenders, there are, just for example, five Democrats in the race for president of the City Council and four in the race for Manhattan borough president), but the real problem is that too much else has been going on in the city this summer. "WE DON'T DESERVE THIS" was the headline over an editorial in the *News* on August 4th, the day after the F.A.L.N., a fanatical group advocating Puerto Rican independence, had planted several bombs in Manhattan office buildings, killing one person. The editorial concluded with the question "When will it end?" The *News* complained of the "diabolical torments" being visited upon a city "already staggering from a fiscal crisis" and listed, besides the latest bombings, the blackout and the looting that followed it; nightly ordeals by fire caused by arsonists; and "a crazed killer . . . loose in the streets"—a reference, of course, to the man who had signed letters "Son of Sam." In such a crime-conscious atmosphere, nearly all the mayoral candidates seem to have decided sooner or later that there was only one way they could hope to distract the voters from the latest autopsy reports and arraignment shots, and they have devoted much of the last weeks of the primary campaign to trying to outdo each other in pledges to put more policemen on the streets, clean up the courts, and make life miserable for the city's criminal element. Last month, when the *Times* offered all the candidates, seriatim, a column on its Op-Ed page in which they could outline their program for running New York if they were elected, Cuomo, who earlier in the campaign had spent much of his time dwelling rather poetically on the urgency of living up to the American immigrant dream, gave over his entire allotted space to describing how he would handle crime in the city, and how, in particular, he would deal with those he called "the merchants of fear," who cause many New Yorkers to be afraid to go out after dark. Passing over all the city's current crises in such areas as finances, education, transportation, and housing, Cuomo concluded, "Before we can manage the days, we must manage the nights."

Unfortunately, day or night this summer, the problem of most of the candidates was that while they were trying to get a word in edgewise about how they would handle future crimes the incumbent Mayor was hogging the local news—holding two, or even three, televised press conferences a day—to give the latest juicy details of the crimes of that very week. These sessions—with the Mayor looking at once indomitable and outraged, and often attended by high police officials—sometimes seemed to be taking the place of police briefings. At 1:40 A.M. on August 11th, Beame was at Police Headquarters to announce the capture in Yonkers of David Berkowitz, the man alleged to be the Son of Sam, and to assure New Yorkers that they could "rest easy," thanks—so the message seemed to be—to the Beame administration. (It was some days before most New Yorkers caught on to the fact that the Yonkers and Westchester police had made substantial contributions to the arrest and that it had resulted not so much from the efforts of the New York Police Department's vast task force, which for weeks had been assigned to what Beame has called "the greatest manhunt in history," as from the testimony of a woman witness who happened to encounter the accused killer on the street shortly before the last murder. Her mentioning that some policemen were then issuing parking tickets in the area allowed the department in a routine procedure to trace Berkowitz through his car license. During a later televised ceremony, the Mayor promoted to detective the officer who had had the good luck to write the fateful ticket.) There was a steady implication during these briefings that Beame was at the center of the critical events; instead, of course, he was at the center of the spotlight. On the night of the blackout, he fired off official statements and orders from what was called his "command post" at Police Headquarters, but he did not visit the places where the looting and rioting were going on. Perhaps it would have done no good this time, although in the years when John Lindsay was mayor his willingness to go directly into a riot area and talk to the leaders often did seem to calm things down. The most memorable example was Lindsay's appearance in Harlem marching among the angry mourners on the night Martin Luther King, Jr., was murdered by a white man—a time when Lindsay had every reason to know that to many in the crowd around him the shooting down of a white politician by a black man might have seemed an act of racial patriotism. In the days after this summer's looting, several of the mayoral candidates criticized Beame for his caution and pointed out that Lindsay had not been afraid to go into the ghettos. These were just about the first kind words laid on the former Mayor since he left office. Mario Cuomo was congratulated for his devastating wit last spring when, with no admiration intended, he called Mrs. Abzug "John Lindsay with a hat." However, Mrs. Abzug has said that there is nothing to the published rumor that she has asked Lindsay not to endorse her in the present race.

Beame did visit some of the damaged areas in broad daylight about twenty-four hours after the worst was over, arriving with a large entourage of reporters and staff members, all of them travelling in two air-conditioned buses. He was not well received either by relatives and acquaintances of the looters or by the looted—one neighborhood resident called him a bum. But then the largest share of those living in ghetto areas are expected to cast their votes in the mayoral race either for Herman Badillo, a Puerto Rican, or for Sutton. It was explained later that the Mayor had stayed away from Bushwick and Harlem during the blackout on the advice of his public-relations consultant, who was with him at his command post most of that night. In or out of the command post, however, the Mayor made such a habit of covering the criminal beat this summer that one afternoon he called reporters into the Blue Room to announce that an F.A.L.N. bomb had *not* gone off. The local papers have been publishing a daily roundup of news of all the candidates' campaign activities, and there has often been confusion over whether Beame's latest ceremony should be treated as regular news or as part of the daily mayoral roundup. One morning, the *Times* got so muddled that it reported a Beame call for harsher penalties against juvenile offenders under both categories.

DENYING a charge that the Mayor had switched his position on the death penalty just because of his reelection race, a Beame campaign aide explained last month, "It was in response to the recent rash of violence by terrorists like the F.A.L.N., the looters, and Son of Sam." He then added, "Well, maybe you'd better not include the looters." When the Mayor wasn't preoccupied this summer with what the *News* had called the city's "diabolical torments," he seemed intent on further



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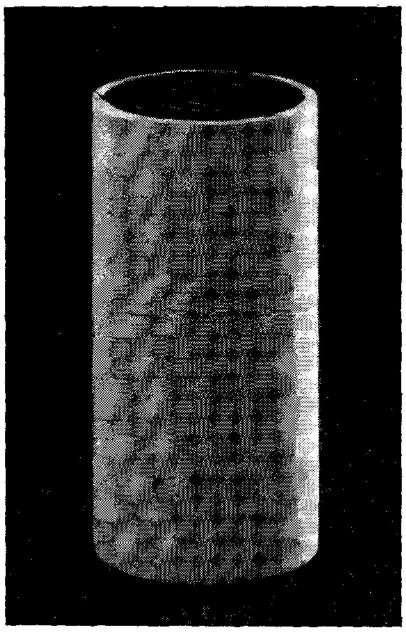

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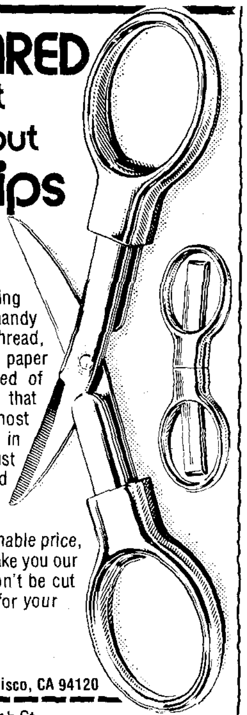

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skirmishing with the Governor. Early in August, Beame held a press conference at which he announced that he had sent a telegram to Carey demanding that the Governor reconsider his position on capital punishment and that he summon the Legislature into special session to approve the death penalty. At the same session, the Mayor said, the Legislature should pass laws that would put an end once and for all to "turnstile justice" by judges interested only in "coddling criminals." The latter proposal gave Carey an opportunity at *his* next press conference to label the members of the judiciary Beame seemed to be complaining of as "clubhouse" types and to note that the mayor appoints the city's Criminal Court judges. He also declared that historically "terrorists," "cold-blooded killers," and the criminally insane have not been "intimidated" by an awareness of the death penalty, and he reminded reporters that the legislators have the power to call themselves together at any time. A week later, the Mayor held another press conference, to report that he had sent the Governor another message urging him to call a special session. But he did not make a similar peremptory public demand of his old friend and closest political ally, Stanley Steingut, the Speaker of the Assembly. It was after the New York Legislature recessed that the California Legislature overrode the veto of the death penalty by Governor Jerry Brown, who was described by leaders of the opposition as not having put up much of a fight against this action. Carey has made it clear that he would fight, and he has some strong allies in the New York Legislature—and not only in his own party. During the Albany debate on the death penalty, in June, State Senator John Marchi, of Staten Island, who was the Republican-Conservative candidate for mayor of New York in 1969 and the Republican candidate in 1973, led the unsuccessful battle to keep it from passing the State Senate. Marchi, who makes a practice of demonstrating the perils of generalizing about Republican-Conservatives, Italian-Americans, or politicians from Staten Island (looking down at the delegates marching in support of their candidates at last summer's Republican National Convention, he pronounced it "the last gasp of a dying neopaganism"), asked his colleagues in the Legislature "How many mistakes have been buried?" and told them "We know in the innermost recesses of our hearts that this is a dirty business. This is not law. This is a hysterical response." He also quoted several lines from Thucydides at them, to no avail.

Beame's command-post headline-making throughout the summer was undoubtedly effective campaign showmanship—and many of the other candidates might well have put on the same kind of show if they had had the chance. A couple of weeks ago, however, his hyperactivity on the six-o'clock news began to look more like a frantic diversionary tactic as it became known that the Securities and Exchange Commission would soon release its report assigning responsibility for the city's exclusion from the credit markets in 1975. The release of the report before the primary was the work of Candidate Joel Harnett, who, although he has not the faintest chance of winning, will nevertheless have left his mark on the race. Early this summer, he went to court to force the S.E.C. to publish the report instead of withholding it till after the primary, or even the election—a delay that Harnett said could only be politically motivated, and that other critics implied might be an indulgence by the Carter Administration of one of its friends. After the word came that the report was going to be released in late August, it was Beame's turn to claim political motivation. He also accused one of the S.E.C. lawyers of having ties to Cuomo. The chairman of the S.E.C. responded that Beame had made unfounded charges because of "the apparent exigencies of a local political campaign." Deciding to get his own version of things out first, on August 17th the Mayor had released copies of the statement that lawyers had prepared in the city's defense and also made public a two-hundred-and-twenty-two-page transcript of his testimony before the S.E.C. investigators, whom, the transcript showed, he had assured over and over that a mayor—even one who, like Beame, is a certified public accountant—was too busy to bother his head with the narrow financial details of city budgets. The big political question was whether Beame, who had previously argued that he should not be charged with any fiscal wrongdoing during the time he was city comptroller under Mayor Lindsay because the mayor was in charge of that kind of thing, could now get away with claiming that he should not be charged with any lapses as mayor because the comptroller and other budgetary types took care of these matters. By this time, the most quoted television commercial of the primary campaign was one prepared for Koch by his public-relations consultant David Garth which made fun

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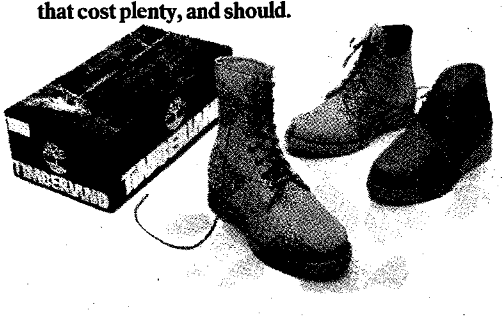

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of the Mayor's own "Abe Beame knows the buck" commercial in the 1973 campaign and of his statement when he announced his candidacy this year that he wanted to "finish the job." "Most political campaigns lack humor, but it's obvious this one is going to be different," the commercial has Koch saying. "Four years ago, Abe Beame told us he knew the buck. And two years later we didn't have any bucks. Then he told us he made the tough decisions. He must have forgotten Felix Rohatyn, Steve Berger, Governor Carey, and Big Mac. Now Mayor Beame is asking for four more years to finish the job. Finish the job? Hasn't he done enough?"

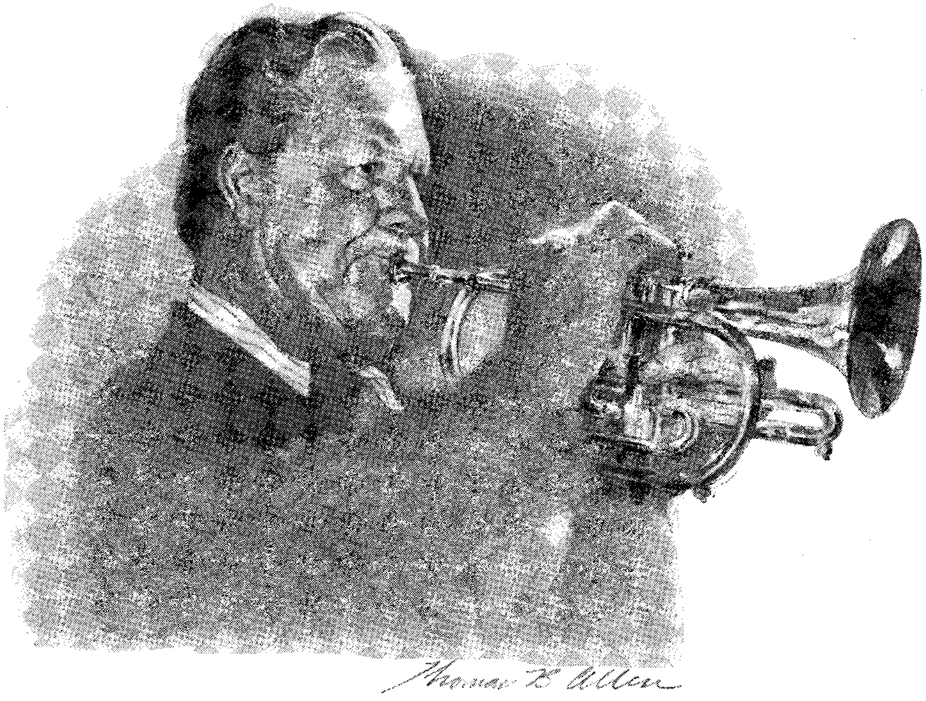
On August 1st, the day after the *Times* endorsed Cuomo, the *Post* denounced the *Times*' move as "precipitous." On August 19th, the *Post*, which had been considered the most liberal of the three local newspapers until it was bought last winter by Rupert Murdoch, endorsed Koch. Koch, once regarded as the classic liberal, is now an active supporter of the death penalty and one of the politicians who denounced Beame and Carey for not having called out the National Guard during the blackout. The *Post* explained that it had rejected Cuomo because he "has not shown the toughness we think the job of Mayor demands." On August 24th, the *News* also endorsed Koch, citing his policy position on a long list of issues, beginning with crime. If no Democratic candidate wins forty per cent of the vote on September 8th, there will be a runoff eleven days later between the two top Democratic vote getters. In most published polls, Mrs. Abzug was the front runner by a sizable margin until one taken by the *Times* and WCBS-TV during the week beginning August 13th—right after the capture of the man accused of being the Son of Sam—showed that Beame had pulled even with her. Each of them received seventeen per cent of the votes of those polled who identified themselves as registered Democrats, with Cuomo getting fourteen per cent, Koch twelve per cent, and eighteen per cent undecided. In any event, if Mrs. Abzug is in the runoff, her opponent's friends and supporters will doubtless assure him that, whatever positive appeal he may have on his own, the votes of those who don't like aggressive women, Jewish mothers, loudmouths, or big hats will help him win handily—and no one can say now that he will be disappointed.

Meanwhile, certain statistics have been appearing that do not seem to support the view of the city as one in which crime has shown such an increase that harsh new state laws must be passed to deal with it. According to police records, in the first six months of the year, crime in the city was down six and a third per cent from the same period in 1976. Robbery, a category that includes mugging and is usually considered the most significant statistic in the measurement of violent crime, was down thirteen and a half per cent. Crimes by youthful offenders were down fourteen per cent. Crimes against the elderly were down twenty-five per cent. No one seemed to know whether it was of any significance that Cuomo, speaking last month at a hundred-dollar-a-plate fund-raising breakfast at the Americana, was greeted with a burst of applause when he said that he "might conceivably lose the election" because of his opposition to the death penalty, but that he was willing to take that chance, because "I believe with all my heart that capital punishment is not a remedy." A week earlier, when Governor Carey made a tour of upstate areas, which was judged to be a political triumph by reporters who went along, at stops where Carey wasn't asked about his position on the death penalty he would bring the matter up himself. His explanation of his views was usually greeted with a kind of polite Yankee respect for someone willing to stand up for his beliefs, however unpopular. But this attitude cannot always be counted on in the five boroughs. So far, the Mayor has found that everywhere he has gone his new view of capital punishment is popular with the voters. It did cause him one awkward moment a couple of weeks ago. Possibly in the belief that Sacco and Vanzetti had been unjustly executed, or possibly in the interests of gratifying local Italian-Americans—Cuomo being the only mayoral candidate of Italian heritage—Beame had scheduled a celebration of Sacco and Vanzetti Day in the Blue Room on August 22nd, the eve of the fiftieth anniversary of the execution of the two men. A number of local Italian-American leaders had been invited to attend, and Sacco's grandson Spencer Sacco had agreed to come down from Newport, Rhode Island, to accept a proclamation at the ceremony. After Spencer Sacco learned of Beame's new position on the death penalty, however, he called the Mayor's office to ask some questions about it and to express concern about whether the Sacco family could appropriately take part in the event. City Hall's Sacco and Vanzetti Day was hastily cancelled.

—Andy Logan

OUR LOCAL CORRESPONDENTS

I LIKE YOU, KID



THE English pianist Marian McPartland gave her old friend and former husband the Chicago cornettist Jimmy McPartland a surprise seventieth-birthday party at the Café Carlyle one evening not long ago, and, unlike most such events, it was brisk, cheerful, and unsentimental. McPartland put the gathering in focus when he and Marian cut his birthday cake and he said, "I suggest that all married people get divorced and begin treating each other like human beings," which is exactly what the McPartlands did seven years ago. He lives on the south shore of Long Island in a saltbox full of cats, and she lives a few miles away, in a red brick house she bought four years ago. They talk on the telephone every day and see each other a couple of times a week. They discuss problems neither would discuss with anyone else. McPartland does errands for Marian, and she sometimes borrows his car. They go to the beach, and occasionally they play gigs together. "Unfortunately, these tributes are almost always paid posthumously," Marian said before the party. "So why not do it properly this time—when the old man is alive and can enjoy it?"

The old man, who actually became seventy the day after the party, is not only alive but jumping. He has shed a lot of weight, and his eyes are clear and quick. His voice, always of hog-calling dimensions, is strong, and he still enters rooms at about sixty miles an hour. When he talks, he rocks from side to side, like a boxer, which he was, and he frequently punctuates what he says by biffing the air with a good one-two. He likes to stir things up, whatever way. His Scottish face, with its rather long nose and broad forehead, is handsome and firm, and his gray hair has its Scottish curl. The party was scheduled for eight, and McPartland drove Marian in from the Island an hour before. He was wearing his uniform: a blue blazer, a blue-and-white striped shirt, a four-in-hand foulard tie, and trousers of a dark-green-and-red tartan. Marian had told him only that they would be playing a private party in the Café. When they arrived, she deposited him in the cubicle that the Carlyle lets her use as a dressing room, and told him to wait there until she called. He had his horn and two thermoses, one of hot tea and one of hot coffee. He carries them in a black bag everywhere he goes. They are his comfort and his crutch, for after struggling with alcohol much of his life he stopped drinking nine years ago. He has discovered that he plays better, feels better, thinks better, and looks better. "The drinking was just kidding myself," he said in Marian's dressing room. "It didn't help a thing, it only aggravated it. I started going to A.A. in 1947, and I've slipped six times, the last nine years ago. I've learned to be completely honest with myself." McPartland was sitting in a corner of the room, which was furnished with a clothespress, a bureau, two chairs, and a telephone. A thermos top of tea was by his right foot, and he had his cornet in his right hand. He likes to talk, and between conversational bursts he worked on his embouchure. Five years ago, when a front tooth began mysteriously receding, he started moving his embouchure slightly to his right, and he is still getting his chops used to the change. He placed the mouthpiece slowly and precisely, as if he were affixing a stamp to a document, and blew: "*pew pew pew.*" He took a breath, recemented the horn, and blew again. "You have to work on your embouchure every day," he said. "You blow five or ten minutes, and have a cup of tea, then you blow five or ten minutes more, and have another cup of tea. Keeping your chops in shape is an athletic business. It's like being a ballet dancer. You lay off one day, it's bad. Two days, it's worse. Three days, forget it. These muscles"—he pointed to the muscles on either side of his mouth—"give out, and everything goes blah. It's distressing. But when my chops are in shape and I'm playing with four, five, six musicians who have empathy, it's like a fine conversation. We're listening to each other, and we're talking in between, and it's no place for a loner. This perfection doesn't happen often, but it's a lovely and gratifying experience. Whatever emotions you have that day go right to the edge, and then come out. You forget about yourself, because you're too busy treating the other musicians like gentlemen and artists, which they are. Before I improvise, I just listen, and that triggers me. I don't see anything, and nothing goes through my mind except the melody, which I keep way at the back."

McPartland has been improvising professionally since 1923, the year before he replaced Bix Beiderbecke in the Wolverines. His longevity has been equalled among major brass players only by Louis Armstrong. Yet Armstrong tended toward self-paraphrase in his later years, while McPartland has revealed new subtleties and strengths. This happened several times during the past year when he sat in at the Bemelmans Bar with Marian and her accompanists, the guitarist Gene Bertoncini and the bassist Michael Moore. Freed from the Dixieland compound he had found himself in for the last thirty years and faced with Rodgers and Gershwin and Porter, McPartland responded by playing with a gentleness and freshness that caused Alec Wilder to say, "There is a treasure there behind the banner of age and the assumption he is too old to do anything different from what he did with the Wolverines. All kinds of lovely sounds come out when he is relaxed and playing with non-Dixieland musicians. I heard it when he played with Marian and Bertoncini. I didn't see any relationship to Bix. It was simply the sound of excellent music." This is not surprising, for McPartland at his best plays with an almost ferocious lyricism. His playing has a wild-flag quality, a singing, pursuing quality, as if jazz were a race instead of a form of intense meditation. It rounds its shoulders and runs. It suggests an admiration for the Louis Armstrong of the early thirties, when the great trumpeter reached a level of poetic invention that lasted perhaps six months and was gone. It also suggests Beiderbecke's gong tone and bemused legato attack. When McPartland met Beiderbecke, who was his idol, Beiderbecke produced a nicely shaded mot, which McPartland has probably repeated four thousand times. "I like you, kid," Beiderbecke said. "You sound like me, but you don't copy me." Beiderbecke, his feet already on Olympus, was twenty-one and McPartland seventeen. The school of playing that Beiderbecke unwittingly founded—Bobby Hackett, Red Nichols, Rex Stewart, and McPartland are its best-known graduates, and they have been joined recently by Richard Sudhalter and Warren Vaché—has unswerving characteristics: a beautiful tone, a fondness for big intervals and small, curling connective runs, a straightforward rhythmic attack, a holding up of handsome melodic mirrors. It is an immensely attractive way of playing the cornet, but it has been dismissed in recent years in high places as a minor strain of jazz brass playing. Armstrong has long been regarded as king, but the truth is that Armstrong and Beiderbecke each thought the other a nonpareil in their day and they played together every chance they got.

McPARTLAND made several "*pew*"s, and poured himself another cup of tea. Marian called to say that it would be half an hour before they were ready. They had to move the piano, she said. "Move the piano, my eye," McPartland boomed. "I think she has something in mind down there, but I don't want to ruin her fun. Anyway, it takes me a while to get my chops ready. It's not like the old days, when you just picked up your horn and—bam!—you were ready to blow, which is what we were crazy to do. When I was thirteen or fourteen, we

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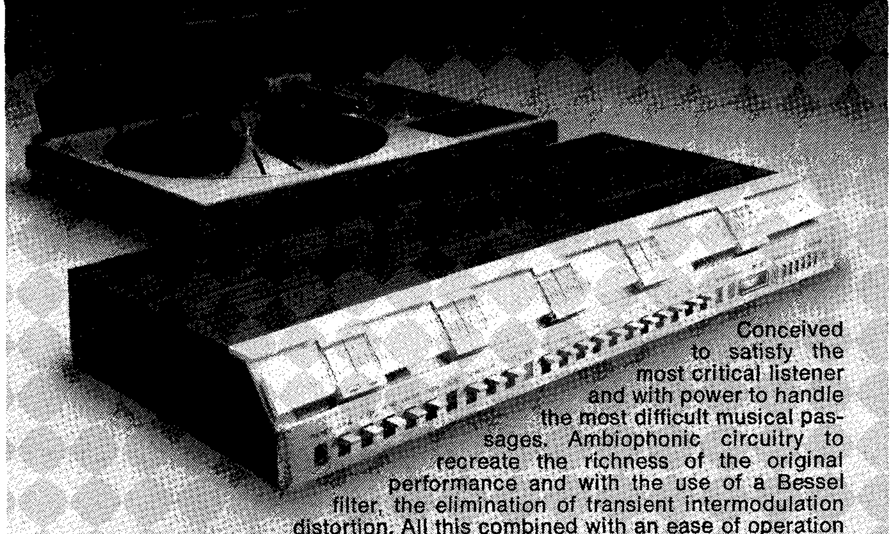

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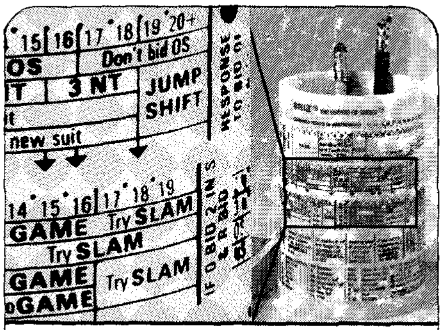

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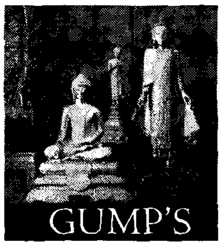

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moved to Austin, on the west side of Chicago, and after I graduated from the John Hay grammar school, I went to Austin High, where I met Bud Freeman and Frank Teschemacher and Jim Lanigan. We all played the violin, the way kids play the guitar now, and we hung out after school in the Spoon and Straw, where there was a table covered with records that you could play on a windup. There were Paul Whitemans and Rudy Wiedoefts, but one day a new record, by the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, appeared, and we went nuts. Lanigan took up the bass and Teschemacher the clarinet and Freeman the C-melody saxophone and me, the loudmouth, the cornet, and we also had my brother Rich on guitar, Dave North on piano, and a kid from Oak Park High named Dave Tough on drums. We'd get together and play the New Orleans Rhythm Kings' records and the Creole Jazz Band and Bix and the Wolverines, and we'd play them two bars at a time and try to memorize them. Not their solos—no, sir. Everybody had to do his own solos. When we got good enough, we played anywhere for anybody, and we got to be known as the Austin High gang. I was apt and got better faster, I guess. When I was sixteen and in my second year of high, I worked for a boxer named Eddie Tancil, who had a saloon near Hawthorne, the race track. It was six nights a week, and fifty-five dollars. The trombone player Joe Quartell told the leader he'd heard a kid clarinet player who was sensational. I had just gone into bell-bottoms, but when this kid showed up he was still in shorts. He played 'Rose of the Rio Grande,' and I was flabbergasted at the way he got around the instrument. His name was Benny Goodman, and we started running together. That New Year's Eve, Vic Moore, who'd just left the Wolverines, heard me and said, 'Christ, you sound just like Bix.' Then Dick Voynow, of the Wolverines, sent a wire asking me to join the band at the Cinderella Ballroom, in New York. Bix had been hired by Jean Goldkette, and they wanted me. The telegram offered eighty-seven-fifty a week, but I thought it was all a gag. I wired back for transportation money, to see what would happen, and they sent thirty-five dollars. Everybody saw me off at the La Salle Street station in Chicago. It took me three days to get to New York, via Buffalo, because I'd taken some sort of milk train. I met Bix after my first rehearsal. He'd been sitting there the whole time and I hadn't recognized him. Voynow put me in a double room at the Somerset with Bix, and we stayed together eight days while he showed me the fine points.

"The bouncer at the Cinderella was Frankie Fleming, and I got to know him by knocking a guy cold who pulled a knife on him. Fleming found out I was a boxer—my father had taught me—and he took me to Philadelphia Jack O'Brien's gym and had me work out, and he was all ready to book me. I asked Voynow what he thought, and he told me that I must be crazy even to think about it, that I'd have to be one or the other—a cornet player needs all his teeth and a boxer doesn't. When the Wolverines got back to Chicago, we went to work at Barone's. I brought Jim Lanigan and Freeman and Tesch into the band, along with my brother Rich and Dave Tough, who became one of the great drummers. He would get a beat going that pushed you so hard you couldn't help yourself—you could ask anybody, including Sid Catlett. Husk O'Hare took over promotion and the band became Husk O'Hare's Wolverines under the direction of Jimmy McPartland. I was nineteen, and making good money and behaving myself. I had quit high school after two years, so every chance I got at college gigs I sat in on classes and was given books and pointers and every sort of kindness. We worked the White City Ballroom, on the South Side of Chicago, and Louis would come by all the time. He wouldn't play. He'd just sit at the back of the bandstand and listen. After hours, we'd go to the Nest, where Jimmie Noone was, or to the basement of the Three Deuces, and sit in with Louis and Bix and Pee Wee Russell and Frankie Trumbauer. Which reminds me of when I ran into Louis in Philadelphia in the fifties, and he said, his voice down in the coal cellar"—McPartland makes an excellent Louis Armstrong voice—"'Hey, McPartland! I been listening to that album you made, that "Shades of Bix." Man, you blow the hell out of that horn!' That set me up for about a decade. One morning, back in Chicago, Bix and I left the Nest, and three tough guys were standing in front of a barbershop, and one of them tried to grab my horn. I set it down and—bang!—he was gone. And then—bang!—the second guy was gone. Bix took care of the third. He could really hit. He was a hell of a tennis player and a good ballplayer,

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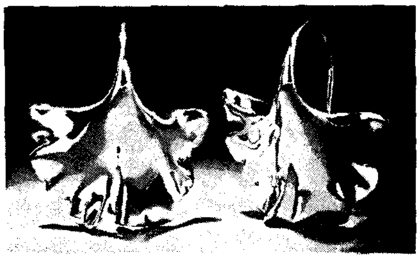
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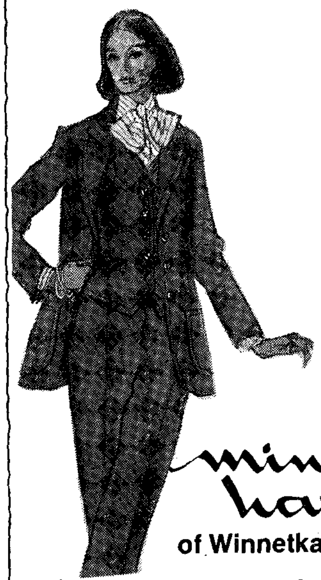
but you never would have known, because he didn't talk about it. In fact, he didn't talk much at all unless he was around musicians."

McPartland stood up and stretched. "Where's Marian?" he said. "They must be moving that piano around the block." He sat down and picked up his horn and released three heavy "*pew*"s. "Everybody worked for the mob in Chicago. Al Capone used to come into one place where I was, and he always asked for 'My Gal Sal.' Then he'd send one of his torpedoes over with a fifty or a hundred. One night, one of 'em shot a hole in Jim Lanigan's bass and then asked me how much a new one would cost. I knew Lanigan had paid two hundred, so I said eight hundred and fifty. He gave it to me on the spot, and I passed Lanigan three hundred and fifty and kept the rest. I left the Wolverines before they broke up, and went with Art Kassel and then with Ben Pollack, who got a gig at the Little Club, in New York. Bix was in town with Paul Whiteman, and we lived together for a while at the Forty-fourth Street Hotel. Bix had reached the point where he had to take a slug of Gordon's gin before he answered the phone in the morning. Later, when the Little Club job blew up, I didn't eat for three days. I ran into Bix at a Park Avenue party where they had plenty to drink but no food, and asked him for a loan. All I needed was ten or twenty dollars, but he gave me five fifties. 'Take it, kid'—which is what he always called me, never my name—'and pay me back when you're working.' Pollack landed a job at the Park Central Hotel, where Arnold Rothstein was killed, and we doubled for a while in Lew Fields' 'Hello Daddy,' and made records every other day. Benny Goodman and Jack Teagarden and Glenn Miller were in the band, and after work we went uptown and sat in with Fletcher Henderson and Duke Ellington and Willie the Lion. But we took care of ourselves, or at least Benny and I did. Benny was very athletic, and he and I sometimes played handball before work, which was fine until Pollack got tired of me coming to the bandstand with dirty shoes and fired me. When that happened, Goodman told Pollack he'd quit, too, and he did. About this time, I married Dorothy Williams, of the Williams sisters, and Roger Wolfe Kahn, who had a fine band, married Hannah, her sister. Neither marriage lasted very long, but Dorothy and I had a daughter, and on nice afternoons Jimmy Dorsey and I wheeled our babies down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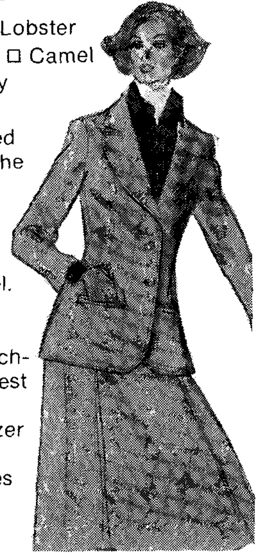

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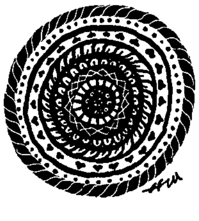
through Central Park to Plunketts, a speak at Fifty-third and Seventh where musicians hung out. Plunketts was the last place I saw Bix. It was the summer of 1931, and he had a terrible cold. I had long since paid him back, and he asked me if I could help him out. I gave him what I had—about a hundred and fifty dollars. He died three days later, of pneumonia, out in Queens, and everybody at Plunketts cried. I was with Russ Columbo and Smith Ballew and Horace Heidt after Pollack, and I spent most of the thirties in Chicago with my brother's group and with my own bands. In 1939, I worked at Nick's with Pee Wee Russell and Georg Brunis, and then I joined Jack Teagarden's big band and stayed until the war."

The phone rang, and Marian told McPartland to come down in ten minutes. He leaned his chair against the wall and fired off half a dozen well-spaced "*pew*"s, each delivered as if he were pushing a pig across a pen. "Some musicians tried to duck the war, but I was a patriotic drunk and enlisted in the Army, and ended up in automatic weapons. I had my cornet, and on the troopship to Scotland I formed a band. But I was still a corporal down in the hold. Then the third mate, who'd heard me at Nick's, wangled it so that I could move into his cabin for the rest of the trip. That cabin was full of whiskey, and I stayed drunk until we went over the side and into the tender in the harbor at Greenock. I was standing on the deck, and suddenly I remembered 'The Blue Bell of Scotland,' so I took out my horn and played it. It was early morning and as still as church and you could hear for miles. The townspeople and the bagpipers were lined up on the dock, and I played it real pretty, jazzed it up in the middle, and went back to the melody. When we got ashore, the mayor ran around shouting 'Where is the mon that played the trompet? Where is the mon that played the trompet?' and when he found out there was a lot of hugging and celebrating. We practiced for the invasion off the coast of Wales, and I went in on D Day-plus-4. I was in a Jeep fitted out with a fifty-calibre machine gun. I was scared. Very scared. All I could do, seeing everybody getting hit around me, was apply for help Upstairs, and I got the word: Go ahead, you're trained, you're strong. I relaxed and was all right. I went through Saint-Lô and the Bulge and got five battle stars and was never hit, and I've never been scared of death since. But, man, I got tired of thinking about it, and finally they transferred me to Special Services. I met Marian playing in a tent in the Ardennes. She rushed the tempo, this English girl playing jazz piano, but her harmonies killed me. She tried to talk and act G.I., but I knew she was a lady. I courted her for weeks, and we got married in February of 1945 in Aachen. We played at our own wedding."



McPARTLAND put his horn in its case, scrabbled into his blazer, and took the elevator down to the Carlyle lobby. When he got to the door of the Café, which is glass, he peered through into the darkness, hesitated a second, and opened the door. "Happy Birthday," played by Marian, Bob Wilber, and Vic Dickenson, hit him, his face went blank, then regrouped, and he charged over to the piano and gave Marian a kiss. He put his horn on a table, but when the song ended Marian shouted at him, "Jimmy, get your horn! We're going to play something. You're not here to have fun. It's serious." The band played "Rose Room," which McPartland loves, and then he faced the room and said, "This is too much, and, of course, it was Marian's idea. Thank you. Spiritually, it's the biggest thing that's ever happened to me. And there I was drinking tea upstairs and not knowing a thing." McPartland turned to the band and ordered "I Can't Give You Anything But Love." Among the McPartland admirers filling the room were Willis Conover, Jean and Bob Bach, Gene Shalit, John Lewis, George Shearing, Charles Bourgeois, and a quorum of the Jazz Critics Desk. A letter was read from Alec Wilder and telegrams from Harold Arlen, Buck Clayton, and Benny Goodman, the last of which prompted McPartland to recall that he had taken Goodman to Marshall Field in Chicago when they were kids to help him buy some knickers, and to suggest that Goodman was probably still wearing them. Roy Eldridge, dressed in a red jacket, orange vest, and purple pants, joined the band, and John Lewis took over the piano. They played "Crazy Rhythm" and a blues and "I've Found a New Baby." Lewis beamed and swung very hard, and McPartland and Eldridge—the one lightsome and dancing, the other heavy and majestic—moved gracefully through the ensembles. Marian reappeared and accompanied Teddi King for three songs. Mabel Mercer and Harry Beard arrived, McPartland paid Mabel Mercer his respects and she paid him hers, and there was a break. McPartland sat down at a table in a corner and ordered some tea. He appeared pleased and easy. "My mother taught me 'The Blue Bell of Scotland,' " he said. "Her name was Jeannie Munn, and she came from Paisley, near Glasgow. She had sharp features and was very pretty. She always wanted me to be a little gentleman. She had been a schoolteacher, and had seven sisters, one of whom, Aunt Bell, is still alive and is a peach. Her father's name was Dugald, which accounts for my name—James Dugald McPartland. Old Dugald was a tool-and-die maker and an inventor. I remember a patent-infringement case he won. He also was a thirty-second-degree Mason. Every Sunday, he would read the Bible to me, and his burr was so thick I couldn't understand a word. But he paid me fifteen cents, and afterward I'd shoot craps under the 'L' at Lake and Paulina, which was a tough neighborhood. My father was born in Burlington, Iowa, and he met my mother in Chicago, where they were married. He was big and husky and looked like me. He could do anything, including drink, which he didn't start doing until he was twenty-one and didn't stop doing until he was dead. He was a boxer and a baseball player and a musician. He played third base with Anson's Colts, who became the Chicago Cubs. He started me on violin when I was six and boxing a year or so later—by the time I was twelve or thirteen, I was in the club fights, which were like the Golden Gloves now, and I never lost. But when I was seven, my mother and father separated, and my brother Rich and I were put in an orphanage—the Maywood Baptist Orphanage. Ruth and Ethel, my two sisters, and both older, went with an aunt. Rich got sick and went to stay with my mother, and I got in an argument with Roy McGilvey's son and knocked him through a glass door. It was snowing, but they gave me my little bundle and three cents carfare and told me to get the hell out. My mother and father were back together, so I lived with them and went to the William H. Brown grammar school, on Warren and Hermitage. It wasn't long before Rich and I were in the Hermitage gang, which had pulled a half-million-dollar train robbery. I was the leader of the young-

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er kids. We'd draw chalk circles in the street and stand in 'em and challenge anybody and everybody to knock us out. I knew how to hit and move, and the only fight I didn't win was a draw. Then we took a forty-five automatic from the side pocket of a touring car parked outside Jimmy Murphy's Bucket of Blood, and started stealing chickens. We'd go out to isolated houses around Cicero, a lot of them with their own chicken coops, and twist the chickens' necks enough to keep them quiet, then sell them to restaurants, no questions asked. Pretty soon, I had ninety-one dollars in the bank. But one night somebody fired a shotgun at us and we fired back, and there was a headline in the local paper 'CHICKEN THIEVES ARMED.' Then Baldy, who was in the gang, got caught in a coop, and the police found the gun, and Rich and I were up for reform school. All that kept us out was my mother. She used to make extra money translating in court, mainly for immigrants, so she knew the judge we came up before. He told my mother he wouldn't send us away if she moved to a decent neighborhood. He put us on probation for a year, and we moved to Austin, and after that things began to straighten out. My Uncle Fred Harris was a big help. He was married to one of my father's sisters, and was a well-to-do lawyer. During the summers, he took Rich and me fishing in Indiana and Michigan, and even to Rifle, Colorado. He taught us how to swim, and he taught us just about everything about fishing and fish—about habitats, where fish spawn, when they are at the bottom, how they feed along the shore in the evening. He made us learn the Latin names—*Esox masquinongy* for the muskie, *Oncorhynchus kisutch* for the coho salmon, *Esox niger* for the chain pickerel. I even got good enough to work one summer as a guide at Ed Gabe's Lost Lake Resort, in Sayner, Wisconsin. Uncle Fred was a fine gent."

Vic Dickenson and Bob Wilber began a reprise of "Happy Birthday," and a large cake resembling a pizza box was brought in. McPartland joined Marian in front of the cake and, after they had posed for photographers, cut a piece the size of a brick and handed it to her.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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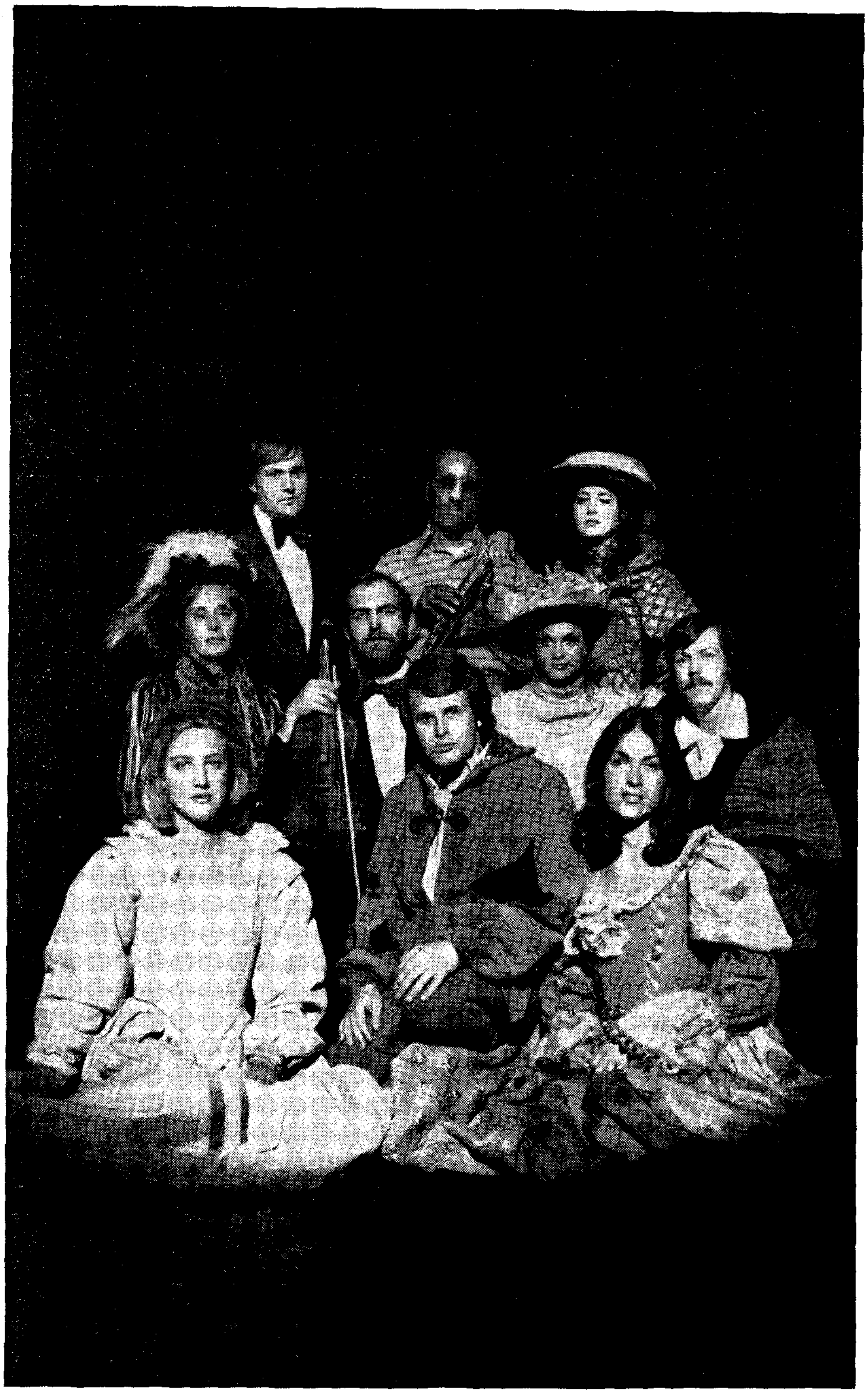

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BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

WORDS OF ADVICE, by Fay Weldon (Random House; $7.95). Fay Weldon's novels are usually about the self-deluded middle class; this one is about the decadent rich. Gemma First (beautiful, cruel, paralyzed from the waist down) and her husband, Hamish (a fatigued tycoon), have invited Victor (a forty-four-year-old antique dealer recently separated from his wife) and his ripe nineteen-year-old mistress, Elsa, for the weekend. Ostensibly, they have been invited so that Hamish can sell Victor some of his dubiously authentic antiques, but in fact they have been lured there so that Hamish can impregnate Elsa, who could bear for him the child that Gemma has been unable to produce. A secondary plan is to return Victor to his estranged wife, whom Gemma has secretly invited to Sunday tea. There is also a story-within-the-story about Gemma's girlhood, which she tells Elsa as a "warning to wantons," in semi-fairy-tale fashion. None of this comes off very well. Mrs. Weldon is a funny and deft writer, but she hasn't a knack for the wickedly playful, and the story reads as if a band of Iris Murdoch characters had got lost on the set of a Wagnerian opera.

THE LAURELS OF LAKE CONSTANCE, by Marie Chaix, translated from the French by Harry Mathews (Viking; $10). Marie Chaix is the thirty-five-year-old daughter of the famous French collaborator Albert Chaix, who died in 1963. Miss Chaix apparently never knew her father very well. During her earliest years, he was almost always away on diplomatic missions or organizing Fascist cadres, and later he was in jail. This novel, her first, is a fictionalized account of her family's life during the war years and just afterward. In large part, it is an attempt to come to terms with her father's politics and with her feelings about them and him. Miss Chaix is both politically informed and sensitive to the deeper reverberations of politics. She draws heavily on her father's letters and diaries, which reveal a stiff-necked, honorable, myopic ideologue whose anti-Communist (though pro-worker) passions led him to embrace the wrong cause. She tells the story of her family's hardships unsentimentally. Chiefly, it is the story of a beautiful, diffident, totally apolitical bourgeoise who hardly ever gets to see her husband and four small children, and whose sheltered life is replaced by one of furtiveness and shame. Miss Chaix is remarkably honest about her father's actions (though she hedges a bit about his knowledge of German atrocities), and her efforts to understand and humanize him are sad and moving.

GENERAL

THE CULT OF THE WILD, by Boyce Rensberger (Anchor/Doubleday; $7.95). The message here is that almost everything that is popularly believed about wild animals (including the lovable lioness Elsa, of Joy Adamson's "Born Free") is mythicized, anthropomorphized, and untrue. The lion, far from being the noble king of beasts, is lazy, wanton, cannibalistic, and lives largely on the remains of animals killed by hyenas. The gorilla, far from being a sex-crazed King Kong, is a gentle vegetarian who "may go for as much as a year without sexual intercourse." The bull elephant, far from being the terror of the wild, is the first to run in time of danger, leaving the family matriarch to protect the herd. There is no evidence that a human being has ever been attacked by a normal, non-rabid wolf, and there is also no evidence that the dolphin, the current darling of mystics, is any more intelligent than the dog or the monkey. Mr. Rensberger, a *Times* science writer, also has some explosive things to say about Robert Ardrey's preachment on the "unique" tendency of man to prey on his own kind. This theory of man's natural aggressiveness has now fallen out of scientific, if not popular, favor, he notes, and adds, "We are not descended from killer ancestors; we are not the bloodiest of creatures on earth; we do not bear the mark of Cain. We *are* descended from apelike creatures that hunted animals for food; we *are* among the most pacific of the larger animal species; and, if we bear any 'mark' at all, it is a capacity for empathy, for kindness, for decency, for what may simply be called humane behavior."

T. E. LAWRENCE, by Desmond Stewart (Harper & Row; $15). The

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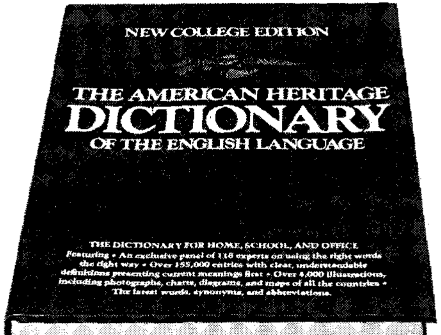
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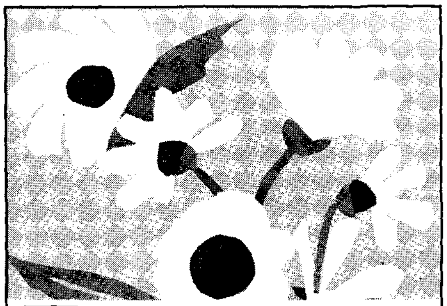

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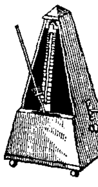

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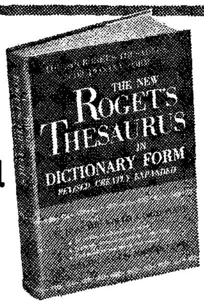
personality and writings of Lawrence of Arabia (1888-1935) made the Arab revolt against the Ottoman Empire—and his part in it—a romantic adventure rather than a military sideshow in which the British bribed desert tribes to harass the Turks and Germans in the Middle East. Mr. Stewart's Lawrence is not as heroic as Lawrence's Lawrence; he is instead a gifted, tragic personality. Mr. Stewart shows that Lawrence's penchant for fibbing, exaggeration, and mystification arose from his need to impress others and find patrons, and that none of his fibs mattered much until he became *famous and his feats, his promises,* and his government's Middle Eastern policy were all called into question after the First World War. The author interviewed some of Lawrence's surviving Arab colleagues to find out exactly what Lawrence did in the war, and thus can give a fuller account than earlier biographers. When the war ended, Lawrence posed a peculiar problem to the establishment: he was a compulsive homosexual masochist, and the powers that be were terrified lest this sexual preference be discovered by an admiring public. Mr. Stewart's sensible, sensitive book gives us not only a tormented life but that whole era when Britain ruled an empire and the British were ruled by Mrs. Grundy.

Surrealists and Surrealism 1919-1939, by Gaëtan Picon, translated from the French by James Emmons (Skira/Rizzoli; $50). A leaden, pedagogical history of one of the liveliest art movements of the twentieth century. Though it is illustrated with lavish reproductions of drawings, paintings, poems, and photographs, the late Mr. Picon's text is so alien to the spirit of its subject that only in the rare excerpts recording people's hostile reactions to the movement do we catch a whiff of what the Surrealist era was like, as in this critic's review of a Dada manifestation: "With the bad taste characteristic of them, the Dadas this time have tried to frighten us out of our wits. The scene was set in the cellar and all the lights were switched off inside the shop; eerie groans came up through a trapdoor. The Dadas, wearing white gloves and no necktie, kept coming and going . . . André Breton was chewing matches, *Ribemont-Dessaignes kept shouting* 'It's raining on a skull,' Aragon miaowed, Philippe Soupault played



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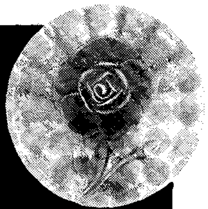

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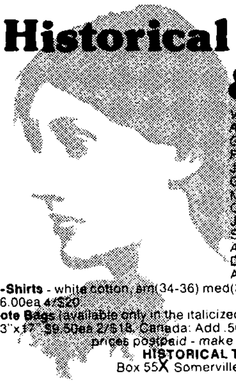

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hide-and-seek with Tzara, while Benjamin Péret and Charchoune kept shaking hands. At the front door, Jacques Rigaut counted out loud the cars and the pearls worn by the lady visitors."

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE SECOND DEADLY SIN, by Lawrence Sanders (Putnam; $9.95). Victor Maitland, the Pollock (or de Kooning or Rothko) of the nineteen-seventies, is found stabbed to death in his SoHo studio. Edward X. Delaney, retired Chief of Detectives, is recalled to head the police investigation, and, with the help of a young alcoholic white sergeant and a giant black patrolman, he settles down to a methodical examination of a handful of suspects. Mr. Sanders is equally thorough: he shows us Delaney gourmandizing, guzzling beer and soda, happily bedding his wife; he shows us the alcoholic sergeant struggling for personal redemption through the love of a good woman; he shows us the great strength and moral worth of the black patrolman. And somehow he manages to hold our interest through a good four hundred closely written pages to a well-foreshadowed conclusion. A Literary Guild selection.

DEATH IN CONNECTICUT, by David Linzee (McKay-Washburn; $7.95). This is not a murder mystery: death is the solution rather than the problem. Arthur Lavien, Jr., the only son of a distinguished New York and Hartford lawyer, returns home after three hippie years on the road and, in a way that Mr. Linzee makes reasonably believable, gets himself innocently entangled with a dangerous drug pusher and ends up fighting for his life. There are some very good scenes, some good perceptions, and plenty of action, but there is also a certain crudeness (this is a first novel), and an Italian gangster with a peculiar turn of speech: "I'm still out some very expensive merchandise, and it's your fault. Ergo, you got to make up the loss." Ergo!

•

Mrs. Hattie Ball, mother of Mr. Montie Ball, has just moved to Benson from Columbus, Ohio. Montie and his wife, Donna, went to Columbus to pick up her furniture while Mrs. Ball came back by phone. Welcome to Benson, Mrs. Ball!—*Benson (Ariz.) San Pedro Valley News-Sun.*

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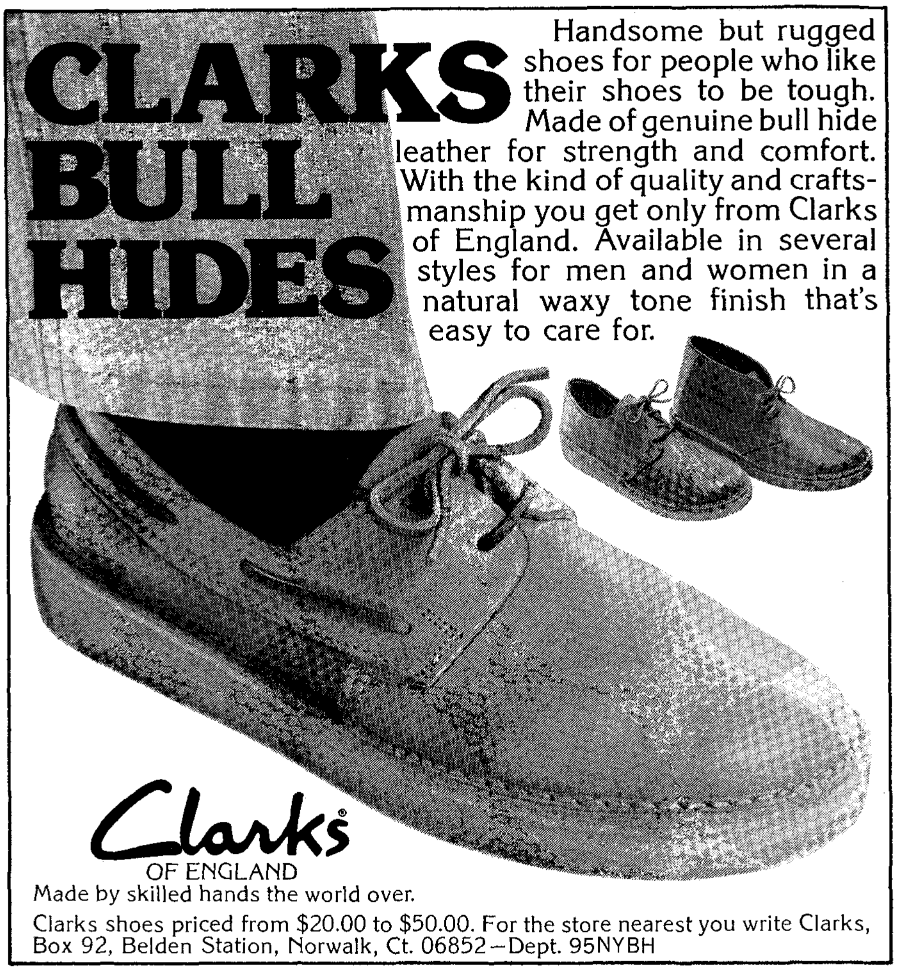
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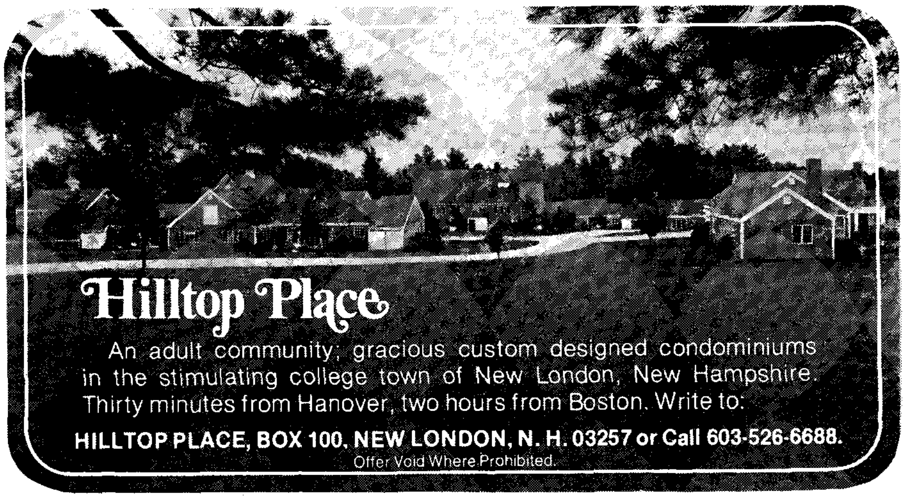
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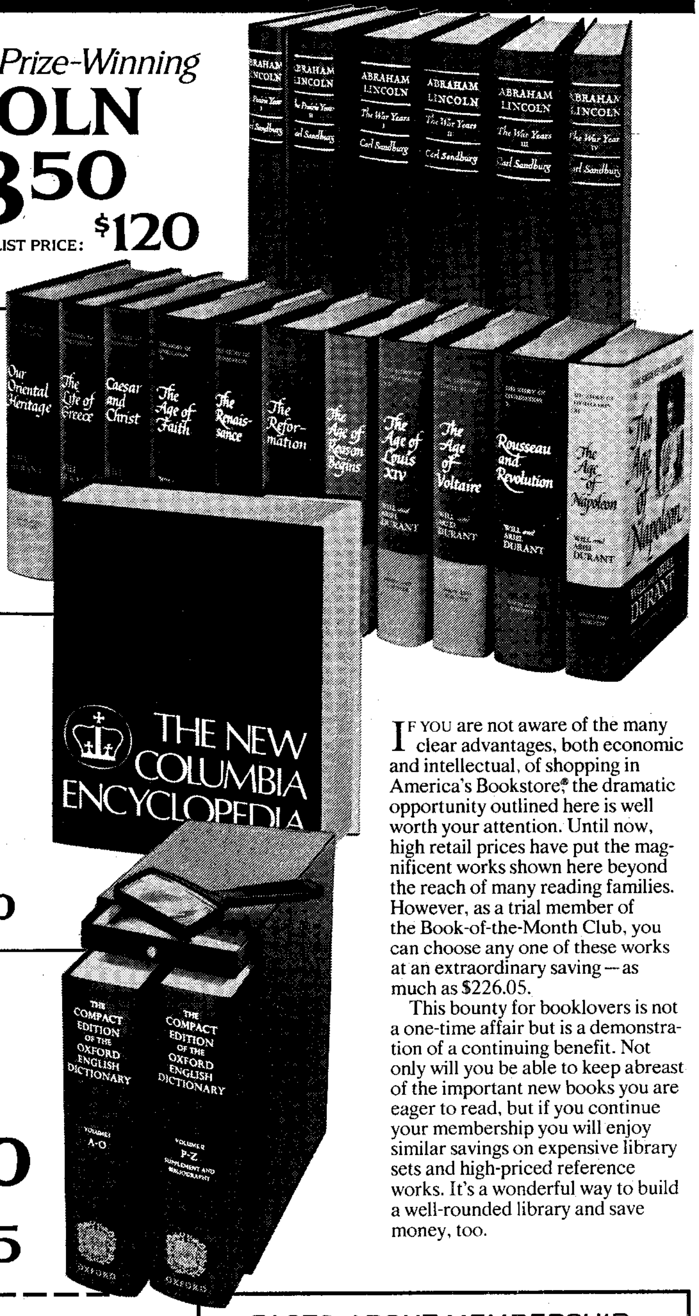
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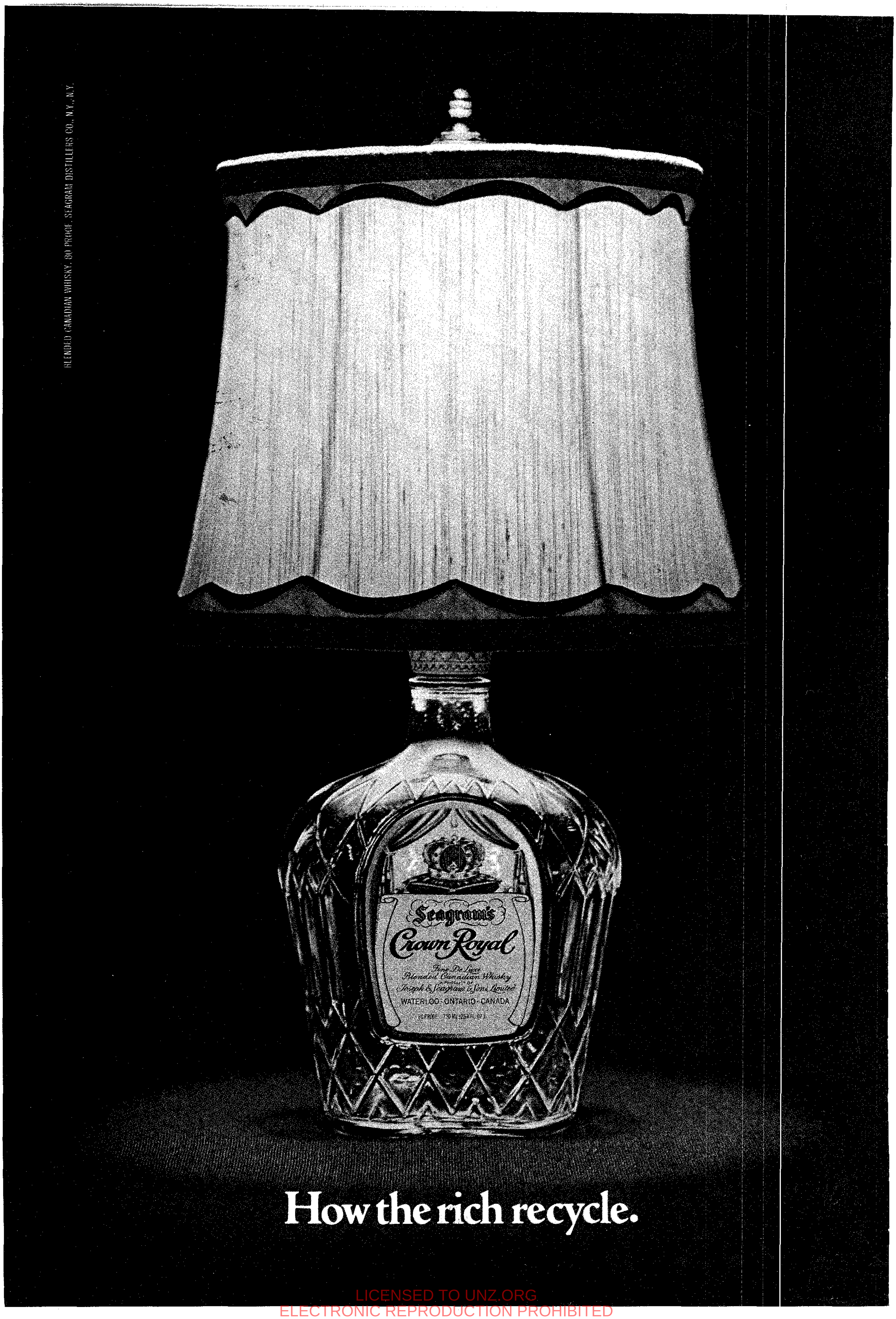
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